5¢ a copy

Maclean's

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

TORONTO

SEPTEMBER 15

1940



In This Issue:

A NEW CASE FOR KENT POWER, DETECTIVE

"Dust On My Shoulder"

By Benge Atlee

Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER

REAR ADMIRAL P. W. NELLES
Canada's Chief of Naval Staff
A natural color photograph taken for Maclean's by H. F. Kells.

A CHALLENGE TO HUMANITY



EMERGENCY CALL!

From the shores of our Motherland comes an appeal for help which no true Canadian can fail to heed. While we live in comfort, death drops on that embattled island. The need for Red Cross assistance is urgent.

Our sons and brothers are over there. On land, at sea, in the air, they face death daily. We must be prepared to help them when they are sick or wounded.

Red Cross help is needed on behalf of soldier and civilian alike. Hospitals and hospital equipment, surgical supplies and dressings, ambulances and X-Ray equipment will be needed. Overnight the need may become so urgent that lives may be sacrificed if help cannot be sent at once.

Never before has there been so great a need for Red Cross assistance. This challenge to humanity must be answered. Give to the Red Cross. Give to the utmost . . . NOW!

EMERGENCY CALL FOR $5,000,000 COMMENCES SEPTEMBER 23

CANADIAN RED CROSS

Give to the utmost...now!

Maclean's Editorials

History in a Railway Car

WARS ARE fought in the air, under and on the sea, and by armies on wheels.

History is made in railway cars standing on sidings.

In a railway car parked in the Forest of Compiegne, the Germans signed the armistice terms of the Allies in November, 1918. In a railway car, Hitler and Mussolini planned the 1940 blitzkrieg against France and Britain. In a railway car, that same car of 1918, in the same Forest of Compiegne, France this year capitulated to Germany.

In August, 1940, in a railway car at Ogdensburg, New York, the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of Canada reached an agreement for the establishment of a joint board of defense to commence immediate studies relating to "sea, land and air problems, including personnel and material."

Scope of the agreement, it was announced, is wide enough to "consider in the broad sense the defense of the north half of the Western Hemisphere."

Adding to the significance of these measures the British Prime Minister has announced an "agreement in principle" for United States lease of British territory from Newfoundland to the Caribbean for defense bases.

A month or two ago, *Maclean's*, in editorials and articles, pointed to the common sense inevitability of such agreements and forecast that they would be welcomed by all people in the United States and Canada who are not blind to facts. They have been.

Writing in our August 15 issue, Bruce Hutchison, fresh from Washington, reported, "Even though all South America be lost to American influence, even though all the breath taking new plans for a hemispheric economy collapse, still Canada must remain the American people's closest friend, the most urgent responsibility and interest outside their own borders. The Americans know that now. They didn't know it six months ago."

In the same issue, Raymond Clapper, veteran Washington correspondent, wrote: "Canada suddenly comes to have a new importance in the concern of the United States . . . Strategically, Canada was of no interest whatever, because the protection of British naval strength took care of that. The United States knew that with the British fleet protecting Canada the United States had nothing to fear. Now the future in that respect comes into rather grave uncertainty. So long as Britain is fighting for her very life, the future, for Canada, is a question mark . . . Hence Canada has come sharply into the focus of interest at Washington."

More than that, the United States knows now that her own security is entwined with that of Canada, knows, too, that not only do the clouds of Europe cast shadows on her Atlantic seaboard, but that the ambitions of Japan ripple the waters of the Pacific.

These agreements are history making. Whatever may be their texts, if there are any texts, the spirit of them means that the free peoples of common tongue are agreed on their destiny; their common ideals are backed by realism and practicableness.

So far as Canada and the United States are concerned there is not even a dream of political union. By defense co-operation this Dominion becomes a better-equipped partner in the Empire.

Nor does co-operation with the United States mean that we can relax our war effort. We will have to intensify it. The United States is not at war. We are.

The Red Cross

FROM September 23 to October 5, the Canadian Red Cross Society will conduct a nation-wide campaign for funds. The objective is $5,000,000 at least. The purpose of the Red Cross is to equip itself to meet all possible emergencies during the second year of the war.

Since hostilities began, not a day has passed without its lesson in the vital necessity of preparedness. However and wherever the conflict may turn, the Red Cross must be fully prepared to meet every demand made upon it.

Parcels of foodstuffs and comforts must be sent to Canadian and British prisoners in Germany. More hospitals are needed in England and at home. Problems arising from evacuated and refugee civilians will have to be met. Ambulance, auxiliary first aid and hospital services must be provided for Canadian soldier casualties. There must be a constant stream of medical supplies and equipment. Raw materials must be bought for the making of finished supplies.

The rapid extension of our armed forces in Canada and upon the sea will bring a need for added Red Cross service. The Red Cross must provide all possible aid to heroic Britain; must carry on its "peacetime" program at home — frontier hospitals, aid to sick and needy veterans of the last war, disaster relief, etc.

Nearly a year ago the Canadian Red Cross raised its first $5,000,000. It has spent it; spent it effectively.

With that money, during the first year of the war it has:

Sent overseas more than five million articles for surgical and hospital use and for the comfort of Canadian soldiers and suffering civilians.

Built, equipped and turned over to the Canadian Government a 600-bed hospital in England at a cost of $750,000.

Spent $2,000,000 for materials made into finished supplies by volunteer workers throughout Canada.

Given $200,000 in cash and $100,000 worth of food supplies to the British Red Cross, and replenished supplies lost in the Flanders evacuation. Given $100,000 to the British Navy League for supplies and comforts for the men of the fleet, merchant marine, trawlers, minesweepers, and patrol boats.

Sent $50,000 worth of food for Canadian prisoners of war.

Aided refugees from invaded Finland, Poland, The Netherlands, Belgium and France.

Established hostels and recreational centres for Canadian and allied soldiers and sailors in England and in Canadian ports.

Met every humanitarian call for war and disaster relief, and carried on its hospital and other services in the pioneer districts of Canada.

Of every dollar contributed, forty cents has been spent on war work by the national council and forty cents on war work by branches. On peacetime services, 14.5 cents of each dollar was spent. Administration in all its phases cost 3.5 cents, and campaign and publicity expenses about two cents.

The Red Cross has never failed to do its job and Canadians have never failed the Red Cross. They know that through it they themselves are answering the challenge to humanity.

Walter P. Chrysler

THE DEATH of Walter P. Chrysler took from the North American automobile industry one of the most dynamic figures in its history.

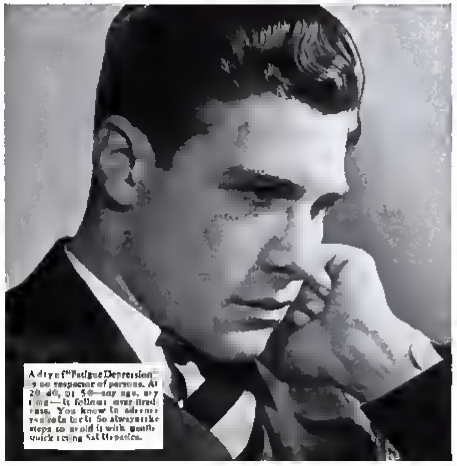
His name and achievements were well known to Canadians. Not so well known is the fact that Walter P. Chrysler bore the imprint of Canada. His great-great grandfather, a surveyor with John Graves Simcoe, first Governor of Upper Canada, laid the line for Dundas Street, and later became the first settler in what is now Chatham. His grandfather and his father were born in Chatham, the latter moving to Kansas, where Walter was born.

From his grandfather, a toolmaker, he inherited his passion for tools.

Today, in the towering Chrysler Building in New York, there is kept a chest of tools. They would serve well a journeyman mechanic of this age. They were made forty-seven years ago by Walter P. Chrysler, then a lad just out of high school, earning five cents an hour as an apprentice in the Union Pacific Railway shops at Ellis, Kansas.

With those tools Chrysler began what was to be an unforgettable contribution to the miracle of transportation as we know it today.

DON'T LET "FATIGUE DEPRESSION" CLAIM YOU AS ITS VICTIM



Overwork, over-exercise, late hours, upset your system — throw it out-of-kilter — bring on dull listlessness, "Fatigue Depression". Avoid it with Sal Hepatica

WHEN you work harder, play harder or stay up later than usual, you know that the next day you're in for an upset system. And until you can catch up on your rest, you're likely to go on being upset—feeling headachy, sickish, listless.

But you can avoid tomorrow's "Fatigue Depression" with sparkling Sal Hepatica. Two teaspoonfuls to a glass of water before you go to bed at first thing in the morning, counteracts your upset condition, helps keep you bright and energetic.

Until you can catch up on rest rely on Sal Hepatica. For Sal Hepatica not only clears the system of wastes, but at the same time its double action helps to combat excess gastric acidity. Quickly—and speed is mighty important—(yet with no unpleasant harshness) this sparkling mineral salt laxative relieves you of the two conditions which drag your energy down, helps you to be alive, alert—your own best self again the whole day long!

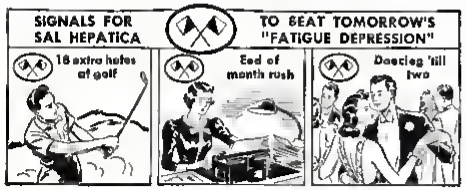
Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today. And the next time you "dance until dawn", play too much golf or tennis or spend long hours working overtime, avoid the next day's "Fatigue Depression" with sparkling Sal Hepatica

SAL HEPATICA
MADE IN CANADA



the mineral salt laxative that also combats excess gastric acidity

SIGNALS FOR SAL HEPATICA — **TO BEAT TOMORROW'S "FATIGUE DEPRESSION"**





In the Editor's Confidence

LAST YEAR a week or ten before war broke out *Maclean's* London correspondent, Beverley Baxter, arrived in Canada. In response to numerous requests from Canadian Clubs and other organizations we had arranged for him a formidable list of speaking engagements right across the country. In several cities tickets were snapped up weeks ahead of the date. Then came the declaration of war and Mr. Baxter, being a British M.P., had to abandon everything and speed back to London. He did say that, circumstances permitting, he would endeavor to come back this year. So it is that a huge number of the people who were disappointed by not hearing him speak last year, have been writing letters asking if they are going to have that pleasure this year. Unfortunately, at this moment we do not know. Neither does Mr. Baxter, who was drafted by Lord Beaverbrook to whip about the British Isles in connection with the air plane production plan.

If he cannot come the most disappointed man will be Lieut.-Colonel Baptist Johnston who has been longing for the day when he might get his own back. Last year Colonel Johnston and Baxter played golf on the Toronto Golf Club. At the close of the game an enquiring friend approached and asked Baxter what his score was. Baxter told him. Then the curious one turned to Colonel Johnston and said, "And how many did you go round in?" Before Johnston could open his mouth Baxter replied, "Forty thousand words." Colonel Johnston is now in command of the newest battalion of the Queen's Own Rifles, and is pretty busy. And we aren't sure whether a colonel on active service can squeeze in a game of golf or not. But we imagine he could devise *some* method of retaliation.

Maybe he could find a clue in a letter we have from Editor H. J. Colson of the Holstein Friesian Journal. It states:

"I thought you might be interested to know that new honors have come to Beverley Baxter.

"At Calgary Exhibition, Beverley Baxter's Holstein bull call exhibited by Hays and Co. of Calgary was winner of his class and the reserve junior championship."

●Starting on page five of this issue Kent Cowan, the scientific detective, and the amiable Sergeant Papineau work their way through another tangled murder mystery. This time it's a patch of grey dust on a dead man's coat that reveals the slayer. How Benge Atlee is very busy doctor manages to think up these yarns just baffles us. His explanation is that writing is a relaxation. Incidentally, it is an interesting fact that quite a number of detective story writers have been or are doctors. The creator of Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle was a doctor. So are Frank King and Anthony Wynne, the latter name being a pseudonym for a particularly distinguished British medical authority.

●Sometimes relatively trivial incidents change the life and complexion of whole communities. Take Wakeville for example and the breaking of Grandpaw Fogleshy's leg. Ordinarily while the breaking of a leg even a wooden leg is a matter of considerable importance to its owner, it is not one likely to upset an entire municipal pattern. But Grandpaw Fogleshy was no ordinary man. When he broke his leg on a crack in a sidewalk he threw the town fathers for an eight yard loss. You may remember Wakeville's Leslie McFarlane weaved a whole serial around it not long ago. It was received with such relish that we agreed that Wakeville must not be permitted to perish. Its fate is retained in "Grandpaw Fogleshy's Leg" on page twelve.

●One of the best moves made by the Defense Ministry at Ottawa was the bringing back of Major-General H. D. G. Crerar, D.S.O., to be Canada's Chief of General Staff. So far as our military preparations are concerned General Crerar is Number One Man. On page nine, Gratton O'Leary tells you just what manner of man he is, and after reading the article we think you will have reason for believing that General Crerar will get things done.

So far as military equipment goes, and much of it goes on wheels, there is on pages ten and eleven, part one of a pictorial story revealing how we are getting along.

●For years we have known that in Quebec the credit union movement was growing steadily, and that it was establishing itself in other provinces. But we must confess that we got a surprise when we read Leslie Garden's article on page fifteen and learned that throughout Canada there are 750 groups of small income men and women engaged in co-operative financial and social activity. In these groups are some 120,000 people—farmers, miners, fishermen, industrial and office workers, civil servants, schoolteachers etc. Membership has doubled during the past five years. They have found a way of solving debt problems and encouraging thrift. It is a highly interesting subject.

●As a journalist we have walked down many colorful streets in different parts of the world, but we continue to think that Montreal has one of the most unique thoroughfares to be found anywhere. That is the street known as St. Lawrence Main. In our reporting days we knew it well. It was one of the best sources of human interest we have ever known. Last time we were in Montreal we were asking about The Main wondering if it had changed. Apparently, it hasn't changed much. So we asked Elmer Gilmour how he would like to conduct a party of *Maclean's* readers along its pavement. He does so on page nineteen.

On page twenty R. M. Fowler concludes his series on the Rowell-Sirois Report—which he regards as a "Design for a New Dominion."

H. Gapurmoot.

The Airport Story of the Year:
INTERNATIONALS WIN AT WASHINGTON!



Above: The International TD-18 Diesels here, mix, and dry the fill material. They also distribute and re-distribute it around the airport and into the runway bases. An unusual rock formation from the rival bed makes it tough on tracks, but the TD-18's are standing the punishment in good shape.



24 International TD-18 Diesel TracTracTors

● United States' largest airport and terminal, at Gravelly Point, Va., serving the nation's capital, is now being rushed to completion with the aid of 24 International TD-18 Diesel TracTracTors. These powerful crawlers have taken over this tremendous earth moving job as a result of the outstanding performance of one of these units which went on the job a year ago.

When the new TD-18 hit the market early last year, the demand far exceeded the supply. As soon as the Northern Virginia Construction Co., Alexandria, managed to get one, they put it to work on the Washington Airport. Right from the start, the TD-18 became the most popular tractor on the field. Everyone wanted to use it. Unqualified statements made by those who got it, labeled the TD-18 as the *best tractor on the field regardless of size.*

With all these men *the reputation* of this great tractor *was made.* It was natural, then, for 12 more TD-18's to get the call in February. Today there's a total of 24, owned by the Northern Virginia Construction Co., L. B. Smith, Harrisburg; and the Capital Excavating Co., Highway Engineering Co., and Morauer and Herzell, Washington. In addition, there are 2 International I-40 wheel-type tractors on the job.

The International TD-18 Diesel *had to be plenty good on the Washington Airport*—as on *every* job, because it's been under the severest scrutiny. And its three new smaller brothers are carrying on the good work. See the nearby International industrial power dealer or Company branch about the four new International Diesel TracTracTors.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF CANADA, Ltd.
HAMILTON ONTARIO



Runways are rough-formed by the TD-18's, which also mix the surface with plows, cultivators, and harrows.

INTERNATIONAL Industrial Power



Get them to write Often

● He'll be On Duty! And he'll be alert, ready for action. That's why he'll appreciate an active service pen . . . one that 'takes off' in an instant . . . fairly flies over the paper. Whether it's for navigation notes, aerial observations or those letters home that mean so much . . . **GIVE HIM A PARKER**



He'll want a pen that can "take it!" He'll like the Pen that is a regular "tank" for ink . . . holds almost twice as much as an average pen. No gadgets to break down. Whether he's riding or writing, his equipment must be "tops!" . . . **GIVE HIM A PARKER**



When he's "off watch" . . . make it a pleasure for him to write. Give him the Pen that's "on deck" for every call . . . free from fog and clog . . . with ink "visibility" clear at all times . . . always has steam up, and is never 'awash' . . . the Pen that makes every port a mail box-pleasure with those letters to dear ones ashore . . . **GIVE HIM A PARKER**



For those clinical notes . . . for the temperature charts . . . for the letters home or the reports to the matron . . . Give her a Pen that needs no nursing. Always on duty . . . it's a fitting companion for the women who render such great and valiant service . . . **GIVE HER A PARKER**





The Parker Active Service Set Pen and Pencil in ripple leather case fits snugly in tunic or uniform pocket.
Set illustrated, $12.75
Other Active Service Sets also available at $9 and $8.50.

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Parker
VACUMATIC

◆ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35¢ for postage, insurance and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

Maclean's
SEPTEMBER 15 1940



Dust on My Shoulder

A patch of grey dust on a dead man's coat gives Kent Power the clue to a tangled mystery

By BENGE ATLEE

ILLUSTRATED BY
RUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

"I saw Perry Tallant come down the steps from that French window a few minutes before twelve

GIVEN his own choice, Kent Power would neither have lunched at the Mount Dennis Club—which was full of stuffed shirts—nor with Harry Fanshawe—who was no better than he should have been. But you go to school with a fellow, you keep running into him here and there down the years, he invites you to his club to talk business—and you don't despise him quite enough to refuse. So all through the meal you wish you'd had more moral courage, and in the end you tell yourself you're doing it for Lily a make. Lily was Harry Fanshawe's wife.

It grew harder to believe that—that Lily was Harry Fanshawe's wife. Perhaps it had always been latent in Fanshawe's appearance, but these days it was unmistakable. That furtive shabbiness. They said he would do almost anything to turn a dollar. You felt he went spearing for them like those old men who pick up pence in parks with a stick with a spike at the end of it.

"Let's go into the writing room," Fanshawe said when they had finished eating. "It'll be quiet in there and I can tell you what's on my mind."

Stepping through the dining room door, they almost collided with a man entering.

"Harry!" The voice boomed. "I have looked for you to speak!" He was one of those big, magnificent animals, blood and ruddy, and his blue eyes danced ironically—or was it derisively?—as they loitered themselves on Fanshawe. "Tonight I give a little dancing at my house. You come?"

Fanshawe squirmed. Quite obviously he wanted to refuse, as obviously he had some mental reservation about refusing.

The other chuckled, and there was a hint of contempt in the blue eyes now. "Lily is coming. I have asked her—and the others. It will be very nice."

Fanshawe suddenly made up his mind. "Thanks awfully, Henri. Meet Kent Power—"

The big man turned his quizzical gaze on Power. He seemed surprised at what he saw, as though he hadn't expected that anyone who'd be lunching with Harry Fanshawe would look like Kent Power. Suddenly he thrust out a huge, bony hand. "I am delighted, Mr. Power."

"Henri van Stuydam," Fanshawe said.

"By Jo, Mr. Power, I think I ask you also to my dancing. What you say? You like the dancing? It will be a good party—the most beautiful women in Montreal. You give me the pleasure, eh?" Then he chuckled shrewdly. "You brace yourself to refuse me, Mr. Power. Please not. Give me the one trial. If you do not like tonight, I do not bother you again. That is fair—no?"

Power agreed that it was fair and made note of the address on Redpath Crescent. In the writing room, which they found empty, he asked Fanshawe, "Who is Henri van Stuydam?"

Fanshawe frowned. "Dutchman—represents some big exporting firm here. Let's sit over by the window."

THEY sat over by the window. Fanshawe gave Power a furtive look, now that he had got to the horses, he seemed a little uncomfortable about it. Perhaps a little shamefaced, although Power had never known him to suffer much from shame. "Want you to do a little job for me. It's in your line."

"Oh?"

"Want to know where Lily spends her afternoons."

He went on talking, but that was all Power heard. The cat was asking him to trail Lily! Asking *him!*

He rose slowly to his feet. His eyes must have shown what he felt, for Fanshawe rose too, with a frightened look. "Don't get me wrong, now, Kent! What I mean is—"

Power did something that he had wanted to do for a long time: he let Fanshawe have it across the face with his open palm. Then he went out to meet a young girl whom he had promised to drive that afternoon around Montreal Island.

Two hours later, when the car was idling along the shady stretches of Back River and he had forgotten the memory

of that opulence the girl said. "Let's go in there and have tea."

It was one of those outdoor gardeny places that backed on the water. Very nice, and at this hour very secluded. But not entirely secluded. Over in the far corner two people sat, had the sight of one of them sent the last memory flooding through him again.

She hadn't seen him because she was facing the other way. If the young man with her saw them he paid no heed. They were talking very earnestly together.

"Am I such a headache as all that?" the girl with Power asked.

"Why?"

"You're frowning."

"It's the sun in my eyes. What's that with Lily Fanshawe?"

"Perry Tallant. Does it make you mad?"

His smile was rather grim. "That's not what makes one mad.

"Then you *are* mad?"

"I'd like to hick the side out of the house."

She was a smart girl. She got to her feet. "I don't like the view here much. There's another place down the road."

By the time Power got home that evening he had decided to ring Van Stuydam up and give him his regrets. He didn't want to encounter Harry Fanshawe again in the next twenty-four hours. But before he got to the telephone he knew that he did want to encounter Lily Fanshawe. Not for any particular reason more than to reassure himself about her. But he did want to do that. Once when he was very young Lily had represented something very special in his life. You like to know that the mountains are still there.

THEY were there. He had danced with her, sat on this same verandah with her, and she was the same. She would always be beautiful in that way that can launch a thousand ships. She would always have that inner glow. Whatever Perry Tallant meant in her life—and he had left that matter very strictly out of their discussion—would cast no shadow across that flame.

But as he sat now in a darkness lit only by the glow of his own cigarette and the lights of the city below, he began to think about Henri van Stuydam. All evening the Dutchman's dynamic personality had been the centre of gravity around which enjoyment flowed. His jovial saturnine laugh set one's excitement on edge. Because he danced and drank with such gusto you wanted to do the same. Because he said amusing things it put a spur to your wit. Yet away from that magic circle you were aware of weariness, then after all you were a pigmy in the presence of a giant.

Voices from the garden below were for the moment vague knockings on the door of consciousness. Suddenly he found himself listening acutely. Van Stuydam's deep rumble—Lily's serene laughter. They were coming up the twisting path. They stopped under a slender birch thirty feet below and the big Dutchman put his hand against the tree trunk.

"I love you, Lily." He spoke quietly and very earnestly—but without hope.

And because she was Lily she did not make the usual stupid protest. "It's a very great privilege Henri to know that."

"Sometimes I think it is only a phantom that separates us, my dear. But it is a high mountain no?"

"Yes—a high mountain," she said almost in a whisper.

He laughed, but there was pain in it. "Then we shall go up this other mountain!" He pointed up to the house—to which they ascended—into which they disappeared.

Power could feel something twisting at his heart. Once he had felt as the big Dutchman must be feeling. Perhaps Perry Tallant had felt that way this afternoon. He wondered if Harry Fanshawe had ever felt that way.

WHEN he went inside the others were gathered around Van Stuydam begging him to sing. He was protesting. But when I sing it is I who enjoy! Tonight it must be you who enjoy!"

"Sing then!" Helen Postyn said in her close-clipped way.

The big Hollander threw up his hands laughingly. "Please boys," he said to the orchestra, "in the dining room there are drinks." He went to the foot of the stairs in the hall and called up. "Father!" It sounded more like *Vater!*"

When he came back his hand was through the arm of an older man—one a little shorter much leaner yet unexpectedly young looking. You could see that Van Stuydam Senior was the self-effacing sort, and yet you felt that in whatever background he made he would pull his weight when needed. You could see also that he was very proud of his son.

"Please, father, they have asked me to sing. You will play, no?"

"I am delighted." The older man bowed in an very friendly way to the guests. He was obviously very pleased to have been brought down for this purpose.

In his self-effacing way he seated himself at the small grand piano. He looked at the keys, and then he looked across its top at Lily Fanshawe who was leaning against the mantel. Something glowed in the blue eyes beneath the grizzled brows. He struck the introductory chords to *Di Provenza* from "Traviata."

Van Stuydam could sing. If the great organlike voice lacked training it had a tremendous natural beauty. At least to one of his listeners it seemed freighted with a profound emotionalism. Yet though his eyes kept coming back to Lily Fanshawe, it seemed to Power that the Dutchman was using her as a focus for something deeper than love.

As the last tremendous and tender note became silence, a wild applause broke from the listeners. When it died the father said quietly: "Sometimes from the heart you sing Henri. Tonight, so."

"Tank you father." The big fellow seemed touched. And then his butler, Cuyp, came in and whispered something in his ear. It seemed to shock him, but only for a moment. He crooked his finger at the members of the orchestra who had brought their drinks to the door to listen to his singing. "Please boys, some more dancings. To his guests. "I come back soon." He followed Cuyp from the room.

Power was dancing with a girl who was telling him about a book she had been reading that afternoon that had *positively* given her the willies, when Corwin Blayde touched him on the arm and said: "Can I speak to you a minute?"

"What was the book?" Power asked her.

"Something about nihilism."

"Serves you right."

Blayde was waiting in the hall. "This way" he said tersely.

The room they entered was entirely masculine and as austere as a Dutch interior. If it hadn't been in a private house, it would have looked like a business office—Van Stuydam evidently did a lot of homework. Just now he was standing beside the leather couch over by the wall, with a very disturbed expression on his face. On the couch lay Harry Fanshawe. The top of Harry's head was more or less uppermost.

"It is terrible this! I do not understand at all!"

POWER took a look at the dead man. "Better send for the coroner."

"I'll do it." Corwin Blayde had a terse way of speaking carried a perennial chip on his conversational shoulder. He was a thickset, nephritic looking man with a pale hard face and slitlike eyes through which he surveyed the world arrogantly. He seemed Power thought paler than usual. Excited—as though something quivered tautly inside him.

"It is too terrible!" Van Stuydam repeated shaking his head. "I do not like to face Lily with this."

There's no need to yet. We can tell her had the others after the coroner gets here. But no one must leave before that.

"Perhaps I should return to them no?"

"That's a good idea."

"You come also, Cocry?"

"In a minute." When the door closed behind the big Dutchman Blayde snapped: "Whaddo you think?"

Power had picked up the telephone from the desk. "What do you?"

Blayde just said: "Huh!" and then Dr. Morin's voice came over the wire. "Power speaking, doctor. Better come out to the Van Stuydam residence, Redpath Crescent. Bring Sergeant Papineau, and come in the back way."

When he turned to speak to Corwin Blayde, he found he was alone with the dead man. Blayde had departed. He went over to the couch and turned on the floor lamp at its head. A smudge of dust had brushed the front of the right shoulder of the black coat immediately in front of the armpit. When he touched it it felt slightly damp.

There was a screen in front of the French window. Stepping behind it he found the window locked, and farther on the windows of the bay all locked. There were some papers on the top of the big flat topped desk that stood in the centre of the room, but they were all household bills. The drawers of the desk were locked. What struck him about the room as he moved questing about it was its impeccable neatness. It was the working place of a man with an extremely tidy and well-ordered mind. Harry Fanshawe's body lent the only note of disarray, and the difference between the two men as typified by the room, struck him forcibly. The Dutchman's mind was like a pool of clear water. Harry Fanshawe's thoughts had always arisen out of mud. There might be something in that difference.

Finally he took the key from the door, stepped out into the hall, locked the door and went along to the butler's pantry which brought him to the kitchen. There were three people in the kitchen, a fat, red-faced woman who was the cook, the butler Cuyp, and a housemaid. Obviously they had been discussing the murder. Power sat on the edge of the table and spoke to the butler. "Did you see Mr. Fanshawe enter the library?"

"Yes, sir." Cuyp was Dutch too, had his little blue eyes were wary.

"Was he alone?"

"No, sir."

"Who went in with him?"

Cuyp hung for a fraction of a second on his answer. "The master, sir."

"How long ago was that?"

"Half an hour—about half past eleven."

"Who discovered the body?"

"I have sir. I am serving the refreshments. I go as to see—"

"Was anybody else in there with Mr. Fanshawe?"

"I saw no one—"

"You might as well tell him what I told you," said the maid.

"Ye re a blattin little fool!" It came from the fat cook with a sort of hiccup. She was sitting in a chair by the stove, and Power realized suddenly that she was in liquor.

The maid said to Power: "She can't help it. It's her feet. When she gets the misery, gin's the only thing gives her ease. When I was coming along the hall there was a row going on. They were shouting at one another."

"Who was shouting at whom?"

"Mr. Blayde shouting at poor Mr. Fanshawe."

"Poor me eye!" gulped the cook. "Ye're all talkin' too much, the whole caboodle uv ye!"

"You're sure it was Mr. Blayde?"

"I know that bellow of his anywhere," the maid replied. "Didn't I work there a fortnight this spring when their maid was home sick? He fair lets go when he gets het up."

"Givin' yerself airs!" sniffed the cook. "If I had bones in me poor feet, I'd tuck the tar outa the lot uv ye!"

Power said to Cuyp: "Was Mr. van Stuydam in the library when this was going on?"

"No sir. He has come out before. He tells me to serve the champagne."

"When did you see him again?"

"When he is singing."

THE knock at the door announced Sergeant Papineau who with Dr. Morin, had been faithful to instructions to arrive by the back. Power took them into the office and told them the story. Then leaving them to their devices he returned to the kitchen and said to the housemaid: "I want you to take me upstairs to the bedroom where the ladies left their wraps, and then I want you to ask Mrs. Fanshawe to come up. But not a word to her about this business."

"That's my mother," hiccuped the cook. "Tell 'em nothin'!"

"This way's the quickest." The maid led him up the back stairs.

When Lily Fanshawe arrived her lovely face wore a puzzled look. "Is this a game of some sort Kent?" she asked in her low caressing voice.

"I wish it were," he said uneasily.

She snatched suddenly at the straw of intuition. "Harry! Something has happened—"

"I'm sorry," he said painfully. "We found him in the library—"

"Oh—" She sank down on the edge of the bed and covered her face with her hands.

He wanted to say something, something to sustain her, but the only words that formed themselves in his mind were "I'm sorry." But before he could speak them he knew that they must ring falsely. He wasn't sorry that Harry Fanshawe was dead.

He put a hand on her shoulder. "I'll have to leave you here, Lily. Shall I send one of the—"

"No—no! I'll be all right in a minute."

He met Sergeant Papineau at the foot of the stairs, and they went into the drawing room where Van Stuydam's guests had gathered around his towering figure for support. Power said: "As nearly as we can tell Fanshawe died between half past eleven and twelve o'clock. He went into the library with you, Mr. van Stuydam, and it's doubtful if he ever came out again. What time did you leave him?"

"I am with him only a few minutes, Mr. Power. Perhaps five." The big man looked acutely uncomfortable. You felt that all this was sinning against his sense of the orderliness and decency of life—against its pests and its joys. His glance moved appealingly from Power to his other guests, as if he were apologizing to them for having had this happen in his house.

"Was he alone when you left him?"

"Of course! He says he will stay to smoke a cigar."

Power turned to Corwin Blayde. "Was he still smoking it when you went in?"

Blayde a stumpy figure stiffened. The thought of denial seemed to quiver in his mind, but he growled a belligerent affirmative.

"How long were you with him?"

"Ten minutes."

"Was he alive when you left him?"

"You're darned right he was!"

Power turned to the others, his glance resting perhaps a second longer than was necessary on Perry Tallant's dark passionate face. "Did anyone else see him alive after that?"

No one answered.

"Then he must have been killed between a quarter to twelve and the time we all came in here to hear Mr. van Stuydam sing—which was about twelve. Where were we all during that quarter of an hour?"

FOR a moment no one spoke. Had Van Stuydam exclaimed: "Perhaps it is better I begin no?" He addressed the remark rather to his other guests than to Power had Sergeant Papineau. "I have met Lily under the birch at the foot of the verandah. She will say that when she came down the steps I am standing there smoking a cigarette. We have a little walk, a little talk—and then we arrive here again."

"That's right," Helen Postyn said. "I saw you."

"Where were you?" Power asked her.

"Communing with nature on a bench outside. It's no old maid's privilege." She was a mannish looking, downright girl. Thirty perhaps.

"Please!" Van Stuydam exclaimed. "You are not an old maid, Helen!"

She gave her curt laugh. "Thanks, Henri." But she didn't seem convinced.

Power turned finally to Perry Tallant. "Where were you during the lateful quarter hour?"

It startled Tallant uncomfortably, brought something aggressive into his dark eyes. "Loitering," he said curtly.

"Where?"

"In the garden."

"Anywhere near the French window that leads into the office?"

Tallant hesitated the barest instant. "No."

And then Power turned to the elder Van Stuydam. "You were upstairs, sir?"

"In my sitting room."

All the others had been dancing.

WHEN some time later Power had Papineau reached the laboratory in the back of the former's flat, Power unwrapped the dead man's dress coat from the newspaper that had encased it. Notice that Pap?" He indicated the smudge of dust in the armpit.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*"

Stardust until I know the difference." Power got a new toothbrush and proceeded to brush the dustings into a flat glass dish. He made solutions in some test tubes and began to work on them with reagents. Half an hour later he exclaimed with a puzzled air: "Lead arsenate! Why the devil lead arsenate?"

"Unless he is a gardener. Me, I am a gardener."

"So what?"

"I spray the flowers wit' it."

"Fanshawe may be a candidate for flowers, he certainly wasn't spraying 'em. Let's go in and have a drink."

They did, had presently Papineau departed. The door had hardly closed on him when the telephone rang. It was Helen Postyn and she was unhappy. "I'm going to be a dirty tattle-tale, Kent," she said, "and I hate it."

"You'll sleep better if you spill it," he said comfortingly.

Perry Tallant. I saw him come down the steps from that French window a few minutes before twelve. My only reason for telling you this is that I won't see poor old

Continued on page 35



"I'm still the gardener," Papineau chuckled. He brought from his pocket a pair of old gardening gloves.



He had been there. They found the library devastated, papers scattered everywhere, drawers emptied, even the books dragged from the shelves. The small wall safe had been opened.

Beverley Baxter's LONDON LETTER

Triumph of the R.A.F.



A Beverley Baxter M.P.

STRANGE things have happened in this war and are continuing to happen. Some of them are mere surface events as if the gods were indulging in an ironic jest. Others go deep and will have their influence on the development of the world long after hostilities are over and Hitler has ceased to trouble the world.

For example, the spirit and the confidence of the British people are higher today than at any period since the war started. It is true that the British Empire is fighting alone against Germany and Italy. By the time these words are published Spain will probably be in against us, as Franco may not be able to stand the Axis pressure much longer. Japan may also join Hitler and open fire on us in the Far East. It is not even beyond the realm of possibility that Petain's Government will declare a state of nonbelligerency, thus actively assisting Germany without fighting.

Should all this happen, the British people will remain calm and supremely confident of victory in the end. One may criticize such an attitude as illogical, but then the British have never been logical. They are a sentimental but unemotional people. They can be moved but they will not weep. They are naturally lazy, tolerant and good-humored slow to anger and slower still to hatred.

But when they are finally convinced as in the case now, that their existence and all that they believe in is threatened then no race in history, neither the Roman nor the Gaul nor the Finn, can be as relentless in waging war to a finish.

I recall as vividly young Count Pückler's words at the German Embassy a few weeks before the war. "When the British go to war," he said, "they get their teeth in the other fellow's leg and they just will not let go. It is not for nothing that they are called the bulldog breed."

Yet there must be some reason behind this faith and tenacity of the British. What gives them this supreme confidence when, as Shakespeare says, the three corners of the world are coming against them in arms?

I would put the answer in this order:

1. The loyalty and co-operation of the Dominions and Colonies.
2. The triumph of the Royal Air Force.
3. The strength of the Navy.
4. The winding roads of England.

I admit that in these letters I have often expressed my belief that the British are supremely the people of destiny. Nothing that happens in these islands is unimportant or insignificant. For better or for worse, the British made the world as it is today. For a hundred years they have been molding that world.

Much of their work was good. Some of it inept. Today they stand as the last bastion between the world of their making and a new order of scientific savagery in which the genius of the mind would be prostituted to a debased archaic tyranny. It is the price Britain must pay for her overlordship of the last hundred years.

The Winding Roads of England

YOU MIGHT ask however why I should include the winding roads of England with the Navy and Air Force as factors of confidence. The explanation is simple and not uninteresting.

There is a saying in these Islands that the roads of England were laid out by a drunken sailor. Perhaps that accounts for the pleasant fact that just around the next curve you are almost certain to find an inn called "The Plough" or "The Jolly Pirates," or "The King's Head." The drunken sailor was thinking of posterity and its needs. His obvious idea was that a road should go nowhere in particular and that the traveller would need frequent refreshment to prevent his giving up the effort of getting there.

Certainly, in these days of no signposts, the winding roads are worse than a jigsaw puzzle. After all there is some solution to the jigsaw.

Now in Germany the roads are very wide and absolutely straight. They are built to carry armed forces in war and industrial vehicles in peace—and to take them by a direct unbending route to their destination. Thus a road from Coblenz to Munich goes straight from Coblenz to Munich. The Germans are nothing if not clear-headed.





Upper: Spitfires ready! Lower: Spitfires soon ready!

But that fact has not eluded the Royal Air Force. The mighty roads of Germany with their unswerving obedience to the Fuehrer are absolute signposts to our bombers. As direction finders they are without an equal. And since in the unmolested pamphlet-dropping of the early months of the war we plotted almost the whole of the German landscape, our planes are reaching their targets every night with the precision of taxicabs drawing up at a hotel door.

On the other hand, an English road is not only too narrow to be seen easily from the air—but if a German pilot followed it he would be in a state of complete bewilderment after the first five minutes.

The genius of the drunken sailor does not end there however. We have been expecting an invasion for the last two months and have had to envisage the risk of German tanks being rushed across the country as was done in the case of France. Some barricades were erected on the roads, and all was ready for the arrival of the enemy.

Then a British general had a bright idea. "These barricades work both ways," he said. "Suppose we want to rush up reinforcements, they would delay us too."

This gave another general an idea. "Why not take away the barricades?" he said. "If the German tanks land we should let them start their rush. In no time they would be crawling around beds of ten miles an hour and we could destroy them there."

So the barricades have been taken down and the roads are wide open to the enemy. The drunken sailor has given England an unspeakable defense.

So now if you drop in to the "Hare and Hounds," or a pint of very expensive and extremely mild ale, you are probably, unknown to yourself, in the very centre of a tank trap. And if you listen to the local inhabitants, they will wag their heads and say how marvellous it is for Canada and Australia to send us their soldiers they will probably toast the Navy and then they will get down to their favorite topic—the incredible achievements of the Royal Air Force.

R.A.F. Inspires a Notice

THERE is nothing in all British history quite like the story of the R.A.F. Nor is there anything either quite like the story of British aircraft production, which is now presided over by Lord Beaverbrook.

The British are an obstinate people, and one thing they dislike is making shoddy goods. Therefore, when in 1935 they began to realize, somewhat belatedly, that the German Air Force was a potential menace, they planned an aircraft industry which would in the course of time, turn out the best airplanes in the world.

Give credit where credit is due. It was magnificently planned. Lord Swinton was the second of three Air Ministers to fall, but his groundwork was good. I am sure that Lord Beaverbrook today would gladly endorse that tribute. The trouble was that the plan was slow in execution. When the Germans were mass producing, we were still making jigs and tools in preparation for production.

"I want numbers!" roared Goering in Germany.

"I want quality!" said Lord Swinton in Britain.

The Germans got a design and stuck to it. We got a design and altered it. Then we altered it again, and finally discarded it altogether for something else. When Munich came we had some excellent machines, but so few of them that the heads of the R.A.F. simply raised their hands in utter astonishment that Hitler let us escape.

When the war finally came last September, Hitler blasted Poland with his air force but hit us strictly alone. We also held our hand, except for the endless and unmolested pamphlet reconnaissance raids over Germany. Then came the false lull. Few of our aircraft factories were working night shifts, and at Easter there was a general shutdown for three or four days. Many of us were restless and as I have said before my trip in the winter to the R.A.F. in France convinced me that while we might be turning out

Continued on page 45

Schooled under Ironside, Gort and Brooke, Canada's new Chief of Staff is young, keen, capable

By
M. GRATTAN O'LEARY



Major-General
I. D. G. Crerar, D.S.O.

CHIEF of STAFF

ELEVEN YEARS ago Major-General (now Lieut.-General) "Andy" McNaughton, then Chief of the General Staff, decided he wanted somebody to study and report upon the defense needs of Canada. He thought of a young officer he had admired in the Great War and who had become Battery Commander and Professor of Tactics at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Henry Duncan Graham Crerar, who happened to be that officer, was brought to Ottawa, told to work out a reorganization plan for Canada's militia forces.

It was a task for fortitude. In Canada—throughout the British Empire—men thought of peace. It was the era of the League of Nations, of the young intellectuals who wrote books on war's futility and filth, of well-intentioned idealists who, within and without Parliament, fought defense estimates. Over in Europe, Adolf Hitler was still an "Austrian upstart." A great British industrialist, Lord Riverdale, was viewing the "totally unarmed condition of Germany" as "one of the greatest menaces of peace today." Sir John Simon was saying that "Germany's claims to equality of rights in the matter of armaments cannot be resisted and ought not to be resisted." And Herbert Morrison, now British Minister of Supply, was warning of "the danger to social services lying in rearmament."

Despite such talk, echoed and re-echoed in our own House of Commons, where year after year militia estimates were slashed, Crerar pressed on with his task. He had gone to Geneva in 1932, as world disarmament conference as Canadian Military Adviser. He returned to work at his job more feverishly. It was completed in 1936.

It was not Crerar's limit, nor McNaughton's, that the plan was pigeonholed. The Rhineland had been remilitarized; Germany had regained the Saar; Italy had conquered Abyssinia. But in Ottawa and London, politicians still talked peace; paid no heed to warnings. Crerar, like a good soldier, remained silent. It was not his job to make speeches or to argue. He went back to R.M.C., as its Commandant. But he was under no illusions.

Early Soldiering Ambitions

SUCH IS the immediate background of Major-General H. D. G. Crerar, D.S.O., now Canada's Chief of the General Staff, number one man in our war effort.

He has additional background.

Away back in his Hamilton, Ontario, school days, "Harry" Crerar wanted to be a soldier. He will tell you now that he was more or less "brought up on a horse," adding part way in explanation, that the late Sir Adam Beck, a great horseman, was his brother-in-law. In his final year at R.M.C. he wanted to join a British or Indian cavalry regiment, but gave up the idea upon finding out that it would require his father to finance him almost indefinitely.

The metal filament incandescent lamp was just being developed. At his father's suggestion, young Crerar joined the Canadian Tungsten Lamp Company in Hamilton, spending ten hours a day in the factory for a year. They sent him to Vienna for six months of two succeeding years to find out about the technicalities of manufacturing, but the call of the militia remained with him. From Vienna, each summer he returned to Hamilton to go with the 4th Field Battery for Petawawa's annual training. When the war came in 1914—he was now an "Illuminating Engineer" with the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission—the joining of his Battery as a subaltern for active service was hardly more than a formality. At Valcartier they promoted him to captain.

As captain in what became the 11th Battery of the 3rd Brigade, C.F.A., 1st Canadian Division, Crerar went overseas, and by the summer of 1915 following actions at Ypres, Givenchy and Festubert, he was brought up to the 1st Canadian Division as a G. S. Learner. After two weeks attachment at Divisional Headquarters he was offered, and took command of the 10th Battery—which came from St. Catharines—of the 3rd Brigade.

His new plenty of action. By May 1917 he was the 3rd Brigade's acting lieutenant-colonel and the last of the original officers of that brigade who had left Canada in 1914. They sent him then to attend a staff course at Cambridge University.

Back to France after his staff course, Crerar became Brigade Major to the late Brigadier-General W. H. Dodds with the 5th Canadian Divisional Artillery. In this capacity he met intimately General "Andy" McNaughton, Canadian front line battalions were being hammered heavily by German trench mortars. After studying McNaughton's famous counter battery organization—McNaughton was then Counter Battery Staff Officer of the Canadian Corps—Crerar decided that what was being done to enemy batteries could be done to enemy mortars. Within a few weeks he had succeeded. It was the beginning of a friendship between McNaughton and Crerar that has continued since.

The Staff Officer Artillery of the Canadian Corps in June, 1918 was Lieut.-Colonel A. F. Brooke—now Lieut.-General Sir Alan Brooke, the man upon whom rests the job of defending Britain. Brooke and Crerar became close friends often tramped the front line and battery positions together. In time Crerar took over Brooke's job, found himself with probably the heaviest artillery job of the war—the organization of the artillery support of the battle of the 8th of August, 1918. "Somehow or other," Crerar admits modestly, "I got the job done."

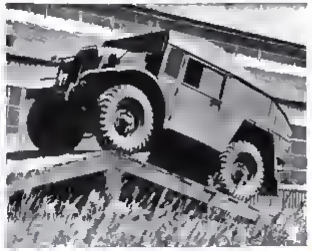
There followed the successive operations in front of Arras leading to the seizure of the Canal du Nord and Cambrai. McNaughton had been appointed to G.O.C. Canadian Corps Heavy Artillery and Crerar had taken over the post of Counter Battery Staff Officer. It brought him the man-sized job of the operation which resulted in the capture of Valenciennes, a battle in which with respect to its artillery aspects, became perhaps a classic of what a gunner may do with his shell power when properly applied under certain conditions. (Of this battle McNaughton has written a memorable description.)

Student of Ironside, Gort, Brooke

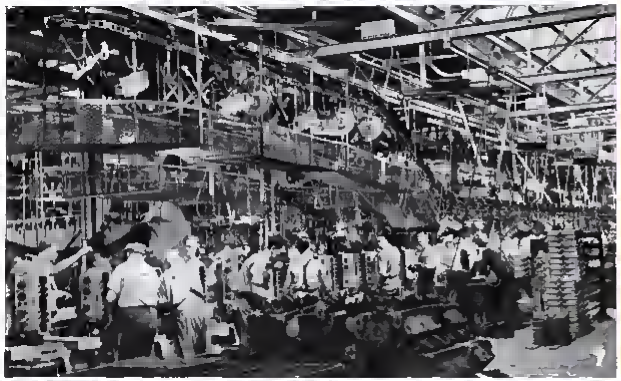
THEN CAME the Armistice. Crerar was with the Canadian Corps on the Rhine when he was offered a nomination for the Staff College at Camberley at the first course after the war which was to open in the spring of 1919. For personal reasons he had to decline, but a year later when he had been appointed Staff Officer Artillery to that late great soldier Sir Edward Morrison and recommissioned into the reconstituted Permanent Force, he took the competitive examinations which sent him to Camberley for two years (1922-24). The Commandant of Camberley

Continued on page 34









Wheels for the Army

(PART ONE)

Night and day, in an ever-growing stream, mechanized military vehicles roll from Canada's automotive plants

Photos by S. C. Lloyd



1. An automotive plant's frame assembly line is a busy spot. Men work on a constantly moving industrial carpet. 2. Clearance test for a gun tractor. These units carry an armed crew and pull heavy field guns. 3, 4, 5, and 6 (above, and opposite page) show additional rough-and tumble tests for gun tractors. Specially-built pit and ramps give the units a real shaking up. Following tests, all parts are closely checked. 6a Trucks are finished in a dull khaki. A cab being spot sprayed. 7. General view of the Ford Company's motor assembly line. The overhead parts conveyor contributes largely to the system's efficiency.







WHEELS play a tremendously big part in modern warfare. Recognizing this, the Canadian Government has called upon its automotive plants to turn their energy to production of motorized equipment for troops here and overseas. Plenty of evidence is available to prove that the call has been well answered.

At the Ford Motor Company's plant at Windsor Ontario you will find a never-stopping never-ending flow of new mechanical transport equipment rolling off the assembly line. Dummy gun tractors for hauling artillery field pieces and their crews, trucks ranging from light quick-moving eight-hundred weight jobs to huge six-wheeled lorries, station wagons, field ambulances. They're all there.

The present schedule of deliveries of the military vehicles constitutes more than fifty per cent of the company's total production.

Probably the most impressive move by Ford in Canada is its undertaking to produce Universal machine-gun carriers—a mobile unit resembling a light tank. The company is constructing at its own expense a $700,000 plant addition in Windsor to provide facilities for the building of these carriers, and has pledged itself to deliver fifty per week to the Government as soon as production can be started.

The expansion consists of an addition to the fifteen-acre Ford machine shop to provide 109 640 square feet of new floor space. It will increase the company's capacity for producing other types of military vehicles along with the Universal carrier.

Some idea of the extent of mechanized vehicle manufacture may be derived from the fact that this one company is engaged, at present, in supplying more than 50 000 military vehicles, of which 10,000 are for the Canadian Government and 40,000 for Great Britain and other governments of the Empire. Although civilian autos and trucks are still rolling off the assembly line, the percentage of production of army equipment is steadily increasing.

Such an assembly line is a wonder to behold. With its huge conveyors overhead six hundreds of equipment racks, its many pieces of equipment all in different stages of construction this line is nothing but confusion at first impression.

But there is no confusion.

The assembling is so synchronized that each man does his job the right way at the right time. It is an inspiring thing to watch a huge army truck grow, from many scattered parts.

In the mass production of wheeled equipment the automotive plants are doing a good job.—*The End.*













8. A few of the thousands of military transport vehicles being produced by the Ford plant at Windsor, Ontario. 9. Thousands of tons of steel are required for production of military transport units. Pouring steel in the Ford foundry. 10. An early process in the turning out of military trucks. The cab assembling line. 11. A field ambulance off the line and ready to roll. Units, like this one, donated by Canadian citizens, carry a special gift plaque. 12. For large-scale production of these fast machine gun carriers, a $700,000 plant addition is under construction by Ford of Canada. 13. Final inspection of a gun tractor.

Grandpaw Foglesby's Leg

By LESLIE McFARLANE



More hilarity from Wakeville—the story of Grandpaw F. and the misstep that tossed the town fathers for an eight-yard loss

ILLUSTRATED BY
SYD HALLAM

Grandpaw Foglesby was sitting on the sidewalk under the street lamp, laughing fit to bust himself.

THE STORY of how Grandpaw Foglesby broke his leg has often been told in Wakeville and if you live in Wakeville there is no sense in reading any farther, because you are probably pretty sick of hearing about Grandpaw Foglesby by now. And about his leg. But if you don't live in Wakeville it isn't likely that you have heard the details. It didn't get into the city papers because it wasn't important enough. The story, I mean—not the leg.

Young Henry Hooper, the Wakeville *Planet* reporter, wrote it up and sent it to a Toronto paper, but the editor said he couldn't run it because people are always breaking their legs here and there all over the country and nobody cares much except the person who owns the leg. He would put it to the paper—he said it the Prime Minister broke a leg. He would put it on the front page with a headline. For both legs he would put out an extra. But Grandpaw Foglesby's leg was not important.

Henry Hooper wrote back that it was important to Grandpaw Foglesby, but let it pass. Skip it, he said. But just wait until that editor broke his leg. Or even his neck. Just wait and see, said Henry Hooper. The Wakeville *Planet* wouldn't run a line about it. That was what Henry Hoopee wrote to the editor, only he didn't mail the letter because, as he said, he might want a job on that paper some day and what was the use of antagonizing the man, especially over Grandpaw Foglesby's leg. Gut it was a very smart answer. Grandpaw Foglesby said he wished he had brains enough to think up an answer half as good, but he simply didn't have the head for it.

He was always a great admirer of Henry Hooper, was Grandpaw Foglesby, and he was a mighty pleased old man when Henry took so much interest in his leg and put it in the *Planet*. The account about it, I mean. Grandpaw Foglesby sent copies of the *Planet* to all his relations so they could read about his leg, and he carried a clipping of it around in his pocket and showed it to everybody until it got so worn out he had to throw it away. The clipping, I mean. Not the leg.

He and another clipping framed, and he hung it up in his grocery store where everybody could read about it while they were waiting for their beans or sugar, or what-ever they went there to buy. And if they didn't get away in time Grandpaw Foglesby would tell them all about his leg anyhow.

So that is what I meant when I said that if you live in Wakeville you probably won't want to hear about it.

It was the only time in his life Grandpaw Foglesby was ever in the newspapers, unless his parents put in a birth announcement when he was born; but that was seventy years ago and he didn't remember.

In fact, taking it all round, I don't think I ever knew of anybody who got so much pleasure out of a broken leg as Grandpaw Foglesby. It did your heart good to see the wholesome innocent enjoyment that old man got out of such a simple thing as a broken leg. I would say it added years to his life, because it gave him a new interest and something to talk about. I had the weather best all below. A grocery man gets very tired of the weather, because all the customers talk about it and they expect him to speak up and agree with them. By the end of the day it becomes very monotonous.

I remember during the summer of '36 when we had that long hot spell. Grandpaw Foglesby looked so peaked and worn after about three weeks of that weather that I thought it was getting him down. People would come into the store and say: "Is it hot enough for you, Grandpaw? Or they'd say, "My golly, it's another scorcher, isn't it, Grandpaw?" And for a couple of weeks Grandpaw Foglesby would answer back right smart and maybe be reminded of the hot spell back in '95 that was a lot worse. I mean he would talk about the weather as if it interested him. But after about three weeks he got so he would just look sad and nod at you in a discouraged sort of way. I can see now that it wasn't the heat that bothered him. He was just clean tuckered out talking about it. He had said all any human being could say about that weather and it over and over again, and there wasn't any more left in him.

But after he broke his leg he was all right again. You should have seen how he perked up. It gave him a new interest in life, as I said. After all the weather is every-body's weather. But it was his leg. There is nothing like a little personal interest in a subject to make a man enjoy talking about it.

I don't know how it happened that Grandpaw Foglesby's store was eight yards outside the corporation limits. I don't suppose anybody knows. Grandpaw Foglesby came to Wakeville a long time ago, and he bought this grocery store from a man named Wivvle—a long, tired-looking man with a glass eye and a watch chain that looked big enough to tie up a bulldog. He was a bachelor and sang in the church choir. It was never the same after he left. But he didn't know very much about the grocery business, and after the novelty of his glass eye were off, people stopped coming to the grocery store just to look at it. So he got discouraged and sold out to Grand-paw Foglesby and went away and was never heard of again.

Mr. Percy Niblett, the Wakeville town clerk, thought he saw Mr. Wivvle riding on the ferris wheel at the Toronto Exhibition one night about ten years ago, but it might have been somebody else. Percy Niblett waved to him, but Mr. Wivvle didn't wave back. So probably it wasn't Mr. Wivvle after all. Anyhow Percy Niblett was on the merry-go-round at the time, and travelling pretty fast, so maybe Mr. Wivvle didn't even see him waving. If it was Mr. Wivvle. I never took much stock in the story because you know how it is at the Exhibition—you are always seeing people you think you know and when you gallop up hollering, "Hi, Jake!" or "Well, if it ain't Emma MacTavish!" they turn out to be somebody else. It has happened to me often. I usually keep right on galloping and pretend I'm hollering at somebody behind them. Ozzie Satchell, who works at the cannery, had a very odd experience in that line when he was attending a lodge convention in Montreal one year. On the very first day of the convention a man came up to him and mistook him for a Theodore B. Garfinkle of Westfield, Quebec.

"I am sorry," said Ozzie, "but you have made a mis-take. I am not Theodore B. Garfinkle of Westfield, Quebec. I am O. O. Satchell, of Wakeville, Ontario."

"That is your story," sneered the stranger, "but you cannot fool me, Theodore B. Garfinkle. I met you at a convention in Vancouver eight years ago."

"But I was never in Vancouver," insisted Ozzie Satchell.

"I throw the lie back in your teeth, sir," said the stranger. "You are Theodore B. Garfinkle of Westfield, Quebec, and if you are masquerading under an alias you are an impostor and it is my duty to expose you."

So then this stranger went all over the place telling people that Ozzie was really Theodore B. Garfinkle of Westfield, Quebec. Ozzie couldn't walk past a crowd of conventionists in the hotel lobby but what he would hear this man sing out: "Look! There goes Theodore B. Garfinkle of Westfield, Quebec!" The stranger would come up behind him in the convention hall and push him into a whole mob, saying: "Boys, shake hands with Theodore B. Garfinkle of Westfield, Quebec." And before Ozzie knew it, everybody would be shaking hands with him and saying: "Glad to know you, Mr. Garfinkle."

By the time the convention was two days old everybody was calling Ozzie Mr. Garfinkle and there wasn't anything he could do about it because as soon as he would try to tell anyone he was really O. O. Satchell, of Wakeville, Ontario, they would laugh and tell him he had a great sense of humor. So finally Ozzie quit arguing about it. But when the convention was all over Ozzie was checking out of the hotel and saying good by to everybody and singing "Auld Lang Syne," and he was just stepping into his taxi when the stranger came up. Everybody was hollering, "Good by Theodore," and "So long, Garfinkle," but the stranger looked Ozzie right in the eye and said: "Maybe you think you got away with it, brother. Maybe you think you fooled everybody at this convention by passing yourself off as Theodore B. Garfinkle, of Westfield, Quebec. But you didn't fool me, not for a minute. Your name isn't Garfinkle, you fake. It's O. O. Satchell, and you come from Wakeville, Ontario. I never forget a face." So perhaps it was just another case of mistaken identity when Percy Niblett thought he saw Mr. Wivvle on the ferris wheel.

When Grandpaw Foglesby bought the grocery store naturally he thought he was buying a store in Wakeville even if it was at the very end of South Maple Street. It never entered his head that Mr. Wivvle might have a deceitful heart as well as a glass eye and a gold watch chain. But it was not until he went to Councillor Snead and Mayor Popham and asked about having the waterworks put into his store that he discovered the truth.

"I am sorry, Mr. Foglesby," said the mayor, "but the waterworks are only for the ratepayers of Wakeville."

"If you will go back and read your deed carefully," said Councillor Snead, "you will find that you are in Wapahoosis Township."

And they sat there and smirked at him, especially Councillor Snead who was a thin man with a face like a horse and indigestion. Mayor Popham said it was too bad, and he showed Grandpaw Foglesby the maps. Sure enough there was no getting away from it, the store was eight yards outside the town limits.

"I have been swindled," said Grandpaw Foglesby sadly. He could hardly believe it of Mr. Wivvle. "It was the glass eye fooled him," he said. "He could always tell if a man was honest," he claimed, by looking him in the eye, but he must have been looking in Mr. Wivvle's wrong eye when he made the deal, and it confused him and ruined his judg-ment."

So there it was for poor old Grandpaw Foglesby, but he went back to his store and made the best of it. And as it turned out there was a bright side to the affair, because Wapahoosis Township had a very low tax rate, so that he saved money in the long run. The people on South Maple Street bought their groceries from him anyhow. They didn't care if he lived in Wapahoosis Township or not. It was the only grocery store in that part of town.

That was the way it went on for a long while. Grandpaw Foglesby made a fair living out of his store and became very bald and grew a little white beard like a goat. Once a year he would show up at the council meeting and ask them to do something about the waterworks. The Township Council of Wapahoosis said they didn't care; they'd fix that man in five minutes, they said. They'd make Wakeville a present of that extra eight yards of land along with the grocery store and Grandpaw Foglesby too, for that matter, and welcome. You could always depend on Wapahoosis Township to be big and broad-minded about matters like that. There was lots of land in the township anyhow, acres and acres of it, so what was an extra eight yards more or less? It was neither here nor there, they said.

Whenever I think of some of those countries in Europe that will even go to war over a measly little bit of land along a boundary line, I am proud of Wapahoosis Town-ship. You wouldn't catch Wapahoosis Township going to war over eight yards of land. If somebody came along and wanted eight yards of land, Wapahoosis Township would say: "Go ahead. Take it. Who wants to fight over eight yards of land? Help yourself. There's plenty more where that came from." For that is Wapahoosis Town-ship all over—obliging and friendly. But when they tried to give Wakeville that eight yards of land on the end of South Maple Street, they were snubbed.

"No," said Wakeville. "We don't want it."

And that is what Wapahoosis Township got for trying to be friendly. Wapahoosis Township never felt the same toward Wakeville after that. It was all Councillor Snead's fault, of course. It was Councillor Snead sent me to the proposition.

"We would have to give Grandpaw Foglesby water-works in his store," Councillor Snead pointed out. And he stroked his chin and folded his hands over his stomach and closed his head. "It would cost money," he said.

Councillor Snead was one of those men who could say, "It would cost money" like a judge passing a life sen-tence. There just wasn't any comeback. Whenever he said it, Mayor Popham would look around at the council-lors and clear his throat and say: "Well, gentlemen, I imagine that disposes of *that*!"

Mayor Popham always agreed with Councillor Snead. He wasn't much of a mayor. He got in by accident one time when somebody nominated him by mistake instead of his cousin, Pop Popham who ran the cheese factory. After a while we got used to him and I suppose he got used to being mayor, for it just went on and on. We had him for years. He was more of a habit than a mayor, I guess. We often wondered why we put up with him, but nobody ever ran against him. It wouldn't have seemed right, somehow.

So between Mayor Popham and Councillor Snead, poor old Grandpaw Foglesby didn't get those waterworks. He never gave up trying; you had to say that much for him. Year after year he would land up in front of the council asking for his store e waterworks. And year after year they'd say no.

People used to think he would get discouraged and give up. But he never did. Grandpaw said it was an old saying in his family that the only way to discourage a Foglesby was to shoot him.

One night in the late spring Grandpaw showed up at council meeting and asked for the waterworks again. He was getting on in years, he said, and there wasn't much time left for him. But in the meantime it would be a big convenience to have them, what with him living over the store and having to tote water by the pail from the well in the back yard.

Mr. Foglesby," spoke up Councillor Snead, who was getting tired of being asked for waterworks by this time, "you are wasting your breath. We have told you time and time again that it can't be done. We cannot extend our waterworks into Wapahoosis Township. It would set a precedent."

"It would, hey?" said Grandpaw Foglesby.

"Yes, sir. It would set a precedent."

Grandpaw Foglesby didn't know what a precedent was, but the way Snead said it he thought it must be something

Continued on page 38

Backstage at Ottawa

By A POLITICIAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

CARTOONS BY CHASSICK



Mr. King's diary may know . . .

WHO IT was who first thought of the permanent joint board of defense for Canada and the United States, nobody here knows. Mr. King, no doubt has written it all in his famous diary—but what Mr. King writes in his diary—guarded closely in his library on the third floor of Laurier House—is probably more detailed than what he tells the press. The common belief is that the plan was hutched in the fertile mind of Mr Roosevelt, put forward by Washington's ace career diplomatist in Ottawa, Jay Pierrepont Moffat, then—after a lot of undercover preparation—brought to light at Ogdensburg.

Mr King, who loves the dream of such things, played his part in the traditional Old World diplomatic fashion. Though the plan must have been well under way before Parliament adjourned Mr Hanson, the Opposition Leader, was not consulted. Ottawa's first inkling of the matter came—in usual in such matters—from Washington where secrecy isn't such a fetish. Then Mr. King the news confirmed observed all the regular ritual. First there was a conference with his principal colleagues then a last minute meeting at Government House with the Governor-General, lastly a speeding away by motor—with a Royal Canadian Mounted Police escort—to meet Mr. Roosevelt.

Typical, too, of Mr. King was that he went alone. Mr Roosevelt was accompanied by his Secretary of War Mr. Stimson—who happens to be a Republican—and Mr. Moffat went along from Ottawa, making three Americans altogether. Mr King was accompanied only by one of his private secretaries Dr. Skelton, his able Undersecretary of State, was left behind—and Mr Loring Christie, the Canadian Minister to the United States, remained in Washington.

Of the agreement itself it may be well before saying anything about it, or before repeating what Ottawa says about it, to recall its three vital clauses. Thus

"It has been agreed that a permanent joint board on defense shall be set up at once by the two countries.

"This permanent board on defense shall commence immediately studies relating to sea land and air problems including personnel and material.

"It will consider in the broad sense the defense of the north half of the Western Hemisphere."

Greatest curiosity here at this writing is over the possible meaning of the words 'and material' in the second clause. There are those now famous United States destroyers and torpedo boats that are being withheld from Britain. Do these words mean that the ships will be handed over to Canada with Canada privileged to use them where she pleases? There are Canadian destroyers in the North Sea. Or do the words mean that the "cash-and-carry" condition applicable to all war purchases in the United States, is no longer to apply to Canada? The latter it it came would make a difference would cancel out the problem brought by a diminished tourist industry.

Of the agreement in its general significance or in principle—it is virtually a military defensive alliance or a mutual assistance pact—it has been accepted here pretty unreservedly. Ten years ago, even two years ago it would have been impossible, would have set the political heather on fire throughout Ontario and the Maritimes not to mention Quebec and British Columbia. But a lot of water has run down the Rideau Canal since then and the general feeling was fairly well summed up by one hard-bitten Tory politician. Sighed he...

"It is only two years since we objected to Britain coming here to train air pilots, and now we're welcoming the United States which politically is a foreign country, to come and help us with our defense—promising at the same time to help them. In any other world but a crazy one it wouldn't make sense but it is a crazy world and if this is a step toward getting the English-speaking peoples together to try and keep it from becoming crazier than I'm all for it.

There are of course, some critics a few die-hards who view with alarm. These say that if the United States wants to defend North America it had better start doing it where its defense is now taking place—in the North Sea and England. They say that this will only take our eyes off the 'main target.' That it is only going to get Canada mixed up with the Pan-American Union. That we should be sure of all the political and military implications of such a bargain before we agree to it. That our military and political partnership with Great Britain must come first, last and all the time.

Such fears in Ottawa's view are not well grounded not relevant. In the first place it is argued, there is nothing political in the pact as thought of union, nor of annexation nor of anything approaching either. In the second place it is fairly well known that Whitehall and Downing Street are delighted with the agreement after all does it it bring the United States into partial alliance with at least one portion of the Empire? That, to Whitehall after 150 years means something. Finally there is reason for believing that before Mr King agreed to meet Mr Roosevelt, or to sign on the dotted line with him, Mr Churchill was told all about it. Mr. Churchill, who knows his United States, would understand perfectly.

Varied Predictions

WHAT, PRECISELY, will this joint board on defense do? The exact answer may not be known quickly, but inspired voices here venture guesses. They predict.

1. Joint Canada United States air bases at Newfoundland (with possibility of a naval base); where Canada is already spending large sums for air defenses.
2. An air base on the Island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St Lawrence.
3. Joint Canada United States defense of Iceland.
4. Stronger, more modern fortifications for Halifax, Saint John and Sydney on the Atlantic and for Victoria, Vancouver and Prince Rupert on the Pacific.
5. The immediate completion of the Alaska highway.
6. The double-tracking in the near future of the old Intercolonial Railway line between Montreal and Halifax, thus to provide more rapid transportation.
7. The adoption of similar types of military weapons and aircraft, with war material factories in both countries adapted to similar production.
8. The exchange of information and permanent conversations between the heads of the services of the two countries.
9. The sending of United States naval military and air attaches to Ottawa, and of Canadian naval military and air attachés to Washington (Canadian naval and military attachés to Washington have already been appointed).



Many believe Mr. Roosevelt hatched the idea

All this does not mean will not mean loss of Canadian faith in Britain's ultimate victory. On the contrary, recent weeks have confirmed conviction in Ottawa—so close touch with London—and helped belief in Washington that Hitler's blitzkrieg will fail. British officials lately arrived in Canada insist that air raids have fallen far short of vital damage, that Britain will withstand the worst imaginable shock. They look for a long war (the rosy optimism of past British missions is gone), but they are certain of a victorious one. Washington reassured by the same confidence in less pessimistic than some weeks ago. Washington's view is simply that this continent mustn't take chances.

Brass-hat Shake-up

CANADA'S war effort in the meantime? Its tempo beyond any question has increased tremendously. Down in the National Defense Department there has been a drastic shake-up among brass hats. Minister of Defense Ralston, coldly efficient, intolerant of the second best, has been pretty ruthless with incompetents. One of his first acts after taking over the Department was to call in Major Victor Sifton, hustling publisher of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, to tell him about publicity. Major Sifton there is reason to believe told him more than about publicity. At any rate, the falling of heads in the Department synchronized with Major Sifton's brief stay in the place with two of the new major appointments, including direction of Ordnance going to Winnipeg, which is Major Sifton's home town.

Mr. Ralston has been no respecter of august titles, noted red tape. Thus, to the consternation of the hoary traditionalists, he brought an up-and-coming business director—C. F. Chester of the Hudson's Bay Company—to replace a full fledged major general as the head of Ordnance, to buy all military supplies. A hard blow to the antediluvians it apparently is working well. Mr. Ralston, it can be predicted confidently, has other changes in mind.



Mr. Ralston has done some ruthless weeding.

Not quite so clear, or encouraging is the position of the Empire Air Training scheme, plus the position of aircraft production. Acting Deputy Minister of Air Duncan insists that everything is going famously (it undoubtedly is going faster than first planned) but just when trained pilots will start going overseas in large numbers is indefinite to say the least. This it should be said at once is not the fault of Mr. Duncan, but of circumstances not easily controlled.

So, and perhaps more so with aircraft production. Each week sees the number of finished aircraft stepped up, but when Minister of Supply Howe speaks of 2 000 planes in a year he is speaking of training planes certainly not speaking of modern fighters and bombers, which are another matter entirely. The truth is that in our aircraft output there are too many "bottlenecks" too many vital components of a finished air machine that we do not make in Canada at all. Director of Aircraft Production Ralph Bell is putting all his fierce buoyant spirit into remedying the position, but there is reason for suspecting that he is finding the going hard.

National Registration came and went with nothing more serious than the internment of Montreal's Mayor Houde. Now the Government has some 4 000 000 answers to questions to sort out and how it will sort them out and what it will do about them after they are sorted out remains to be seen. Experts on labor questions including members of the War Supply Board, insist that in a few months will see a shortage of skilled and other labor in war industries but no one has yet devised a plan to get the right men in the right places in the right industries. Indeed the argument is being made that the Government's training plan providing for no exemptions, but only for postponements—with training necessary within a year for all classes called—must aggravate the labor position even more. Nevertheless, the training plan is being gone ahead with—and early in October the first 30 000 men will be in camp.

Continued on page 47

Thrift by Co-operation

Thousands in Canada today are benefitting from the loan and savings plans of credit union groups

By LESLIE GARDEN



Credit unions cover many occupations. Mr. Gordon Smith (right) serves a Hamilton, Ontario, City Hall group.

REPEATED sickness, and an unfortunate business venture, resulted in debts of over $1 200 being contracted by a middle-aged clerk in an Ontario city. In his dilemma he turned to loan agencies of the shark variety and paid as much as eighty per cent per annum for money. But that course did not lead him out of his difficulties. Instead he went deeper into the bog. Eventually his income was cut in half by garnishments, and there was no more money to be had from the loan companies. He had a wife and three children to support. What was he to do?

Someone suggested that he should join the credit union that was operating among the employees where he worked. Ready to clutch at any straw, he did so, and agreed to purchase ten five-dollar shares in the organization. These he was to pay for at the rate of $10 per month.

That was more than a year ago. "The credit union took my affairs in hand," this man told me recently. "In some cases it made cash settlements with my creditors, thus reducing the total debts by $100. The balance of my debts it gradually eliminated. Now my only debt is to the society itself. It has been hard sledding to pay out $10 a month on the shares and $50 a month to clean up debts, from a salary of $160 a month, but I'll be all clear in less than a year. And in the meantime I'm sleeping at nights."

A manual worker belonging to a credit union told me, too, how he had been shown the way to combine a large family and a small plot of suburban land to the best advantage. It was difficult, with many other things, to buy all the milk needed by six children on a wage of $25 a week, so an officer of the society proposed that the man borrow the money with which to buy a cow. I borrowed $50 and arranged to repay the money in ten monthly installments of $5. With interest of one per cent per month. Bessie who is now paid for, cost me $52.75 and that was one of the best buys I ever made. The kids are much healthier for it.

Scattered in different parts of Canada about 750 groups of small-income men and women are now engaged in this kind of co-operative financial-social activity. These groups represent something like 120 000 farmers, miners, fisher men, industrial and office workers, civil servants, school-teachers, members of religious organizations and small residential communities. Credit union members have doubled in the past five years, and the number of societies operating has practically doubled.

What Is a Credit Union?

A CREDIT union may be described as a co-operative loan society which deliberately aligns social service with business. In large part doing the type of business that the chartered bank does not desire, and that the moneylender frequently gets—it is an organization in a church lodge or other group that (a) encourages thrift by selling shares and by paying interest on money deposited with it, (b) helps its members through their financial difficulties with low-term loans, and (c) where necessary guides members toward a businesslike conduct of their own and family affairs.

Such groups pool their savings and make loans to members for all sorts of provident purposes, ranging from the purchase of false teeth to payment for music lessons. The members know the borrower; they lend their own money, and each borrower has a direct personal responsibility to his associates.

Operating on this intimate, almost family basis, the credit union is economically conducted. Usually its only salary is a stipend to the treasurer, if that. The loan committee, as are all officers, is elected by the members each of whom has only one vote regardless of his share interest. It is not necessary to spend money to get credit information. Insurance can be had against loss from the borrower's death or total disablement, and at very low cost. Many Canadian credit unions do this, thus ensuring that there will be no charge against a man's estate should he die or be disabled. Consequently such unions lend money at a maximum rate of one per cent per month on the unpaid balance, while the commercial agency usually charges the two per cent to which it has been limited by recent Dominion legislation. Many Canadian credit unions lend at under one per cent per month but that rate means that they will lend $300 for a year and charge $19.50 interest, while the commercial agency is entitled to charge $39 for the same loan.

Recent Canadian expansion of the credit union movement has been most pronounced in industrial centres where it has had the support of employers.

To the industrial city of Hamilton Ontario, we find a good example of this trend. The first credit union was established in that city in 1931, and there was little activity for some years afterward. But Hamilton has now sixteen active credit unions in its area. Some of them are very young, but between them they have assets totalling a quarter of a million dollars and they have loaned twice as much to their members. The societies are organized among the city hall workers, the police, firemen, public school teachers, Dominion civil servants, in church parishes, and among the staffs of industrial firms—the International Harvester Company (two), the Steel Company of Canada, the Remington Rand Company and others. All the employment groups receive encouragement and some of them practical help, from their employers.

It was the end of the month and payday at the Hamilton City Hall when I called upon Gordon Smith, manager of the Hamilton City Hall Employees' Credit Society. Mr Smith works for the city as an accountant in the city engineer's department, and he explained that he has to make up in 'overtime' the attention given to credit union affairs during the city's day. When I ventured him he was flanked by an adding machine and a typewriter and was busy issuing receipts and loan cheques. His "customers" were young and elderly, white collar workers and garbage collectors.

This Hamilton society is typical of the later type credit organization in Canada. One night over three years ago, Mr. Smith and seven other civic employees held an organization meeting and each subscribed twenty five cents toward the purchase of a five-dollar share in a credit union. From that modest start it has grown to considerable size. At the end of January last there were 472 members among the three thousand-odd city workers. These people had over $50 000 on deposit, with the credit union and $130 000 had been loaned among members. The bulk of the receipts is for share purchases, but a certain amount of money is received in straight deposits. A dividend of five per cent is paid on fully bought shares, and interest of three per cent per annum is paid on deposits. The value of theres may be withdrawn on notice, and deposits are available at call.

"Our membership grows quietly," Mr. Smith stated. "We make a point of not asking anyone to join."

Do you take chattel mortgages to protect your loans?" I asked.

"No. Our attitude toward loan applications is influenced by the borrower's reputation more than by his financial position. If he is known to be careless or a gambler we demand a banker for every $100 we loan. On the other hand we have paid out $4 200 on his own signature to a man who was a good moral risk. We have not lost one cent of the $130 000 we have loaned. If a man really intends to pay it takes disaster to stop him."

To illustrate how the credit union has encouraged thrift among the workers, he cited the case of the city's garbage men. When given a raise of two dollars per week they got the idea it would be a good move to buy shares with the extra money. Some who put in more have as much as $250 saved, for the first time in their lives.

Discussing the many purposes for which money is loaned by the society Mr. Smith said:

Just think of all the productive and provident purposes you can—and you will get somewhere near it. It is a cardinal principle of credit unionism that a loan must leave the borrower better off than he was before. Within that limit we have loaned money to finance everything from births to funerals, including quite a few weddings. Our new members often bring a load of accumulated debt with them.

Continued on page 46

El Dorado

In which two partners in adventure reach a crucial decision that leads to new perils beyond defiant peaks

By ALLAN SWINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH FALLEN COLEMAN

Patrons of the 'Gallows of Panama' café are surprised one night when

JUDITH SALTMARSH *a girl of evident refinement, enters the squalid place. Eyebrows are raised still higher when she asks for*

SLIM DRISCOLL *a well known adventurer of the South American hinterlands who, having just lost a small fortune at the gaming tables, is down on his luck. The girl searching for her lost brother*

JOHNNIE SALTMARSH *missing somewhere in the mysterious Andes on a search for gold has been advised by the U. S. consul that Driscoll might help her.*

She shows Driscoll an empty envelope addressed to her brother's hand, found in the possession of a murdered Indian. The letter itself apparently having been stolen. Driscoll at last agrees to take the girl south to Ayre.

DON SEGUNDO DE VERONA, *the timberjack who had sent her the envelope. Arrived there Driscoll refuses to go further into the dangerous quake-ridden mountain ranges but determined to find and rescue her brother. Judith outfits with Indians and pack llamas and sets out alone. Camping that night in the wilderness of the hills she is surprised by Driscoll who overtakes them. "Why have you come?" she asks. To which he replies:*

"I needed exercise!"

(This is the Second of Six Parts)

NO! Why?"

Her pressure acted like a goad. He snarled "Quit cross-examining and get me grub! I haven't had a bite since breakfast time."

With a docility most strange to her she hurried to the cache. He flung himself upon her bed and lay morose, feet stretched out to the blaze.

She put on water and then started mixing batter. Driscoll said: "I've brought in everything I could but having no will cut your range. You'll have to lump that. We'll take on the mules as long as we find fodder. Then I'll shoot them."

"But your job?"

"I sent a man out with a telegram."

"Oh, Slim!" Why did you? I never did ask you you know."

He didn't answer and they sat in silence till the pot boiled over. She brewed *maté* and passed him the gourd.

He sat sucking at the tube while she cooked flapjacks, then while he ate she rummaged through his gear, shook out and spread his bedding.

"Well—anyway," he said, "you can make flapjacks."

"I can make bread and cakes. You'd be surprised."

She brewed herself some *maté* and replenished his.

"Enough to eat?" she asked at length.

"Yes, thanks."

He rolled himself a cigarette. They sat on in their pool of firelight in a silence that held more than words. At the other fire the Indians still piped his tune the same few bars repeatedly.

"How that tune suits the hills," she said. "It sounds as though there should be more."

"There is, but she'd nap doesn't know. Three hundred years ago his people were a splendid race fighters and poets and the greatest builders that the world has known. Then Europe found them and these fellows never heard of it. All they have now are some few airs and superstitions. Everything else has faded out."

"You know a lot about these things."

"I should. Learning them cost my mother's life. My father kept on in the hills when she ought to have been in hospital. Yes, I know plenty about Incans."

"Tell me some will you? They're just a name to me."

He paused a moment. "It's the old story of a fine race murdered by white people's avarice. The world is full of them."

The native who had played passed on his way to tend the llamas. Driscoll stopped him and took his instrument. "Ever see one of these? An ocarina?"

It was of terra cotta, clay shaped like a carrot with at one side a mouthpiece and some finger holes.

He put it to his lips and blew experimentally and then began the Indian's tune and held it through a melody as sweet as she'd imagined it.

"How beautiful!" she said. "And he it wrote?"

He was pushing up the fire, its red glow on his lean quiet face, and at her question he grew still. Gazing across it and beyond her he recited:

Upon you the sun smiled: he
lost a shining ray —
It lingered in your eyes.
A circling condor dropped a
raven plume —
It floated downward to
become your hair.

A flitting butterfly mistook
you for a bloom —
Captive he lies within
your heart.
Twin shells from ocean's
depth became your ears —
The arching rainbow gave
your brown their curve.

From the blue sky a soaring
lark looked down —
And seeing you, forgot his
song.
His silver notes found in your
throat
A sweeter refuge than the
throat of bird.

"How beautiful!" she said again and looked at him. This was a new Slim Driscoll.

"Isn't it? My father got it, piece by piece, from some old people who remembered it. 'Samak Chhtarca' it was called. Wonderful One."



"Your hunch was good," he said. "This is a bandage cut off someone's neck or leg."

Stolidly the Indians watched as Driscoll announced his verdict.

Silence again. The fire was sinking and the embers glowed. There was the dark line of the hills against the stars, the glimmer of the plain below. Sometimes the air brought them the llamas' smell.

He said: "You might not think it, but I sent those verses to a woman once and meant 'em every word of them. Now there's a laugh."

"No, that is no laugh."

"It is. You'd love it if you heard the rest."

He stood up. "I'm getting maudlin." He kicked the fire together and brought in new fuel.

As the flames crackled he lay down and took out papers for a cigarette.

She went back to the cache and brought a box. She opened it, said, "Catch!" and tossed across a long cigar.

"Why, thanks," he said surprisedly, and looked at it. "My special brand!"

"You said you liked them in Arostenango, so I brought you some. You can have one every Saturday."

He had drawn his knife to cut it when his hand came up. He stared at her with wrinkled brow. "Say, how come you brought these? You had no use for them."

"Oh I just—brought them."

He gazed at her some moments, then incredulousness changed to anger. "You did plan that I'd come with you."

"Why, Slim! Of course, I wondered if you might—"

"You banked on it! You figured if you started shot I wouldn't have the guts to let you go? That's why you brought these things and why you pumped here, where your fires would show away down the pass."

He sprang to and his nostrils flared. He hurled the cigar into the fire and stormed out of the camp and presently she saw him in the moonlight, a black angry figure pacing to and fro.

LONG STILL days followed, the brown mules crawling past, the llamas and the silent Indians. Slim Driscoll by turns taciturn or gay but with a strength just like the hills.

There were the little pools with grassy brinks, the long legged birds the plovers and the wrens that built the bulky nests among the cactus spikes.

There were the camps at night, the sweets of rest, the chill air, tang of the *yareta* saved of longed-for food, the quiet talks with Driscoll—as the Galleon of Panama so out of place, here so in tune.

Once started he bent to their quest a boundlike pertinacity. Leaving the pack train for long excepts on stiff days, going alone because she would cut down his pace and sometimes being gone so long she feared he had got out of touch. But always he came back with tales of pools examined, valleys seen and, more important, with the news that he'd located one more trace of the old road.

"It puzzles me," he said this road. The Incans had a road a better road than any that the Romans built four thousand miles from south in Chile up to Quito. It stopped there though. This looks like Incan work to me but it's a whole lot too far north.

Sometimes they felt a thing that said: "Nothing stands still. Even the mountains live and breathe." The shifting of the earth beneath her she at first mistook for an illusion caused by dizziness. Then everywhere shale slid and rocks rolled down the hills.

Ismael Carabobo said: "*El tremblor*, excellence."

Driscoll explained: "Durin what destroys all these old roads. Earthquakes. They never stop."

The weeks slid into four in which they found no clue, no sign of humankind in any form. Then Slim announced that he could find no further trace of the old road. "Now what'll we do?" he asked at length.

For the first time she had no reply.

She looked up at the Titan masses rearing around on every hand. Stage by stage through determination and with one small clue, she'd come thus far. Now the sole leading sign ran out.

Driscoll enquired: "You want to keep on till the grub is done?"

She nodded. He said: "Well, how's this? My notion is the road was never finished—between stretches there are piles of part-hewn stone. If it was meant to cross the range it would have gone straight, but it goes more near east—a bit more north and it would run into the mows. It must have been going somewhere and it might be that this place where it was heading is the place your Indian was coming from. Suppose we hold this line and I pack out the ground. I think it would have followed if it had kept on. Two engineers might pick the same ground don't you see?"

"Why yes," she agreed relievedly. "That's splendid, Slim."

THEY HAD climbed very high. The nights were bitter and the air grew thin. She felt that she had never known life other than this crawling—flyilkin on vast mountainsides beneath peaks that remained unchangingly remote. Water grew scarce and when they found it there were no more long-legged birds. Only the wrens and the lonely plover remained, and sometimes as they traversed some high bare slope they saw, sailing past, that mighty, turkey headed carrion bird, the condor.

Lately she'd noticed the three local men had shown signs of uneasiness, moving reluctantly when bid and watching them with furtive eyes. She wondered if they felt the thing that was affecting her, of which Driscoll had warned her and at which she'd scoffed—the awe that issued from the hills.

And then one day they'd halted at a little pool. One of the Indians had lain down to drink. He scrambled up and ran to Driscoll with a flat circular object.

Slim shook the dust off and examined it, and then looked up with startled face. "That Indian with the envelope. Where was he hit?"

"The thigh. I think it was the old man and."

His gaze as he regarded her showed new respect. "It looks as though your hunch was good. There wouldn't be two wounded men in here. This is a bandage cut off someone's neck or leg, and we've been following the same trail by the waterholes."

Something within her swelled until she felt her heart would burst. Her eyes were wet. "I knew it. Johnnie's here somewhere. We shall find him."

But she'd forgotten that which limited her scope. That evening it displayed its hand. Driscoll pitched in the pan a hunk of bacon. "That cleans up half the grub."

Half the supplies! That meant that she had shot her bolt. She must turn back. And yet she knew that she was on the trail. With things that had to do with Johnnie she was always right.

That was a silent meal until the said, "How far d'you think it is across the range, holding this line?"

"Depends what sort of ground you can into. Two months or six, maybe a year. No one could tell."

There was a long pause. Then she said: "For the first time I'm not glad you're here."

He looked up curiously.

"If I had only me to think of I should just keep on."

"That would be suicide."

"How can you tell? You say you don't know what's ahead. I've proved you wrong each time so far. I think I'd find something. But if I didn't—if it all went wrong, I shouldn't mind. It would have been real living, not just routine existence. I've wanted that so much. Most people never really live."

He sat there cross-legged in the dancing light, pitching small stones into the blaze. She watched his grim saw humor there and sympathy, and in him yes a certain glint.

It was a long time till he said: "This road we followed out. It interests me. The route I've picked since then seems like a pass that it was heading for. Maybe it was the road to El Dorado." He turned to her and cocked his eye. "Maybe the golden city wasn't just a myth."

Her face lit up. "You mean you want to go on—"

"That's impossible. You don't know what you would be tackling. Hunger and thirst. Starvation. Ever thought what they mean?"

"I have lately. I'm scared of them, but there are other things—fire and disease and mutiny, or in some accident, I might go home, and end that way inside a week."

"The chances are you wouldn't. If you went on it's long odds that you'd starve to death."

"I know. But still I'd go. I should be doing what I want, and it's there it led—"

He nodded. "You're right there. It would be madness though. Likely the road just went to some old mine. We'd keep on till the grub ran out and then—there are a lot of Andes and they get thin, man. I know 'em and I've seen the bones—clean-picked."

She recalled then the morning of the day before the Aymara Eustacho down on his knees toward the peaks and Garabote's answer to her question as to what he did. "He prays to their old gods who live on Chimopasa." And they hold their hands from us. It is not good to go so far into the hills." And she recalled the look sly and inscrutable on Garabote's eyes.

But yet she said: "All right. I wasn't asking you. I couldn't have you risk your life. I've already made you lose your job."

"No one makes any other one do anything. If we went on would you agree that I'm the boss, my word to go no argument? I wouldn't have you chucking both our lives away."

Her face was radiant. "Oh yes! I would! I promise you!"

"You understand? This is no fireside chat. This is a big decision. Might lead to awful things, and curtains, for the lot of us."

"I know. I've thought it all out for myself and I don't mind. If it goes that way I can take it. You'll see! Please don't doubt me."

He paused some moments, then he said: "Okay. We'll keep on till we find something or cross the range."

She went and got the thin flat box. That she should give him a cigar on Saturday was now a rite they both looked forward to. It's only Thursday but this seems to need some celebration. Catch!"

"Thanks," he said. "I've got some brandy in my kit, too.

He rose and strolled to where the llama loads were piled between their camp fire and the Indians. There was a little silence. Then his voice was raised in tones that sent her flying there.

She found him holding by the neck the youngest Indian and questioning him angrily.

"What is it?" Judith cried.

"I don't know yet. I figured there was something told about the way that guy Jenato was so interested. I overheard these beggars talking and they've got some sort of deal with him."

He turned back to his prisoner. "Now you talk!" He took him by the gullet, squeezing him till his eyes stuck out, until the fellow yielded and began to whine. He eased his grip and listened and then let him go.

"I thought as much. Jenato bribed them to report to him when they got back. As sure as death, he knew something. Has a pact there to inform the priest or everything."

NEXT morning she awoke to a profound silence. Outside was still as death. From the dead fire some smoke went up a slim blue stream. By it lay Driscoll sleeping.

She pulled on shirt and breeches, put her feet into sheepskin slippers and stepped out into the chill. Rubbing her eyes, she walked to where the Indians had had their fire and then her voice rose sharp, incredulous. "Slim! Oh, Slim! Quick!"

His black hair in his eyes, in stockinged feet and disarray, he rolled out at his side and ran across.

He looked and swore. "I should have thought as it, after what happened yesterday."

With all the llamas save the one that took their private gear, the Indians and disappeared.

He bent and felt the embers of their fire. "Stone cold! They can't have made ten miles though! I can catch 'em! Fix the fire and boil the pot while I get dressed."

There was a heel of bannock from their last night's bake and he ate this with chocolate and *yerba maté*. Then he got up and drew his belt. She did the same, but he said: "You stay here."

"Oh, no!"

"You couldn't hold the pace. I'll have to push. I'll catch 'em up by noon and have me back by noon tomorrow. You sit tight. This is my job."

She stood and watched him till he reached a mass of rock some distance down. He turned and waved. Then he was gone and she was lonely in the little camp beside the spring that ran off through a swath of grass and cacti. The single llama browsed among the grasswood tops.

Before her spread a wide brown valley rising to a ridge a mile away, which to her left ran off and lost itself in bluffs and to her right reared into range on mountain range.

Now that she was by herself the whole world seemed to change. Here Jenato found a new sanctuary in whose light the silence suddenly grew grimmer and the mountains seemed more ominous. She thought about the man Jenato, had his face took an a different look. Why should he bribe their men? It meant he'd had a motive from the first in coming to them, after he'd heard them talk from Don Arturo Reyes. She and a frightening thought. Maybe he'd bribed the Indians to run off too, and leave them in the hills to starve.

But why should he? She'd liked the man. He'd seemed so grave, so futherly and understanding of her point of view. Yet he had lied about the nature of his interest, and he had bribed the Indians.

Her thoughts set free a spate of fears that ended reasoning. What if Slim didn't catch the Indians? What if he did and they should hurt him? They might kill him! He and been rough with one last night.

Against these things she braced herself determinedly. It was all right! This was one more adventure to enhance experience. Jenato and been merely curious. He was a mountain man and wanted to know if they would find mines or anything. The Indians had got frightened and just headed home. Slim would come up with them and bring them back. He'd be quite safe—he and his pistol. He would be back next day by noon.

WITH RESOLUTION she made up the fire and cooked a meal. She sat some time imbibing *maté*, then cleaned up the camp and gathered a big stock of fuel.

She took a walk then. It seemed long, but her watch said it had been half an hour. How slow that was!

She found that she was straining for the sound of feet, and and to tell herself there was no chance of that before next day. Again she found her thoughts were taking frightening paths, and angrily she brought them back and tried to think about her brother. Instead she found that she was thinking of Slim Driscoll. Now that he was gone, she felt deprived of half her strength.

When the ground moved beneath her she was not alarmed—she'd grown accustomed now to frequent earthquakes. This one was strong, but no more than some previous ones. There was an upthrust, only a swaying of the ground and then the rattle of the falling stones. That died and once more silence closed.

And then the swaying of the earth began again, not just one movement but an increasing swing, together with a Cyclopean rumble that grew till she clutched she sheepskins upon which she sat.

The movement died. Again upon the hillside the stones rattled down.

Then in the distance came another sound, a murmur first, that rose into a roaring that grew higher as in the valley to the southwest she saw the entire shoulder of a hill slide forward filling it. The hillside came to rest, and as the sense rolled back a dust cloud rose that veiled the sun completely.

She sprang up and stood staring, while her nails dug in her palms. Her face around the lips was white. That valley was where Slim would be! They had come up it yesterday. He must be buried by the avalanche!

How long she stood there staring at the billowing dust, she did not know, but in the end she forced herself to sit down and reiterate. "It is *all right!* He can't have got so far—not yet. Or maybe he'd get past before the slide occurred. He *will* be back."

She thought these thoughts but could not break loose from the clutch of fear. Her mouth was dry, her knees weak. She was afraid.

She considered starting out to look for Slim, and decided it was better not. Numb with her apprehension, she went to and fro heaping up fuel to last the night.

The sun was sinking in a westward cleft when she was startled by a shadow and a hissing sound. She reared her eyes to see a condor sail on great black wings close overhead. The huge bird wheeled swept back and then with thrashing wings pitched on a boulder five yards up the cliff. It shook itself, drew in its grotesque head and settled down.

She recalled stories of the condors' ghoulish prescience, how they could tell where death was due. Unheralded out of the blue they sailed to wait the first sign, sometimes of what was in store!

She could not eat. The sun set and darkness closed. At last she lay down and on toward dawn she slept.

When she awoke the sun was well clear of the eastern crests. A moment she lay in the luxury of warmth then she remembered and her spirits sank. She rose onto her elbow, to confront the condor, squatting hunched on the ground three feet away.

Each detail of the bird was plain: the mangy feathering of the scabbed grey legs; the white down ruff; the hairs upon the bare blue neck; the lizard eyes and crooked beak; its gargoyle face watched her complacently.

Her scalp crawled and she struggled from her covers, snatched up a stick and rushed at it. It raised its wings, opened its beak and made an obscene hissing sound.

She threw stones at it and it hunched a wing to ward them off, flopped some yards but gave no sign of taking flight. Unstrung, she dropped down on her bed.

For the first time the full implications of the situation struck her, and with sinking heart she hastened to review supplies. There was the load of the one llama Garabote and not taken and which still browsed by the hill—the cooking gear, her tent, the axe, their blankets and such food as and been at their fire. Only, the saw, enough to last a little while.

With shaky doggedness she told herself that all was well. Why was the worrying? Of course the landslide hadn't caught Slim. Why should it in all these hills? Hadn't he and lived not he back until today? All that the and to do was keep her head.

And she should have a welcome for him when he came in tired. Heaven knew he'd done enough for her.

She figured carefully when he would come. Ten miles, at most, the stolen llamas could have made at night, and Slim, once started, would make two miles to their one. He would catch up amidst six hours and then they'd make say half the journey back by dark. Starting at dawn, they should be in by twelve o'clock.

While she prepared her meal these sailed in two more condors, to alight by the first and settle down with an assurance that was frightening. How true, the wonderers, were the stories of the creatures' instincts? Could they sense nearing death in did they merely wait and hope?

With an effort she got down some food, then set to work to glean more and in that bleak altitude a constant task. When that was done to pull in time, the thought that climb up to an eminence from which she might see far southwest.

Another carrion bird wheeled in. And then she heard Slim's hail and these he came running a rock with his long stride and holding up a greeting arm.

SHE CHECKED her impulse to rush out and cling to him. She must not let him see that fear and touched her nerves. She waited her welcome and went more deliberately, watching behind him for the llamas to come round the bluff.

"Hullo!" he called. "Are you all right? Why look at all those blasted birds!"

She nodded. "Brutes! There's been one here since yesterday. I couldn't budge it."

He took a stone and knocked one staggering, rushed at another, kicking it off its feet. With mighty thrashings the birds got to wing and flopped away.

He went on to the fire and squatted. "Ha! These good! Cold last night. Too dark to travel and I'd left on foot. I didn't take a match and had to sleep under a rock."

She said: "The men?"

He looked upward, quizzing her. "After that big 'quake yesterday—did you hear anything?"

"You mean the landslide? Yes. And saw it too. It had me terrified it and caught you."

"I was up on the other ridge, cutting across to head those off. They were below. I saw it catch 'em—hail the Andes roll on top of them."

He watched her with his eyebrow cocked. "We're in a jam. At first I thought we might dig out the grub, and wait to see. There's not a chance."

They looked at one another as the llama came in for its morning drink. Slim said, "It would be that one, with that stuck-up smirk. Exactly like my cousin Stukeley, with the brilliant future in the State Department. I shall love killing him by inches." They both laughed, but not mirthfully.

There was a silence. Looking a little peaked, she started mixing batter for a roast but he cried: "Whoa! Go easy with that flour; will you? Just how much grub did those flapjacks leave?"

They totalled their resources, which comprised their private gear, an open ten-pound sack of flour, some salt and baking powder, five or six pounds of bacon with a bag of *maté* and a slab of chocolate. Slim produced fire with flint and wheel and slow match, of which he had plenty.

"Well," he declared, "it could be worse. A man can go on mighty little if he has to. We've got Stukeley here. I've

Continued on page 34



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Fitzpatrick.

A close-up of "The Main," Montreal's amazing street where a dime buys a meal and curfew is at dawn

A TALL, rangy soldier goes by, laying down the law to his two French-Canadian buddies in the unmistakable twang of the American Middle West. Two gals pass there hips agawng, vying with the ladies on the posters for the army's attention. An attractive Chinese girl in good Canadian feet sells tags at the beginning of Chinatown at the corner of Lagauchetiere Street. Inside the theatres the light is dim; the atmosphere as pungent as an excursion-day coach.

Ten blocks away Montreal's retail trade looks down its bilingual nose at a man with only a dollar in his jeans, but that's a fat of money on St. Lawrence Boulevard. *Salles de poche*, second-hand stores, nickelodeons, the watsafraal at one end and residences at the other. In between movies and saloshows, armories and breweries—that's the Main or St. Lawrence-Main as it is sometimes called. When night falls and lights spring up everywhere it is hard to decide which way to go first. Up and down both sides of the street neon signs beckon— Six shows for six cents" and ten acts of vaudeville thrown in. It takes the best part of five hours to run the gamut of emotions in this picture palace. From triple-reeler to hard-riding western heroes through a torrid interlude of love in the South Seas, no one is spared. There is even an alleged comedy.

Outside the theatre a barker with Andy Devine's voice shouts his head off. Surrounded by frescoes of fierce animals and horrible gentry from Mars he considers they need an embellishment. The peril of the heroine in the clutches of these monsters is obvious. His job is to inform the passer-by that inside, all for the same price are some of the loveliest girls in the world and Europe too. This is doubtful, but the entertainment is certainly robust enough to tickle the miscellaneous human flotsam which jostles in and out of the Roxy and similar places from ten o'clock in the morning till two the next.

The management spares no expense or trouble to your comfort. Pop and popcorn is peddled up and down the aisles. Signs advise that, "Anyone annoying you report to the ushers immediately." At that it is a fair warning. The time was when no police captain, city payrollee or anyone else in the civic army at Hotel de Ville cared what went on in Montreal so long as it happened east of the Main.

Though the Main is strictly speaking just a single street dividing Montreal into east and west and running the width of the island, it is typical of a district which goes half a dozen blocks back and hence "east of the Main" is a familiar term in Montreal.

This narrow stretch of territory has the kind of reputation one associates with the similar districts of all great port cities. It is also a fact, however that on nearly every corner there is a small neighborhood store carrying on an honest, upright business. Cobblers, grocers and restaurant keepers go about the task of educating their children in these surroundings and if they are not unaware of the goings-on they are at least indifferent to them.

The curfew is clear the favorite hour being somewhere just short of dawn. Milk trucks sneak quietly along on their rood-en rubber wheels and farmers' wagons rumble into the vegetable market. Piled high with habitant merchandise several score of these horse and gasoline freighters soon transform the old square into a dam. The sidewalk is wide enough but backsters and their wares occupy most of the space. Wagons piled high with beer kegs rattle over the cobblestones behind teams of Percherons as black as a pail of tar. Dignified pigeons share crates with squawking chickens. Right in the middle of all this stands an old importing house where sardines worth more than goldfish find their way to the dinner tables of the carriage trade, and until recently you could have your pick of fifty kinds of spaghetti. Despite the clamor and the bustle the picture lacks some of the color it had before an open handed regime built the new market building and forced truck farmers to set up their stalls inside.

Square Meal—One Dime

THOSE who and bedded down on the Main did not spend the night so pleasantly. According to a scratching Cockney who here all the earmarks of a seasoned traveller and had been in such places from Brisbane to Toronto the ten-cents-a-night lodginghouse of the night before and not been housebroken since Caribbean landed. Blimey, 'ard yer' ear 'or' night is scratch, scratch, scratch— fifty of us against fifty million. They stop a night or two and then move on—sailors on the beach, laborers, and a hite-collar jobless without the collars. The only permanent guests in these dime-a-night lodgings live in the mattresses.

But if a dime will not buy a room with bath on the Main it will certainly buy a meal. While beans, the old stand-by, are on every bill of fare, they are not by any means the blue plate special. Roast pork or roast beef with a great heap of mashed potatoes and bread costs ten cents, and gets the heaviest plate. Pie requires another nickel and the management throws in a cup of coffee in some thing very like it. What's more there is very little loitering done in the Elite Café or Jean Place. The business of eating over and done with a customer slaps down his fifteen cents if he and went for the works, tucks a toothpick into a mouth corner and makes way for the next guy.

More than one bedlocked Montrealer after a meal like this and feeling that everything was right with the world again has stopped in front of a dingy eatrooter's window. This gentleman pins an honest trade but ruses a lot of trouble just the same. Nearly every design in his catalogue has worked into it somewhere a lady's name. Probably this is a small matter to the traditionally faithless sailor, however the argument inevitably arises, when a feller marries a girl called Annabelle as to just what part the indelible Mabel on the right arm played in his bachelor life. The tattooer explained that this could be avoided by having a nameless frigate riribed on the chest in red white and blue for as little as five dollars. In spite of this name-

Continued on page 34



Montreal's St. Lawrence Boulevard at night.

St. Lawrence-Main

By BLAIR GILMOUR



'The Main' offers bargains in perfumes.



It's a polyglot mawd that stops the Boulevard.



"The Main" has five-hour shows — six films, six cents.

—Photos by C. W. MacDonald

Design for a New Dominion

By R. M. FOWLER

Part Four—Conclusion

WHAT DO Canadians want most today? I am not concerned about what we wanted as a nation in the distant days of last May before Germany invaded Holland and Belgium nor about what we may seek to achieve in some future and happier day. What are our aims today—in this fateful late summer of 1940? What are our national objectives? What chances have we of reaching them? How can we best get about it?

In this article I propose to indicate our immediate national objectives as I see them and then test the recommendations of the Rowell-Sirois Commission against these indicated objectives. It is not improbable that the whole future of the Commission's Report must depend upon whether or not its recommendations can help us get forward a larger and more effective war effort. If they will do so, we should adopt them immediately. We should not delay and debate them for months and years to come leisurely discussion is a peacetime luxury which a nation at war cannot afford. If there is friction between Dominion and provincial governments, if the Canadian machinery of government is old fashioned and inefficient, if the system is bedevilled by waste and useless duplication of services then the modernization of the system and the removal of inefficiency and friction should be a central part of Canada's war effort.

Two years ago when the Commission was canvassing opinion in every province in Canada it would have been impossible to have stated our national objectives except in vague and general terms. At that time it was provincial rather than national objectives that mattered. Each province had special needs and desires, and sometimes the aims of the several provinces differed so widely as to be seemingly irreconcilable. Today war has swept away or made unimportant, many of our petty differences. Faced with a threat to her very existence as a nation, Canada has suddenly grown up. We now have as never before in our history a national consciousness and national aims which Canadians in all provinces share. Those national aims can I believe be clearly and briefly stated.

We want, first and foremost passionately and unanimously to win this war—to put forth the utmost effort to achieve victory in a cause we believe to be right and just. We want at a time of national danger to maintain and heighten national unity—in fact we must do that if we are to achieve our maximum war effort. We want to be ready for as long a war as may be necessary to win victory, and lastly we want to be prepared to face the exhaustion and depression which must follow a lengthy war effort.

These are aims which all Canadians must surely share.

The Financial Proposals

LET US now examine the principal recommendations of the Commission to see what relation they bear to the attaining of these national objectives.

Since the Commission's recommendations on debt and taxation were designed to conserve and increase national income it is obvious that they bear directly on the problem of war finance.

To achieve our maximum war effort we must be able to pay the enormous costs which this effort will entail. Those costs must come from the current incomes and accumulated savings of Canadians. There is no other place they can come from. The total incomes of Canadians will suffer from the disruption of our foreign trade. We will lose income through the decline of foreign investment in Canada. Many Canadians who have been producing wealth and income will be actively engaged as soldiers and administrators, and their production will be temporarily suspended. Faced with these losses in the total Canadian income and with the financing of the war effort we must do two things. We must first prevent other losses in income wherever possible; secondly, we must find ways to expand the total wealth and income of the nation. The recommendations of the Commission seek to do both these things.

The recommendations concerning provincial debt have already been discussed in detail in a previous article in this series. The Commission has recommended that the Dominion should place its credit squarely behind provincial obligations and that there should be provision for control of future provincial borrowings. If this is done default by provincial governments will be avoided. Default would mean losses and possible bankruptcies for individuals and corporations in all provinces. It would injure Canadian credit in the United States. It would mean for the people of the defaulting province high interest costs in the future and the starvation of essential provincial services. All these results of default would tend to lessen the total Canadian income by financial disruption and destruction of business confidence.

If the Commission's proposals regarding provincial debts are implemented these ill-effects would be avoided. There would be positive results as well. The total national income would tend to expand if the fear of provincial default were removed. By refunding the debt at lower interest rates (which the Dominion can do, and the provinces cannot) there would be a substantial net saving to the people of Canada as a whole. That saving could be devoted specifically to the promotion of the war. In fact, the whole process of refunding might be successfully carried out by an appeal to bondholders for voluntary refunding at lower interest rates as a means of aiding the national war effort.

Moreover the debt proposals would assist the Dominion in co-ordinating national economic policies. Foreign exchange control is already in the hands of the Dominion Government and is a necessary instrument for a country at war. Approximately half the total provincial debt is payable to foreign bondholders in foreign currencies. Payment of large sums of interest at a time when exchange rates are disturbed creates problems with which the provinces are totally unequipped to deal. Any attempts to do so might weaken the Dominion's efforts to stabilize exchange rates and to maintain Canadian purchasing power for the purchase of essential war requirements in the United States.

Says this writer: We should not wait for peace to implement the Rowell-Sirois Report—Adoption now would enhance our war effort by making government more efficient

Lastly, the proposals for the consolidation of Dominion and provincial debts and the control of future provincial borrowings would permit a single borrowing policy for Canada instead of ten different, and often conflicting, policies as at present. A country at war must fight on the economic and financial fronts as well as on the military front. Is it not elementary common sense that, on all fronts, we should be united?

Dominion Tax Levy

THE TAXATION recommendations have also been discussed in a previous article. The Commission found that income taxes levied by both Dominion and provincial governments are inequitable as between individuals and as between different regions in Canada. It found that corporation taxes in Canada are complicated beyond belief; that these taxes are stifling business expansion; and (to quote the report) they "violate every canon of sound taxation."

The provincial system of succession duties was found to be inequitable and unjust. Their imposition produced bitter resentment and prevented investment of capital flowing freely from one province to another. For all three of these taxes the total costs of collection were high. There was waste of time and money to taxpayers in filling out a multitude of forms and in reaching agreements with a number of tax authorities.

The Commission's proposal that the Dominion alone should levy income taxes, corporation taxes and succession duties, would have the following results.

1. It would tend to prevent unfair and unequal taxation of Canadians in different provinces of Canada.
2. It would remove the friction between provinces which arises today from income being earned in one province and taxed in another.
3. It would make possible a scientific system of corporation taxes which by removing the present restrictions would enable business to expand, with resultant increase in the national income.
4. It would avoid unco-ordinated double taxation by the Dominion and the provinces. One government can fix its rates in relation to the ability of the person or company to pay. Two governments can only do so if there is closer co-operation than has ever existed between Dominion and provincial governments in Canada.
5. It would diminish the costs of tax collection. Elimination of duplication would not only reduce governmental costs of collection it would save money for the taxpayer by enabling him to deal with one government instead of ten.

The above list clearly shows how implementation of the Commission's taxation proposals would assist in reaching the national objectives indicated at the beginning of this article. They would make it easier to raise the huge sums necessary for war purposes with the least possible injury to taxpayers. They would remove much friction that exists today between Canadian governments. They would provide a fairer tax system to meet the strains of war years and the years of reconstruction which must follow.

What About Unemployment?

THE RECOMMENDATIONS of the Commission dealing with unemployment contribute in a different way to the attainment of our national objectives. The Commission made an elaborate study of unemployment in Canada during the past decade. It found that in the years from 1930 to 1937 more than $964 000 000 had been spent on unemployment by Canadian governments. In spite of this huge expenditure, no attack had been made on the causes of unemployment. No system had been devised to deal efficiently with future emergencies.

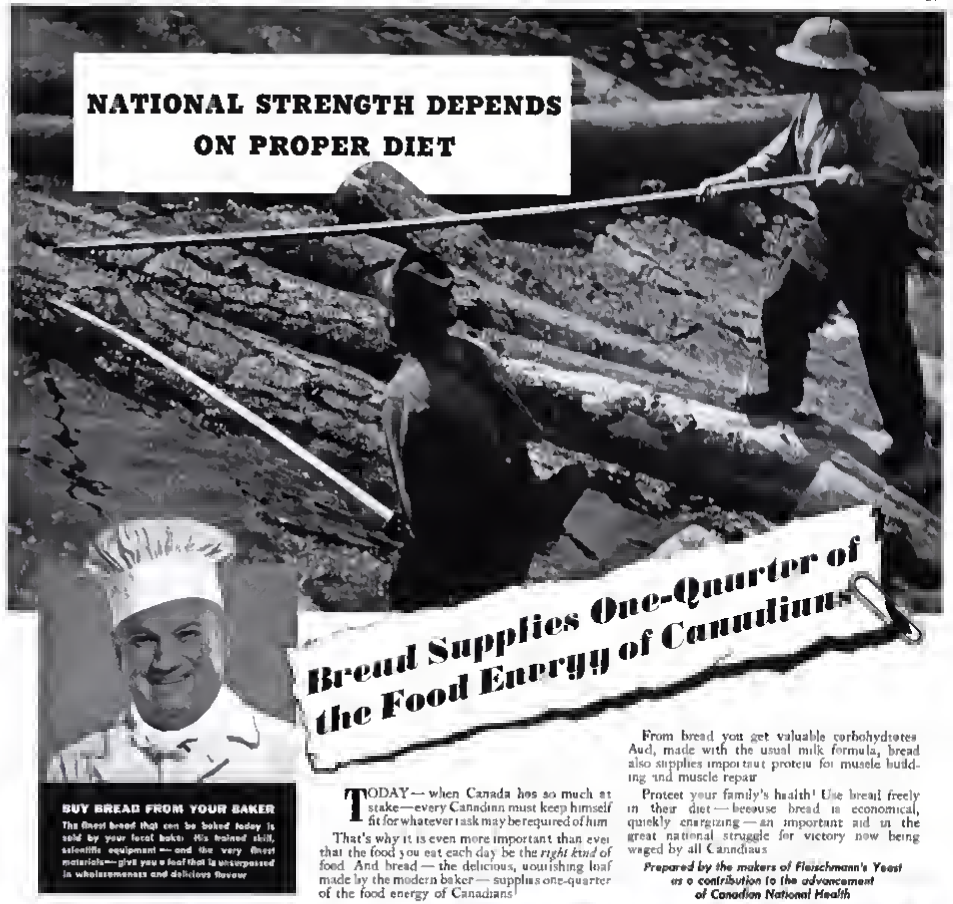
The causes of this failure lay in the constitutional difficulties. Under the courts' interpretation of the British North America Act social services (including unemployment relief) were provincial responsibilities. But the provinces were without sufficient revenues to meet the enormous new costs of social services. The Dominion had sufficient power to raise the necessary revenue, but was without any power to provide the services.

The Commission reached the conclusion that unemployment is a national problem. It is caused in large measure by national and international economic factors. It can be met only by nation-wide policies to relieve and remove its burden. Its large fluctuating costs can be borne only by the Dominion Government, with its wide taxation and borrowing powers.

Once these facts are faced in the light of the experience of the past ten years, the conclusion is inescapable that unemployment relief should be a Dominion function. The National Employment Commission reached this conclusion. The Rowell-Sirois Commission, after a complete re-examination of the problem, reached the same conclusion.

It is obvious that a major change in responsibility for unemployment relief would be difficult or impossible at a

Continued on page 22



TODAY — when Canada has so much at stake — every Canadian must keep himself fit for whatever task may be required of him.

That's why it is even more important than ever that the food you eat each day be the *right kind* of food. And bread — the delicious, nourishing loaf made by the modern baker — supplies one-quarter of the food energy of Canadians!

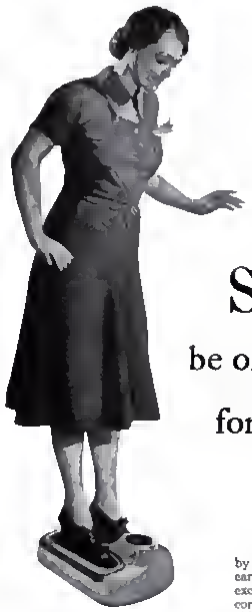
From bread you get valuable carbohydrates. And, made with the usual milk formula, bread also supplies important protein for muscle building and muscle repair.

Protect your family's health! Use bread freely in their diet — because bread is economical, quickly energizing — an important aid in the great national struggle for victory now being waged by all Canadians.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of Canadian National Health







Should you be on the lookout for Diabetes?

SOME FOLKS should be especially on their guard against diabetes, as a tendency to this disease seems to run in certain families.

▶ Furthermore, the people it strikes are usually overweight and between the ages of 40 and 60. Diabetes occurs most frequently among people who lead inactive lives and is more common among women than among men.

So, if you have reason to be on the alert for diabetes, it is particularly important for you to have complete physical examinations at regular intervals.

▶ Such examinations may reassure you that you do not have the disease. If the possibility of diabetes is indicated, then a study of sugar in the blood can help the doctor detect the condition early—frequently before other symptoms appear. Thus, you can be guided to prompt control of the disease with diet and insulin before it has made much progress.

The most common signs of diabetes, frequently not recognized by those who have the disease in early stages, are: excessive thirst, excessive appetite, loss of weight, constant weariness and unaccountable irritability... and, in older people, boils and carbuncles.

▶ Naturally, definite symptoms should call for immediate medical attention.

It is encouraging to realize that a healthy, active life is not only possible but probable for most diabetics who promptly discover their ailment and follow competent medical guidance. They easily become adjusted to the four vital conditions necessary for diabetes control: 1 Proper diet, 2 Insulin as prescribed, 3 Exercise, 4 Cleanliness.

For further helpful information concerning this disease and its control, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Diabetes."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Dept. b-M-40, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa
Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Diabetes."

Name.....

Street.....

City Province.....

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board*



LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

Design for a New Dominion

Continued from page 20

time when unemployment was on the increase. Changes can best be made and new administrative systems devised when the load is lightest. For this reason we should take advantage of the decline in unemployment as a result of the war to make the suggested transfer of responsibility. Under such a readjustment the Dominion would assume the responsibility for providing and administering relief to the employable unemployed. Plans would be drawn up for meeting increases in unemployment as they may arise. The plans would presumably include the appointment of a skeleton staff of administrators and the preparation of a program for re-establishing normal peacetime industries to take the place of war industries when these are no longer necessary. Public works would be curtailed or suspended until the war is over. But plans would be made in advance for a public works program to begin when men on active service are demobilized and those engaged in war work are no longer needed.

In a word, the recommendations of the Commission on the subject of unemployment are capable of being carried out today. It may not be possible to implement them when the war is over. If put into operation, the recommendations would produce immediate benefits in the form of more efficient administration, the removal of sources of friction between the Dominion and provincial governments and the preparation of a comprehensive attack on the problems of unemployment. They would, in the future, assist in dealing with the serious problems of rehabilitation and readjustment that will arise when Canadian soldiers are demobilized and Canadian war production is discontinued.

Unemployment Insurance

THE COMMISSION also recommended that unemployment insurance should be a responsibility of the Dominion Parliament. There can be no doubt of the advantages of starting such a scheme at a time when unemployment is small. During the war years, substantial funds may be accumulated to provide assistance to workers who are now employed in war industries, but who may be faced with a period of unemployment after the war.

There is danger, however, that unemployment insurance may be regarded as a complete cure for unemployment, which it cannot be at the present stage of Canada's industrial development. At the request of the Commission, an examination was made of the Dominion's relief rolls to see what effect unemployment insurance would have on relief costs. It was assumed that a comprehensive scheme had been introduced and had gone into full operation. It was found that in the ten largest Canadian cities where most unemployment was concentrated, only fourteen per cent of those in receipt of relief would have been cared for by insurance benefits in September 1937. For the month of September, 1938, insurance would have cared for only eighteen per cent of those on relief. From these figures, it appears that only one unemployed person out of five can be provided for by unemployment insurance. Four out of every five must still be given direct relief.

Unemployment insurance is therefore a solution for only a small part of the unemployment problem. It must be accompanied by other plans which can in the Commission's view only be made if responsibility for unemployment is transferred to the Dominion. In fact, if an unemployment insurance scheme is established by the Dominion and the provinces are left with responsibility for unemployment relief, new problems of great difficulty will arise. The problem of unemployment is a single problem requiring a comprehensive unified policy for its solution. It cannot be divided into a number of separate parts some of which are assigned to one government and some to another.

If the Dominion is to have power to introduce unemployment insurance and to establish a national system of employment offices, three separate and distinct amendments to the Canadian constitution will have to be made. The recent amendment permitting the Dominion to introduce unemployment insurance, will not give the Dominion any power to give direct unemployment relief or to establish employment offices. Further constitutional changes are essential if these responsibilities are to be assumed by the Dominion. Both should be made if a unified policy is to be developed for the relief and prevention of unemployment.

The Time to Act Is Now

IT IS perhaps unnecessary to go through all the other recommendations of the Report to study their application to Canada's war effort. They are obviously not all of equal importance. Some can clearly be related to the immediate objectives of the war, others seem only remotely connected with the war effort. However, they form together a comprehensive plan of reconstruction of the Canadian governmental system and each one of them can be shown to have value in that reconstruction.

The recommendations as to marketing would allow plans to be developed for the orderly production and sale of natural products in a way that has been constitutionally impossible in the past. The suggestion for co-operative planning between the Dominion railway transportation system and the provincial highway transportation systems seeks to avoid an over investment and waste which a country at war can ill afford. The proposal for close co-operation between Dominion and provincial governments in the form of regular conferences, aims at a more complete national unity and the removal of dangerous rivalry between governments. These and many other recommendations are designed to put our national house in order so that we may put forth a stronger and more united effort against the foreign foe.

There is one phase of Canada's future which did not receive specific attention from the Commission. But recent developments of the war in Europe have made it important. The conquest of France will result in great economic and industrial changes in Canada. The battle of Britain may require completely new plans for the industrial development of this country. In the event of a protracted war, it may be necessary to transport large industries and large numbers of the population from Great Britain to Canada. We can no longer plan for a gradual increase in our population by highly selective immigration and natural growth. Whether we wish it or not, we may be compelled to accept large and sudden changes in our industrial and economic life in the very near future.

Faced with this prospect of hitherto unexpected national strain, should we make our system of government modern and efficient?—or should we continue with a system which even before the perils of war were upon us, had shown signs of breakdown and dangerous stress? The answers to these questions are plain.

Naturally, it would have been easier and pleasanter if we could have had a long and carefully prepared discussion of the recommendations between Dominion and provincial governments. We would have felt safer and surer of our ground if we could have allowed ordinary slow democratic

Continued on page 24



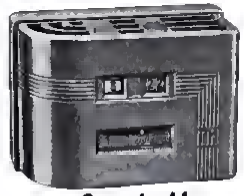
Order inside weather like this

You Can Enjoy Ideal Inside Climate all the Year 'Round

RIGHT now, as winter approaches, perhaps you are wondering how you can maintain uniform comfort in your home through the cold months just ahead. The answer is "Automatic Heating and Air Conditioning—Automatically Controlled." Take a tip from last winter and install an automatically controlled burner at once, using the kind of fuel you prefer. Automatic heat is comfortable, economical and is trouble free in its operation. Automatically controlled Air Conditioning can be added at moderate cost to give you your kind of inside weather all year 'round.

Control is Paramount

It is important to remember that no matter what type of automatic heating or air conditioning you select, adequate and proper control spells its success or failure . . . Consider the Chronotherm, the Automatic Electric Clock Control that provides leveled heat at all times, automatically lowering the temperature at night when heat is not needed and restoring it to the daytime level in the morning, saving 10% to 30% in fuel cost. Ask your dealer for Chronotherm and other Minneapolis-Honeywell controls designed to provide the utmost in comfort, convenience, economy and accurate performance of your automatic burner or air conditioning system. Minneapolis-Honeywell controls also are available for large buildings and industrial applications. Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Branch and distributing offices in all principal cities.



Install
Automatic Heating and Air Conditioning
See Your Architect Engineer — Dealer NOW



IF YOU ARE A BUSINESS EXECUTIVE you will be interested in this booklet "Instruments from the Executive Viewpoint." It explains how accurate measurement and control of temperatures, pressures, flows and liquid levels can keep quality up and bring production costs down. A copy will be sent free to you on request.

MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL
BROWN INDUSTRIAL INSTRUMENTS
NATIONAL PNEUMATIC CONTROLS
Control Systems

Take a leaf from the Debs' Glamour Book...try a Woodbury Facial Cocktail



MISS *Patricia Plunkett*

Full of life and interested in everything in this lovely debutante at New York City. Aquaplaning and water skiing are the sports she best enjoys. Lovely Pat has a golden olive complexion. She says: 'My friends think I'm lucky to have nice, smooth skin. But I really owe that to Woodbury.'

SAYS *Cholly Knickerbocker*

SOCIETY COMMENTATOR

"When I see a debutante and her devoted swain dining 'a deux', I chalk up another victory for that mischievous fellow, Dan Cupid. That 5 o'clock Woodbury Facial Cocktail lovely debs indulge in has inspired more than one unpremeditated proposal."

"DARLING, YOU'RE LOVELY!" Society debutantes know that all the blue blood in their veins can't make up for an unalluring complexion. When the social spotlight is turned full on their faces clever debs thank their "Facial Cocktail". Delicate rule to Woodbury Facial Soap: denounce skin-dulling dirt. Its skin invigorating Vitamin helps bolster your skin's vitality. Get Woodbury today!



"FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH"



1. Lovely Patricia Plunkett, glamorous debutante, keeps her date book filled with bids to parties.

2. "To keep that fine skin one of the important things to do," Woodbury Facial Cocktail freshens tired skin after a gadabout day.

3. Says Pat: "It's not the way a Woodbury Facial Cocktail freshens my skin, it's the way it makes my complexion look so much smoother and finer that I'm so crazy about."

IMAGE IS GARANTIE

processes to work out the necessary changes. But we are faced with a situation where there is no time for lengthy discussion, where the needs of the future are upon us in the space of a few weeks or months, and where democratic processes must be speeded up to meet the challenge of totalitarian methods.

We are fortunate that we do not have to make necessary constitutional changes blindfold. We have the unanimous report of an able Commission, made up of men who had no political axes to grind and who had full knowledge of opinions in all parts of Canada. After nearly three years of careful study they have recommended a plan for the reconstruction of Dominion-provincial relations which, while it may not be perfect, would undoubtedly produce a better-balanced system than we have today. Can we not take this plan with a certain amount of faith and put it into early operation? Improvements can be worked out from time to time as experience shows they are necessary. The main advantages of the plan are needed quickly.

Have we the vision and the courage to act now?

El Dorado

Continued from page 18—Starts on page 16

got my six-shooter and fifty rounds. Going back will be all downhill and by the time we've finished Stukeley we'll have got down low enough to get some birds. Good job it's summer and they'll still be there. We'll make it fine."

He glanced at her to see how she was taking it.

She said: "What is the longest we could keep on with the land we have?"

He looked at the supplies. "We must keep strong to travel and pack Stukeley's meat, and so we can't cut down too much. We might span out the stores a fortnight and keep up our strength. Then Stukeley. Two months, maybe, if it all went well."

She mixed the bannock, set it by the fire to rise. They sat and watched it till she popped it up. He caught her eye. She smiled and he smiled back.

When he had done she gave him a cigar. "You may as well smoke these now that we shan't have Stukeley long to carry them."

"That's right. Thank you."

When it was going well, she said: "Two months then without finding food."

"That's just my guess. Maybe we'll have to cut more than I figure on. Maybe llama meat will make you ill."

"Of course."

She looked up suddenly. "Please Slim, let's not go back. Let's just go on."

He stared at her. "You're nuts."

"I'm not. I want to finish what I've started on. Has it occurred to you that what Jesuito bribed the men for was to murder us?"

He nodded. "Yes."

"If so it means there's something here he wants to hide. That would be Johnnie. Don't you see? Let's just suppose he was connected with his disappearance. He hears of us from Don Arturo... comes to pump us, tries to stop us coming on and when he can't he bribes the men to have us disappear as Johnnie did."

"It's plausible, but there are no connections. He wasn't known in Chimalha. Don Segundo and his folk were mighty curious and told me no one had seen him before. I think more likely he's a miner keen to find out anything that we might learn to help him prospecting, and that our natives just plain quit from funk."

"Maybe," she said. "But anyway I want to go on. I should want to if there weren't this possibility—"

Her head went up, to gaze up to the hills that had assumed as grim a look, then higher to the still white peaks. "I'd like to go on just—to see."

He watched her face, bloodless but eager. "Uphill," he said, "away from grub and water. Into—well, you know."

"I know." Her chin came up. "But let's go on. Let's not give in. Let's just go on."

He sat there gazing at her a long time. At last he said: "I get it. I've seen this before. It's the disease. Explorers bug. You think it's for your brother but it's not. Not now. If we had found him dead you'd still be wanting to go on. It's what sends men on any crazy quest to leave their bones. They think they're after this or that. They're not. If they found El Dorado it would prove too dull. What gets em is the fever of the quest itself. It got my father. My mother tried to keep me from it but I got caught just like him. And now you're hooked."

He propped himself back on his arm to gaze at Chimopaxin's still white peak. Leaning thus he addressed it in terms personal and pungent as though it could hear. Then he swung upright and told her: "All right. I'll go you. But let's start, before I change my mind."

As though alarmed to find that she had got her way, she sat some moments gazing at him. Then she jumped up and started helping him to pack the things.

As they were doing up the food, he said: "I'll see if those hogs of us anything by accident," and walked to where the Indians had had their fire. He searched about and then picked up an object which he brought to her. "They did."

It was a little bale, perhaps nine inches square, bound tight with fibre, a bale of the dark green leaves chewed endlessly by all the aborigines. "Their coca leaves," Driscoll explained. "They have cocaine in them. That's why the habit has got such a hold. We might be glad we've got these before we get through."

He packed the bundle with the bedding, loaded Stukeley and the helped him throw the hitch. Then without further comment, they resumed their march.

FROM the outset they met unexpected difficulty. Following an Indian in front and shepherded by one behind, till now the llamas had meandered forward at a steady pace. Handled by whites, alone the llama that resembled Driscoll's cousin Stukeley was refractory. He would not follow, nor could he be driven. When Slim coerced him, he jibbed, backed and spat, and not until he put a line around his neck and towed, while she urged from behind, could the brute be budged. Thus made of travelling a weariness and then, that way the beast could get no load, and that was serious. As Slim declared: "The farther we can travel without killing him the better, but we've got to keep the meat on him." This meant they had to give him time to feed, and cut that much time travelling hours. This was not altogether bad as it gave Judith a lot more rest. They took turns lugging the reluctant beast, Driscoll with frequent blistering words.

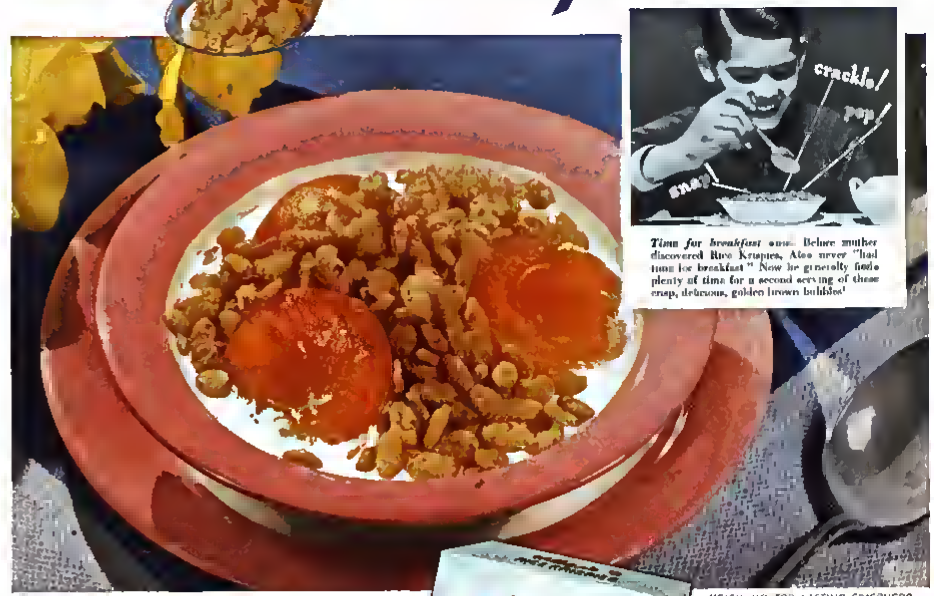
The first night, Driscoll rationed out the food instructing her to eat slowly, even more slowly. "Mighty little food can suffice a person if handled properly," he explained.

When they had settled down to travelling, as the result of some response to the caresses she now tried on the llama, they made better progress, although Driscoll thought, no more than some ten miles a day. The country quickly grew more difficult. Water was scarce although they always did find some. The mountainscape was closing in. The wide bare saddles yielded place to canyons, the smooth slopes to cliffs. Save for the black speck of a condor in the sky, all life had gone.

Continued on page 30

SPOONFUL AFTER SPOONFUL . . .

THEY HOLD THEIR *Crispness!*



Time for breakfast once. Before mother discovered Rice Krispies. Also never "had time for breakfast." Now he generally finds plenty of time for a second serving of these crisp, delicious, golden-brown bubbles!

Delicious with fresh, frozen, cooked or canned fruits

Clap hands — here comes a cereal of sparkling originality. Something wonderfully crunchy — delicious . . . satisfying . . . and different!

Kellogg's Rice Krispies have made the word "crispness" famous. They're *crisp* in the package . . . *crisp* as they float on milk or cream . . . *crisp* to the last spoonful. Their goodness starts with a special process of "oven-popping". Flavour is added according to Kellogg's own unique recipe. And they are toasted to fullest richness.

So it is important to ask for "Rice Krispies," the trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for oven popped rice. They are unique in form, utterly distinct from every other ready-to-eat cereal. Make your family breakfast a gay affair with Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Get a package from your grocer tomorrow!



HEIGH HO FOR LASTING CRISPNESS, HEAR THE SHOUTS FOR "MORE"— RICE KRISPIES CRUNCHY FRESHNESS NEVER FAILS TO SCORE.

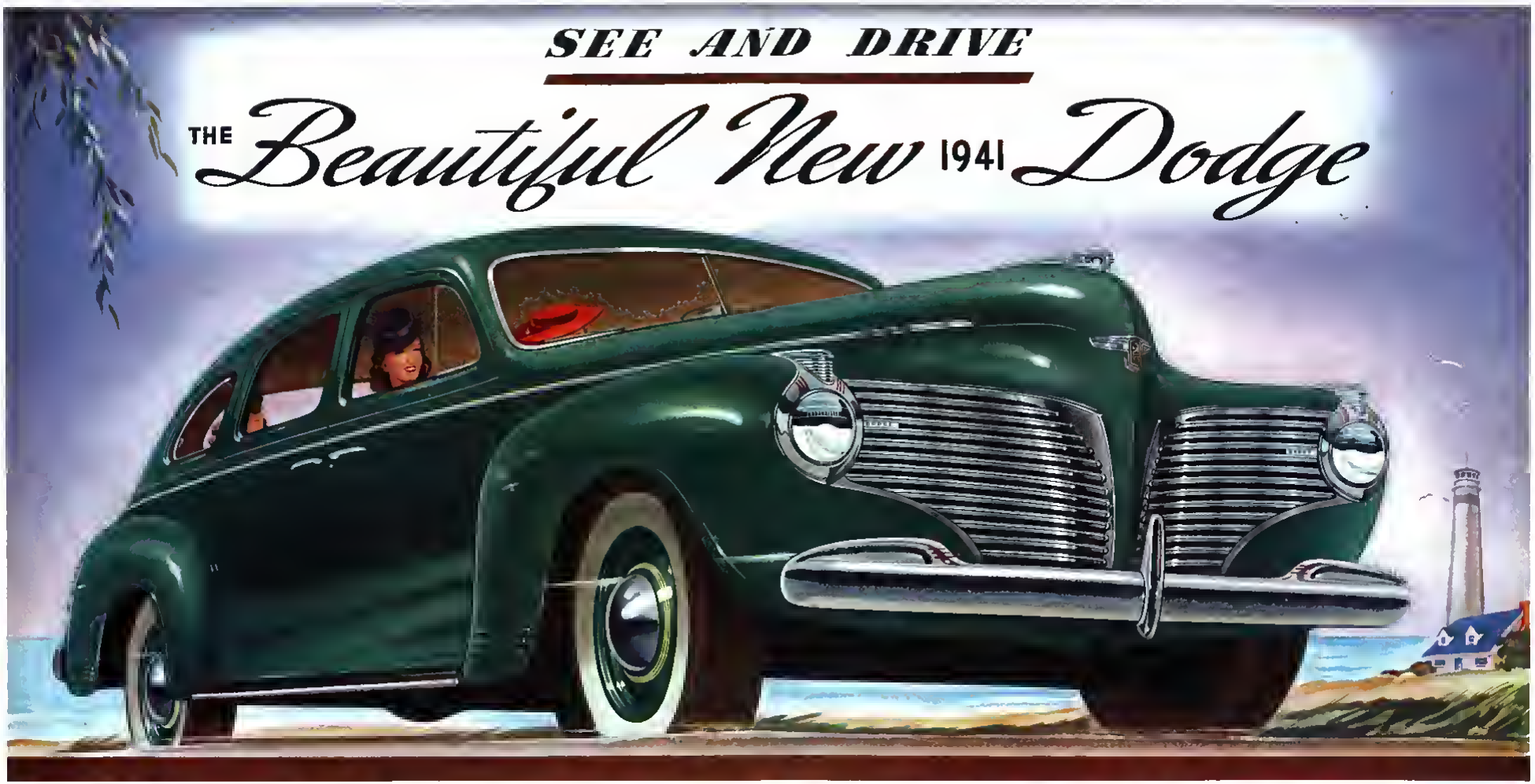


When you breakfast away from home, insist on Kellogg's Rice Krispies in their wax-wrapped, individual package.

Maclean's Magazine September 15, 1940

SEE AND DRIVE

THE Beautiful New 1941 Dodge



Dodge De Luxe Special 4-door Sedan for 1941.

Check and Compare

WITH ANY OTHER CAR — *THAT'S THE WAY TO BUY A DODGE!*

YOU CAN TAKE FOR GRANTED the 27 year old reputation for Dependability, Long Life and Low Operating Costs — but, just the same go today and drive a new 1941 Dodge. These new automobiles are by far the best that Dodge ever built. They are the heirs of the great Dodge reputation and the result of the latest in scientific engineering. They have received the enthusiastic praise of the thousands who have seen them.

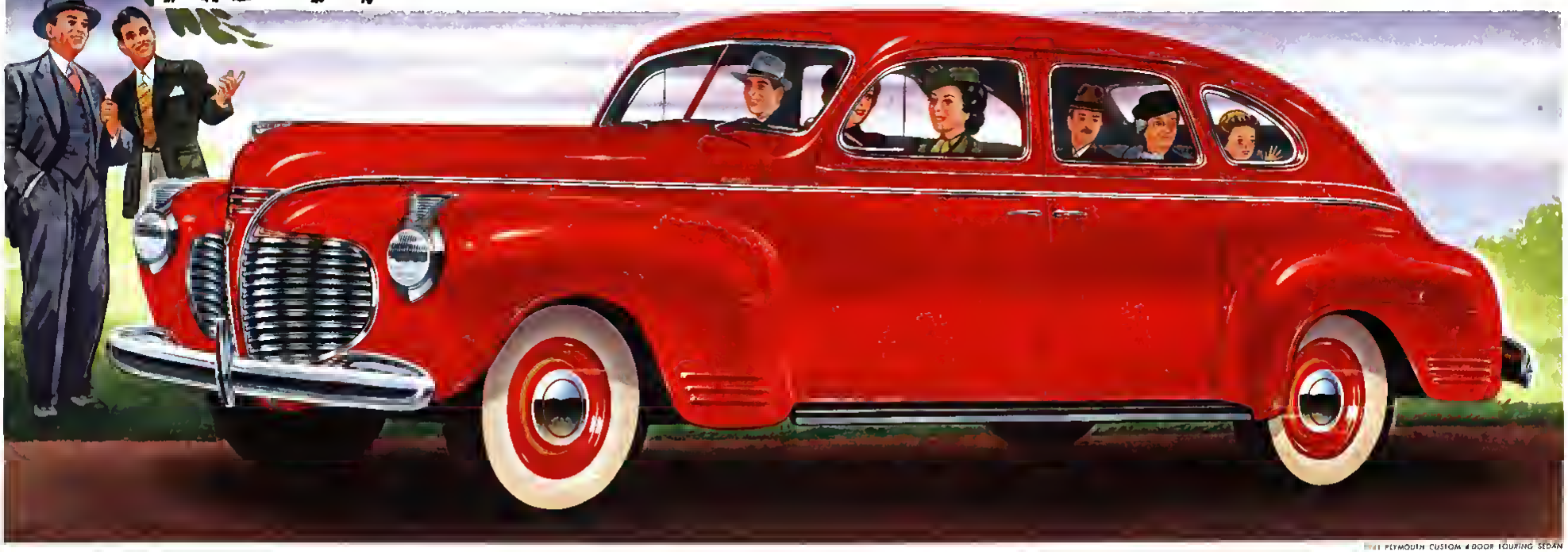
Interiors have been stepped up in beauty and luxury — power and performance are stepped up — steering is easier — gear shifting is easier and a new power gearshift is also available at slight extra cost. Road noise and vibration are relieved. New steel backed renewable main and connecting rod bearings triple their life — oil bath air cleaner and new floating type oil strainer are standard equipment on all models — new type compression piston rings give better compression and last longer.

With more confidence than ever, we invite you to check and compare Dodge with *ANY* car. Get the thrill of its luxury and amazing driving ease. Learn for yourself what the Dodge "Full Floating" Ride really means. Phone your Dodge DeSoto Dealer TODAY!

KINGSWAY • DE LUXE • DE LUXE SPECIAL

Maclean's Magazine, September 15 1940

NEW IN BEAUTY.. LUXURY.. POWER AND CHRYSLER-ENGINEERED QUALITY FEATURES!



1941 PLYMOUTH CUSTOM 4-DOOR TOURING SEDAN

STEPPED UP IN LUXURY AND QUALITY—But Still a Low-Priced Car!

BEAUTY and STYLE in every detail and appointment! Note "high vision" steering wheel with horn ring in spun gold on DeLuxe and Custom models



PLYMOUTH HAS LONG BEEN KNOWN as the big full-sized quality car of the lowest price field. Now the 1941 Plymouth is more than ever distinguished by its size, beauty, power and luxury.

Many new Chrysler-engineered quality features add to Plymouth's performance, economy and long life, making the famous phrase "engineered and built by Chrysler" more replete with meaning than ever.

It's a pleasure to remind you that this stunning new 1941 Plymouth—so beautiful, so long, wide, low swung—*is a five-passenger car!* Expect to be surprised—and *delighted* when you step inside. You will find a glamorous new interior . . . a miracle in fabric trim and appointments.

You'll discover a new quick stepping eagerness in this 1941 Plymouth. Power rating is up from 84 to 88 Horsepower and there's a new transmission gear ratio to give you still faster getaway and more sparkling performance. Just drive this traffic master and be thrilled!

And for 1941 Plymouth announces *Powermatic Shifting*—big reduction in shifting effort—plus a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner that adds to engine efficiency . . . new Engine Bearings which are 2 to 3 times longer lived . . . new Ignition Protection against moisture to assure fast, easy starting!

There is a new body sealing in the 1941 Plymouth against dust, water, noise and heat. The trunk lid is now counterbalanced . . . gives up or down easily at a touch and *stays where you want it!*

The new one piece hood opens at the front and is equipped with a safety latch against accidental opening. Locks securely and easily from the driver's seat. The battery is now in the blast of the fan to keep it cool—under the hood—up front where it is much easier to service.

This year, by all means see and drive the biggest, most luxurious—the best performing Plymouth Chrysler ever built! Learn for yourself at first hand ALL the refinements and advancements Chrysler engineers are giving you for 1941. This big value low priced Plymouth is most like the high priced cars in those quality features that make for longer life, improved performance and greater economy. See your nearby Chrysler Plymouth Fargo dealer today!

*Available on DeLuxe and Custom models at slight extra cost.

1941 PLYMOUTH

ROADKING .. DE LUXE .. CUSTOM

BUILT IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER

LOAF next winter



Let IRON FIREMAN feed your fire

Iron Fireman works—you loaf, so far as furnace chores are concerned. Put an Iron Fireman automatic coal burner to work stoking your furnace and you will get up every morning in a warm house, have uniform temperature throughout the day and night, and enjoy the economy of the money-saving fuel, stoker coal.





Above: Coal flows from bin to fire. Heat feeds fuel. Ash from bin to fire. You never even see the coal!



The De Luxe Hopper Model

The new Iron Fireman for the *small home*, which we introduced earlier in the year—is enjoying the greatest popularity of any model in our history. It brings to the small home the same high quality of Iron Fireman automatic heating that is found in so many mansions and fine estates. There is now an Iron Fireman for *any* size home. An Iron Fireman automatic coal burner can be quickly installed in your present furnace or boiler.

Now a genuine Iron Fireman as low as

$243

(Coal Chute Slide) Fully Delivered and Installed

Terms as low as $5 a month

Don't wait longer for automatic heating. See the new Iron Fireman today or send coupon for complete information and copy of "Which Fuel, Which Burner."

IRON FIREMAN
Automatic Coal Heating

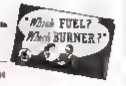
You too can SERVE—by SAVING!



BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

MAIL COUPON

Iron Fireman Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
600 King Street, West, Toronto, Ontario Columbia and Alberta write 850 Yarrow Drive, Vancouver, B. C.)
Please send me a free copy of "Which Fuel, Which Burner."
Name
Address



El Dorado

Continued from page 24—Starte on page 16

The land and now a graveyard air and seemed like the epitome of loneliness.

Soon...her awareness of the world outside grew dim. She lived in unreality a time of frightening emotion driven by a strange, fierce zest she did not know she had.

Slim Driscoll watched her with a judicial air noting the lace whose smoothness and given place to hollowness with eyes unnaturally bright. The fifth night, bivouacked in comfort in a niche their small meal done a good fire a warmth reflected from grey rock behind, he asked, "Well? How d'you feel?" and eyed her narrowly.

"I don t quite know."

He said: "One time I undertook to walk a tree across a hundred foot ravine. One step and you were caught nothing to do but above ahead and pray your balance. That the way?"

"Why yes! And you?"

"I always feel the same when anything important s on, all sort of scientific as though it was happening to someone else and I was watching it."

He sat cross legged his elbows on his knees, his face reposed. She reclined on her bed her barb propped by a rock a sheepskin round her shoulders and her feet in slippers boyish save for her eyes and her brown shining curls.

He brought out from his roll the ocarina which he'd purchased from the Indian who'd carried it.

She listened while he played in its pure lonely tones and then she said, "The one you played that first night. The old Incan song."

He put the mouthpiece to his lips and played it through.

She asked: "What were the words again?"

He lowered the little instrument of rough red clay.

"Upon you the sun smiled he lost a shining ray
It lingered in your eyes—"

He spoke the verses with quiet feeling and intensity.

"What kind of woman and exhilarated such a man she thought? She stole a look and saw that he seemed quite detached, not polishing the ocarina on his coat sleeve carefully.

There came a sound across the fire and he looked up. "Well, I'll be darned I never saw one come up to a fire before."

Red in the firelight, looking at her with its ears cocked was the fauna. Stukeley. Her caresses apparently had borne fruit. She scrambled up and went around and pulled its ears and talked to it. By-and by it lay down with the firelight on its long neck and its mild sheep s face and horse e ears. She felt somehow a sense of satisfaction.

That night something occurred that both startled and alarmed her.

She rather have been asleep some hours when she grew wide awake. She lay there cosy in her coverings, wondering what and ended sleep so thoroughly.

Quiet was intense. The glow and left the fire, which slowly smoked. There was a moon the third since they and started making a silver world blotched with black shade.

She snatched the covers to her throat. Beside her on his knee was Driscoll bent low and peering down. She lay there fascinated gazing upward at his dark, tense face. Then suddenly he stood up. She rose up on her arm and saw him stride out of the camp and disappear among the rocks.

She sat and shook all over, crouching propped in her blankets staring at the darkness that had swallowed him.

She must have dozed toward dawn for she awoke to sizzling and the smell of bacon and saw him squatting on his heels and fork in hand, intent on cookery. Seeing her move he called, "Hullo!"

In the bright morning sun he seemed so different from the man who had kept over her it made her wonder if she'd dreamed the thing. Throughout the day neither referred to it.

SOME DAYS went by. The bag of flour was getting low, the hunk of bacon dwindling. Driscoll seemed quite unconscious of the situation, but presently she saw signs that he was not at ease, and learned the cause.

They had rearched some hours along a canyon in the shadow of its eastern wall. Ever since they and started they and kept the great peaks at the culmination of the range well to their left. Now high above the slopes framed by the canyon's mouth, they stared up dead ahead.

Slim stopped. "We re off the line. These last four days we've been forced north."

She saw him for the first time anxious, as his gaze went up and down the sheer rock face that barred their way. He said: "If that line I was following was a pass, I've lost it now. Maybe it wasn t. Maybe the road just went to some old mine that's fallen in. We'll have to go back on our tracks. If we can t find some way to work our east, we re done."

Not waiting for her comment he drove Stukeley round and headed back, and she resented it.

Once she and started out, the sense that she was doing everything she could for Johnnie had allayed her worry for him, sinking it deep beneath the labor of the day and her new strong emotions.

That to turn back broke this content, brought in the fear that had brought her on an strange a journey and so far from home. But the lad promised Driscoll he should lead and as could not protest.

Disturbed, rebellious, she brought up the rear chiding the llama when he tried to stray while the sun cleared the brink mounted yet higher till at length it hi the great face under which they marched casting from its projections down its face long spears of shade.

Driscoll was scanning it in this new light when suddenly he stopped his face upraised. She saw his gaze run to and fro. Then, pointing eagerly...he cried: "By Jove it is! Look! There s the road 'way up the cliff. The pass ran out. They had to climb."

She looked but could not make out what it was that had excited him.

No! he declared. "Not that way. See the big dip on the skyline just beyond a little hump? Now down a bit and to the right. Look! You can see the shadow where it bridges that big cleft."

She and grown used to distance and in the crystal air had not perceived how high was the rock. Now she made out, dwarfed by the height some stonework built across a cleft followed its course across the face and saw more where the track was corbelled out around a bulge.

Driscoll was all excited. "By the Great Horn Spoon! Nobody ever heard about a road in here! Who built it? Why?"

SEEING him so inspired roused her. This was a new Slim Driscoll eager and abruptly young. She said and her words held a double meaning: "Maybe it leads to El Dorado, Slim!"

He didn't look at her but at the cliff and missed her hint. It might was his reply. "There are lost treasures in the hills that's sure. We'll have to follow back till we find some way up."

Two days they journeyed backward southwards the road and then they came to where an earthquake had brought

Continued on page 28

New improved Willards give you 4 *Extra* advantages *at* NO *extra cost!*

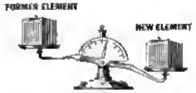




LIFE CHART OF FORMER WILLARDS

WILLARD THREAT RUBBER	23 MONTHS
WILLARD WOOD	20 MONTHS
WILLARD PRICE LINE	20 MONTHS
COMPETITIVE ORIGINAL EQUIP. BRANDS	20 MONTHS
COMPETITIVE REPLACEMENTS	15 MONTHS

BASED ON AVERAGE DRIVING—10,000 MILES PER YEAR





LONGER LIFE

10-15% more miles and months

Former Willards were noted for power and long life, but these new Willards are still *better*. They're the finest batteries Willard has ever built! Thru year, Willard engineers have outdone themselves with a new, greatly improved line of batteries that give 10 to 15% longer average life even than former Willards—and at *no* extra cost.

MORE RESERVE POWER

Plate materials increased 7-9%

Heavier elements in each cell—either thicker plates, heavier plates or more plates. That means not only more life but more reserve power to handle the extra current demands of modern cars easily month after month.

GUARANTEED CAPACITIES

You know what you're getting

Willard has clearly and permanently molded this guaranteed ampere hour capacity in the case of each new Willard battery. You *see* exactly what you are *getting*. And you pay *only* for what you get. You're guaranteed *full* measure.

"SAFETY-FILL" CONSTRUCTION

Stops Dangerous Corrosion

No acid spray on motor and wiring. With "Safety Fill," the battery *never drinks too much*. This exclusive Willard device is very simple. Very effective. "Safety Fill" prevents overfilling with all of its attendant ills. It definitely guards against corroded cables and terminals that cause current losses and unexpected starting failures.

* * *

The new improved Willards are on sale by Willard dealers everywhere. See them! Enjoy longer battery life—more reserve power, guaranteed capacity—and freedom from corrosion. Look for the red and white Willard sign in your community and let your Willard dealer show you *why* these new type batteries give you longer and better service.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. OF CANADA, LTD. • TORONTO, ONT.

Willard

STOP DANGEROUS CORROSION

SAFETY-FILL BATTERIES

MORE BATTERY FOR YOUR MONEY!



EVERY time you buy a can of Canadian lobster you are helping to overcome the serious difficulty faced by the lobster industry because of the loss of overseas markets as a direct result of the war. As a war measure the Dominion authorities have taken over a large part of the canned lobster pack and after strict inspection and grading for quality have given it the name "CANADA". This is your guarantee of prime quality . . . perfectly packed . . . the cream of the finest catch in Canada's cool coastal waters.

Buy one or more cans of "CANADA" brand lobster . . . to any other good Canadian canned lobster on every shopping trip. Send for the new, free lobster recipe booklet containing many ways of serving economical lobster dishes. Do your part to aid the lobster fishermen and help Canada, while you and your family enjoy this delicious seafood.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES OTTAWA
Hon. J. E. Michaud, Minister





THE CANADIAN LOBSTER INDUSTRY NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

All "CANADA" Brand lobster is government inspected and graded into FANCY CHOICE and STANDARD qualities. Buy lobster by grade and be assured of the quality you want.

Department of Fisheries, Ottawa
Please mail me your new booklet "Economical Lobster Recipes" 97
Name
Address

Ladies!
Send for Free Booklet
The Department of Fisheries has prepared a new booklet: "Economical Lobster Recipes"
Send for your free copy today

Continued from page 30

down a slope by which after four hours of tugging at the laden Stukeley they climbed to a track whose making would be held a feat today, yet which was built by people who knew neither iron nor wheel. It was over six feet wide. On one side rose the cliff, along whose face with master skill it was cut bored or corbelled out. The other side dropped unwalled into emptiness.

Perched thus in space she had a fresh view of the vastness of the mountain land. The ground below seemed fifty times as distant as the road had when they had looked up at it. As they resumed their march she found that she was pressing close against the cliff, in fear that their weight should cause the road to fall. But Driscoll strolled along the edge making her hold her breath.

All day they plodded up the ancient road and camped at night where it was bridged across a stream that reared out of a steep ravine. Now they met other trouble that of finding fuel. To glean enough for one fire took an hour of clean being about the gully at grave risk of limb.

Next morning she woke early, as she'd resolved to do this day. The camp was five feet from the precipice. Driscoll lay sleeping in his sheepskins. Near him was Stukeley in a still grey heap. The fire was out. The world of yawning space of mauve and purple distances, of peaks set in relentless calm was dead. The air was motionless ice-cold and pure.

She lay awhile recalling this day's anniversaries at home, when there and been her father and her brother and the neighbors and the old sweet things. Though she was in a wilderness ten thousand feet up in the hills the memories induced the same nostalgia.

She slipped out of her covers, stole across and placed beside Slim a small paper packet, tied up with ribbon from her sewing bag.

Then she lay down and pitched a stone.

He stirred and rose onto his elbow, knuckling his eyes. He pushed the covers back and made to get up, but then saw the packet. Puzzled he turned it over, read the card cut from the flyleaf of her diary on which she'd sketched a snow scene and a sprig of holly. "Judith to Slim. A Merry Christmas."

He looked around and saw her laughing. Still gravely intent he freed the cover, to disclose two further packets which on unwrapping, showed a small worn book of Shakespeare's sonnets and her past week's ration of their chocolate.

He was both moved and disconcerted. "You're a rehump! You needed this. Bet thanks no end. I'd lost track of the date and Christmas hasn't meant a lot to me. I haven't anything for you," he ended in discomfiture.

"You gave up all you had to help me with the only thing I cared about."

He spoke with sudden feeling and at the sound of his voice her heart stood still.

"I'm glad," he said. "It's been worth everything I gave up, and more."

To be Continued

Grandpaw Foglesby's Leg

Continued from page 12—Starts on page 12

pretty dangerous and maybe liable to blow up and cause a lot of trouble.

"I didn't know that," said Grandpaw Foglesby. "Well, we don't want none of them things around, gents. Maybe you'll give me the waterworks next year. I'll be back."

He never argued much whenever they turned him down and this year he didn't argue at all. Just moved off and hobbled down the aisle. He was almost to the door when he turned around and said:

"Well look here, gents—how about fixin' up the sidewalk in front of my store? It hasn't been fixed for years. Them boards are getting so rickety that the whole walk is liable to cave in one of these days."

"But Mr. Foglesby," said Snead "surely you understand that we have nothing to do with your sidewalk. That is your sidewalk. Mr. Wrigley built it himself the whole eight yards of it in Wapahoosus Township."

Grandpaw Foglesby thought it over. "You could tell that it had never even dawned on him that he owned eight yards of sidewalk.

"Well I'll be jiggered!" he said.

"When you bought the property you bought the sidewalk too," explained Mayor Popham.

"And if it is in said shape, you'd better have it fixed up right away," advised Councillor Snead. "Because if one of your customers fell through that sidewalk and got hurt, you would be sued for damages."

"Well, I'll be jiggered again," said Grandpaw Foglesby. And he went out of there talking to himself. Flannelfoot Foster, who was standing by the door, said he heard Grandpaw say that was what you got for dealing with people with glass eyes.

IT DIDN'T see Grandpaw Foglesby break his leg but young Homer Gillespie couldn't have missed it by more than a minute or so. Homer came driving into town by way of Maple Street South right after it happened. Homer had been out seeing his girl—one of the Shoop girls, of the third-concession Shoops in Wapahoosus Township. She was one of Walter Shoop's daughters. The tall one. They were a very fine family. The Walter Shoops, not like the other Shoops who lived down by the swamp. Nobody ever and much use for that other Shoop tribe. Her name was Nelly.

Homer Gillespie was driving along into town and thinking of the Shoop girl when he saw Grandpaw Foglesby sitting on the sidewalk under the street lamp, laughing to beat himself. You could hear him a block away. He was having a high old time, just sitting there under the light with one leg in a hole in the sidewalk. So Homer got out quick and said:

"What's the matter, Grandpaw?"

Grandpaw Foglesby was laughing so hard he couldn't answer for a while. He would look at Homer and open his mouth and he was going to talk, and then away he'd go again. But finally he calmed down a little and fished a handkerchief out of his pocket and dried his eyes.

"By jiggers, Homer," he wheezed "this is the funniest thing ever happened. Dermed if it ain't the best joke—the richest dogpone joke—"

And then he started chuckling and snorting and snickering and giggling into his handkerchief again as if there was a lot of laughs left in him yet but he was doing his best to choke them off and behave himself.

"What happened?" asked Homer.

"I broke my leg!" whooped Grandpaw Foglesby. And then he exploded again. Homer said he never saw anyone as gleeful on that cold man. Grandpaw Foglesby laughed and laughed. "And now I can sue 'em for damages!" he squeaked.

Finally he calmed himself and dried his eyes, and after a few more giggles that kept popping out as if he'd forgotten they were there, he told Homer to drive right down to the Town Hall.

"Go and get Councillor Snead and the mayor and bring 'em right back with you," he said. "And if you can find young George Claybourne the lawyer, bring him too. Gosh!" snickered Grandpaw Foglesby, "if this ain't the happiest night of my life. I'll sue the hide off them. Go and get 'em, Homer, right away."

"Well, look," said Homer, "you can't just sit there. I'll help you home first and then I'll go tell the town council."

But Grandpaw Foglesby wouldn't have it. "Not on your tintype," he said. "You're a witness. Homer, that the sidewalk that caved in is town sidewalk, not my sidewalk. And I'm sitting right here where it happened so they can come and see for themselves. If I move away from here a minute they're liable to work some slick trick on me and try to prove it happened on my sidewalk."

So away went Homer. The council was still holding its meeting when Homer galloped in and told them Grandpaw Foglesby had gone and bust his leg on municipal property.

I wasn't there, but they tell me Council for Snead went white as a sheet.

Where did he bust it, Homer?" asked Snead anxious.

"Right this side of the lamp post," said Homer. "And he says he's going to sue for damages."

Everybody looked sick. Meyer Popham groaned. And the whole council room was hushed when Councillor Snead cleared a frog out of his throat and said in a feeble voice:

"Which leg was it, Homer?"

They all looked at Homer Gillespie, all fearing the worst. Nobody breathed. They waited. But Homer Gillespie didn't answer right away. He looked thoughtful and then puzzled.

"Tell us the worst, man!" yelped Councillor Snead. He wasn't able to stand it any longer. "Which leg did he break?"

Homer just shook his head. He snapped his fingers.

"By gully," he said, "I clean forgot to ask him."

HOMER always was a sort of rattle-brained lad. But it was just what you would expect of him—rushing up to the council to tell them Grandpaw Foglesby and broken a leg and clean forgetting to find out which leg.

"Numskull!" hollered Councillor Snead at him; and he up and out the door as if he'd just been told his house was on fire, the other councillors and the mayor after him as if they'd been told their houses were on fire too. And into the mayor's car they piled and off toward Maple Street South lickety split, a mile a minute to find out which leg Grandpaw Foglesby had broken.

There is a chance—just a chance, gentlemen," said Snead as they skidded around the Four Corners, "that it wasn't the wrong leg."

Homer said he was laughing his head off," the mayor said hopefully. "You wouldn't think he'd be laughing if it was the wrong leg."

"You bet he'd be laughing," one of the councillors said. "The bigger the damage suit the happier he'll be."

"I'm afraid so," mourned Snead. "I'm afraid that's why he was laughing. If the old goat has gone and broken the wrong leg we won't be able to settle for a cent under two thousand dollars."

The very thought of paying out two thousand dollars of town money in a damage suit made the mayor quake so much he nearly drove into the ditch.

"Let's hope for the best, Snead. Let's hope for the best," said the mayor in a quavery voice. "It won't be so bad if he didn't break the wrong leg. We'll have to fix him up with a new leg, of course, to repair the old one—"

"No such luck," said Councillor Snead in a gloomy voice. "In fact I have a sneaking suspicion he did it on purpose. And if he did, gentlemen, you can depend on it he broke the leg that's going to cost us the most money."

He was a very mean-spirited man, Councillor Snead, and he thought most people were as mean as himself. Afterward he had to admit he misjudged Grandpaw Foglesby. Because when they reached the lamp post at the end of Maple Street South and piled out of the car, the members of the council found out that Grandpaw Foglesby hadn't played a lowdown trick on them after all. It wasn't like Grandpaw Foglesby to play a mean trick on anyone, and I always said so. It was his wooden leg that was broken. Not his good leg. You never did see such a relieved set of town councillors in all your life. Naturally they had hardly dared hope it would be the wooden leg.

"Thank heavens Foglesby!" said Councilor Snead. "Thank heavens!"

"I'm supposed to be thankful am I?" yelped Grandpaw Foglesby, mad clean through. "Is a man supposed to be grateful because you don't keep your sidewalks fixed so a man can fall through them and bust his leg?"

"Thank heavens it wasn't your other leg," explained Snead.

"Maybe you won't be so thankful when I go to law about this here leg," Grandpaw shouted still mad. "I'll admit the other leg would have cost you more in dollars and cents, but don't get the idea you're going to get off easy. Wooden legs don't grow on trees, Mr. Snead. Leastways not good ones. This busted leg is the fault of a busted sidewalk and the busted sidewalk is the fault of the town of Wakeville. There ain't a court in the land but won't give me a verdict."

Councillor Snead had been in a few lawsuits in his time. And the mayor had never forgotten what it cost Wakeville when the travelling salesman got hit by the plaster that fell off the ceiling in the tonsil office. "Settle out of court" had been Wakeville's motto for many a day.

"There'll be no need of a lawsuit, Mr. Foglesby," said the mayor in a soothing sort of voice. "The town will have to buy you a new leg. No doubt of that."

"You're dead right the town will buy me a new leg," snickered Grandpaw Foglesby. "The real leg money can buy. I was mighty fond of that old leg. Got attached to it, you might say. Nothing but a jim-dandy of a new leg is going to make me forget that old leg. I was looking at one in a catalogue the other day. The leg people have been pestering me for years. They've got one there shicked leg you ever seen, for eight hundred and fifty dollars."

Councillor Snead screamed like somebody had sneaked up behind him with a pitchfork.

"Eight hundred and fifty dollars!" he howled. "We'll pay no eight hundred and fifty dollars for a leg. It's robbery."

"You'll buy me that leg," said Grandpaw Foglesby, "or we go to law."

THE MAYOR did a little figuring in the back of his head. He knew the court would let Grandpaw Foglesby buy eight hundred-and-fifty-dollar legs. That was just plain foolishness. That sort of leg was nothing but a useful luxury—probably studded with diamonds. But it wouldn't do the town any good to fight that sort of case in court, and the costs would run into money. A lot more money than it would cost to put in eight yards of pipe for Grandpaw Foglesby's waterworks.

"Now let's be sensible, Grandpaw," he said. "Maybe we can talk this over."

"We can," said Grandpaw. "Sit down."

So they all sat down on the sidewalk and had a council meeting right there under the lamp post. Everything came out fine. As soon as Grandpaw Foglesby knew he was going to get the waterworks, he became as reasonable as pie. They had to get him a new leg, of course. Councillor Snead did mention something about getting Grandpaw Foglesby a second-hand leg but they voted him down quick. He settled for a nice plain leg, good quality but nothing fancy, that wouldn't run into much money.

And the waterworks. All in all it didn't

"Some Girls look Older in Summer—and GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!" says Lady Esther

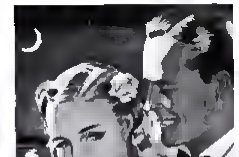


Day by Day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin. You *should* look younger in summer yet it is tragically true that many girls *look older*. The reason may be an out-of-season powder shade—or a face powder that is wrong in texture—a powder that contains GRIT.

Don't let grit in your face powder spoil your loveliness!



Yes, grit in powder can give your skin a grainy, "powdery" look—often mistaken for aged look. So beware of gritty face powder! Impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many powders that cost $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.



But you'll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. It clings smoothly 4 long hours. But it can stay all 8—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you *seem older!*

Are you using the WRONG SHADE for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear a powder shade that was all right for March—perhaps—but is all wrong for July! For the summer sun has subtly changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today.*

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is the most glamorous shade for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette. But find—*in your own home*—the one right shade for you.

Make my famous "Site Test!" Put a speck of your present powder between your teeth—and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit! Now make the same test with Lady Esther Powder. Your teeth will detect *no grit!*

Find the right shade—your lucky shade—in my grit-free powder and you will look younger and lovelier—you will really be in tune with life!

★ 10 shades free! ★

(Or—to paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER (8-40)
Toronto 12, Ontario.
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder plus a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY PROV.



Minister of Character

Through a long lifetime, he has won and held the respect and friendship of men of every faith. His humanity knows no bounds of creed, and his own life has been the most inspiring sermon he ever preached.

He would see nothing inconsistent in a man's making a religion of his business—, in fact, it would seem a perfectly natural thing that one should put into his daily tasks the finest that is in him. Character isn't something you can wear on Sunday and leave in a bureau drawer on Monday. You achieve character by living up to a certain set of standards so long you couldn't go back on them anytime or anywhere. If you once start compromising, there is nothing left.

That is the basis for our own belief that any product should be made as good as possible, even though that quality might seem higher than is absolutely necessary. Especially is this true of motor oil. For the protection of a costly motor ... yes even the safety of the passengers, may depend on the ability of the oil to do the impossible in one of those sudden emergencies that afford the real measure of character. Quaker State Oil Refining Company of Canada, Ltd., 437 Fleet Street, West, Toronto, Ontario.

Trust your car to the Oil of CHARACTER!



cost the town more than a hundred and fifty in the long run and we figured it was money well spent saying a lawsuit the way it did. It certainly worked out good for Grandpaw Foglesby especially since his old leg had been pretty nearly worn out and he had been saving up to buy a new one anyway. We didn't know about that until afterward.

But it was a lucky thing for him that he broke the old leg in Wakeville instead of in Wapahoosa Township. Two more steps the other side of the lamp post would have done it.

Chief of Staff

Continued from page 9

was Ironside and among Crerar's instructors were Gort and Brooke while Dewing, now Director of Military Operations and Plans at the British War Office, sat beside him in the lecture room.

Later, from 1925 to 1927, Crerar served on the General Staff of the War Office. Strangely enough, in the light of events, he was in charge of that section of the War Office which dealt with Home Defense. He in fact drew up a plan for the defense of Great Britain and Ireland—in those days the British still held the Free State coast defenses. Also he was the War Office representative on several sub-committees of the Committee on Imperial Defense, one of them dealing with "Air Raid Precautions." Returning to Canada in 1927 it was but natural that he should shortly find himself as Professor of Military Tactics at the R.M.C.

Thus came the military erudition of the man Andy McNaughton chose to plan the reorganization of Canada's militia.

That he should have been called from R.M.C.—whence he had returned after his reorganization scheme was finished—when the present war broke out was inevitable. They sent him to London to pave the way for the Canadian Active Service Force, and it was characteristic of the man, of his hatred of fuss and feathers that when he landed in London last October his total staff consisted of one assistant and a stenographer.

In London, as was to have been expected, he did his job efficiently. The British War Office was familiar ground to him. To most of the red-tabbed British staff officers he was just "Harry" and they "Bill or" Jack" or "Bob." In getting things going smoothly and in harmony this made a difference. There came speedily into being in London the Canadian Military Headquarters—nerve centre of Canadian forces in Britain.

Now he is back in Ottawa—Major-General Crerar-Chief of the General Staff. In that high post, number one in our military effort, he will get things done. An efficient man with a cool clear brain and impatient with dullards, he will cut through red tape have the courage to deal at once with anything that smacks of politics or of favoritism, or of the military curse of promotion by seniority. It is not without significance that already his appointment has been followed by a considerable number of shake-ups in Defense Headquarters.

Sports—International Politics

PERSONALLY in his habits, outlook on life and social contacts, 'Harry' Crerar is the antithesis of the Nazi militarist. All his life he has loved games, and played them. At Upper Canada College he broke his leg playing football one year broke his ankle playing hockey the next year. He loves sailing, has always owned a boat of some kind, and only a year ago he won the Fourteen foot Dinghy Class in a field of some twenty-four at the Muskoka Lakes Annual Regatta. With a golf club or a tennis racket he can hold his own with most, and at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, where he played for several years, he had a handicap of nine, which is pretty good in most company.

Lieut.-General McNaughton, at home with his family, makes toys. Major-General Crerar at home with his family uses his own camera, develops his own pictures. He has two children. His daughter Peggy was married at Aldershot last year to Lieut. H. Z. Palmer an officer in the Canadian Artillery and she is in England doing war work. His seventeen-year-old son Peter, is a student at Upper Canada College. Mrs. Crerar, cultured and charming, is extremely popular in Ottawa.

"Harry" Crerar will not talk about himself. Pressed he will admit that he has studied military tactics, browsed over a good many campaigns. Also he will admit—what all his Ottawa friends know—that he has long been a student of international affairs. He used to attend the meetings of the Ottawa branch of the Institute of International Affairs.

Now with terrific tasks thronging his desk, he still finds time to keep up with the high lights of world events and of international politics. For recreation, to get his mind off certain things when he thinks it needs rest, he sometimes picks up a novel, or a detective story, or a book of adventure. Mostly though, his light in the Defense Department Headquarters building burns long after midnight.

He is fifty two years old, and his family background is Scottish. Highland for good measure.

St. Lawrence-Main

Continued from page 19

less art work is not as popular as the old entwined hearts and the reliable mailed fist with scroll—the scroll is for the lady's name.

A seedy citizen about the size of most ex-jockeys lamented the scarcity of "books." He finds he has to go all the way uptown now to place a bet at an outside track and they don't like small bets on Peel Street. Still he is philosophical about it all and prepared to be patient. "I guess it won't be more than a week or two till they're back again."

The United States Government claims it will be three years anyway till Mike Annenberg has his wire operating again but it would be tough to bet that anyone with coin to place on a horse couldn't do it—they do most everything on the Main.

As night falls again on St. Lawrence Boulevard the lights of the street prepare their warpaint. The panhandler with the lonely dollar in his pocket the day before has seen some of it heard most of it, and smelled all of it. After a few hours wandering round the waterfront, listening to the lake boats greet ocean-going liners, a papeful of tabac au naturel between his teeth he may look for new pastures.

In fifty or a hundred years time the architectural scenery will have changed at the corner of St. Catherine and St. Lawrence Boulevard but no prodigal sun will be misled. Cap tilted over one eye and paying no attention to the street signs, he will turn down the Main as unerringly as a homing pigeon—the aroma of hot greasy grub guiding him like an airline beam!

OVERSEAS



$2.50 SENDS 1,000 "BRITISH CONSOLS" "EXPORT" or "LEGION" Cigarettes

to any single Military Address Overseas

CANADIAN SOLDIERS C.A.S.F. UNITS ONLY

Mail Orders and Remittance to:— OVERSEAS DEPARTMENT

W. C. MACDONALD INC., Box 1929—Place d'Armes, Montreal, Canada

This offer subject to any change in Government Regulations

SEND THE BOYS THE BEST

Mothersills



SEASICK REMEDY

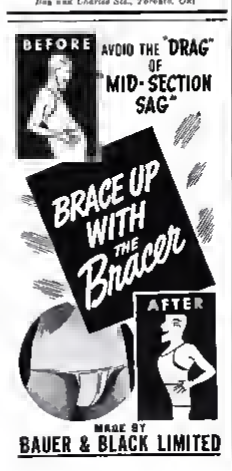
Quickly Relieves Travel Sickness

ACCOUNTANCY

AND ALLIED SUBJECTS

The three Higher Accounting Courses by Mail prepare for all accounting positions. Choose the Blue Course, 40 years of success. 100 expert accountants for reference. The broader your knowledge the better qualified you are for advancement when the opening occurs. Course is planned in 3 sections—we can finish step with you at any stage and guide you to the top. Allied subjects include Cost Accounting, Auditing, Corporation Finance, Practical Banking, Business Administration, Secretarial Practice, Economics, Commercial Law, etc.

Write for Catalogue, State Schools, Dept. H.C.81 Bay and Charles Sts., Toronto, Ont.



Dust On My Shoulder

Continued from page 7—Starts on page 5

Henri left holding the bag. Mind you I don't say Perry was in the room. He may not have been. When I caught sight of him he was coming away from the door—definitely."

"Thanks a lot, Helen."

Power went along to bed. As he climbed between the restful sheets he could see that Perry Tallant was the sort of man who might do a desperate thing where his emotions were involved. Not as much because he wanted Lily for his own, but because he wanted to set her free. His was the type of temperament that would revolt against her bondage to a creature like Harry Fanshawe.

Van Stuyden might commit a murder, too, but not for either of three reasons. It would have to be a need much more direct than love or sentiment. The sort of situation where only a murder could clear up an untidiness that was cluttering his life.

And then there was Corry Blayde. What had Blayde and Fanshawe been quarrelling about? That was something that'd have to be looked into.

HE HAD barely fallen off to sleep when the phone rang again. This time it was Lily Fanshawe—low, tense voice—indeed her whisper—that sibilated along the wire. "Kent! There's someone in the house—downstairs! Will you come, please? I'm terribly afraid!"

"Where is he?"

"In the library. I think."

"Stay where you are and lie doggo. I'll be right up!"

He drew trousers over pyjamas, shoes over bare feet, and pulled on a coat as he hurried along the hall. It was certainly not fifteen minutes after he got the call until he was tiptoeing over a lawn toward a back window. But when he peered into it he saw nothing but darkness. He went around to the other side of the house and threw a pebble up at a half-open window. When the whiteness of a face appeared he called: "Come down and let me in. He's gone!"

But he had *been* there. They found the library devastated. Papers scattered everywhere, drawers emptied even the books had been dragged from their shelves and their pages flushed. The small wall safe had been opened.

Power turned to the girl. "He must have had a key to open it, and a key to the front door. Great Scott!" He caught her by the arm. "Ring Sergeant Pamneau! Tell him to meet me at Harry's office—and not to spare the horses!"

The façade of the office building at de Montigny Street certainly showed no sign of life. He ascended a narrow and apologetic flight of stairs—this was an elevator building—to the third floor back. With a mounting tension. The thoroughness of the search of Fanshawe's library suggested strongly that the thing sought there had not been found. In the sheer logic of events the searcher must have come here.

He tiptoed noiselessly toward a frosted glass door with the wording "H. J. Fanshawe" black on its surface. He halted suddenly a yard from it.

A light had flickered inside!

He took a step forward. His fingers found the door handle, turned it silently. Then he flung it wide open and stepped inside.

All right!" he snapped. "The game's up!"

But not that game. He ducked something that came whirring through the air and reached for the light switch. From the swift shadow that swept toward him a stream of molten metal seemed to shoot



MOTOR WITH CONFIDENCE..

USE DEPENDABLE

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

When you decide to pick up and go on a motor trip, it's wise to have the "pick up and go" that a new set of Champion Spark Plugs brings to every engine. Make a friend of your car and you will find it ready and fit for any adventure.

Champion Spark Plugs, the choice of the world's greatest racing champions on land, water, and in the air, make every engine a better performing engine. Their new and exclusive Silimet seal (material and process patented) keeps them permanently free from troublesome gas leakage, common to ordinary spark plugs, and holds them within their designated heat range. Thus, pre-ignition and fouling are eliminated, and absolutely uniform ignition in every cylinder is assured.

This is but one of the many exclusive and patented features which make Champions the choice of champions and the majority of motorists throughout the world. For maximum performance and dependability, demand Champions for your car. Remember, for the greatest economy, all spark plugs should be tested and cleaned at regular intervals, and replaced every 10,000 miles.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Made in Canada since 1919



into his head and down the back of his neck. Pain broke in a brilliant constellation and then went dead out in the void of timeless space.

IT WAS Sergeant Papineau's face that came finally through the headache. He was lying on his back, the office lights were on, two policemen stood by the door, one of whom was whispering regretfully across the back of his hand. "Cripes, ya can't kill that guy!"

Power sat up and leaned against the wall. He shook the fog out of his eyes. "Where's the body?"

"But there is no body—only yours."

"I mean Fanshawe's." Power staggered to his feet.

At the morgue, Dr. Morin does the post-mortem tomorrow."

"Go and see if there's a key ring in the pants pocket. If there is, bring it here. I suppose you got here too late to run into my assassin?"

"Non—there is only yourself, lying so peaceful."

Power went over to the office safe. It had been opened and its contents scattered. The same searcher in the same hurry. He glanced around the office. It typified Harry Fanshawe. Furniture that tried to impress, yet had taken on that characteristic shabbiness.

Papineau came back with a chain at whose end no key ring hung. "*Regardez!* There is not ing—*rien de tout!*"

Power sat down to the phone and dialled a number. "Lily did Harry usually wear his key ring on the end of the chain that goes with his evening clothes? Thanks a lot. I'm having Sergeant Papineau send a man down to keep an eye on your house. You can sleep safely the rest of the night."

He turned to Papineau. "Fanshawe's murderer stole his keys. He wanted something Fanshawe had—some paper or other."

The sergeant glanced around the office. "What is the business of M'sieu Fanthawe?"

"Promoter of sorts."

"Then it can be anyt ng that paper?"

Power sat frowning into space. "This sort of muddies up the pool. Suffering saints, how my head aches! My first thought on this murder was that it was done on Mrs. Fanshawe's account. You don't know her, Pap, but she's one of those women that you can't forget. When the married Fanshawe fate handed her one of its rewest deals. There were two people at that house last night who'll be glad of her freedom—the Dutchman himself and Perry Tallant. I thought it might be as simple as all that, but not now. It looks as if Fanshawe was murdered not for love, but a scrap of paper. If we knew what was on that scrap we might know who did the murder. I wonder what Corry Blayde knows about it?"

"And what is the business of this M'sieu Blayde?"

"Airplane manufacturer."

Papineau gave him a sharp glance, opened his mouth to say something but seemed to think better of it.

Power rose rubbing his temples. "I'm going home to bed and aspirin. I'll meet you at the Dutchman's at nine o'clock. We've still got a few rows to hoe up there."

VAN STUYDAM'S house stood on a steep descending ground. From the sidewalk you stepped into the second floor and walked downstairs to get to the living room, which with its verandah overlooked the garden and the city below. This morning Power and the sergeant took the tradesmen's gate and the flight of stone steps down to the kitchen door. They didn't enter the kitchen but skirted the jog in the house beyond. On the far wall of that there was a door leading to the butler's pantry. Against this same southern wall stood a glass greenhouse and then you came to the three stone steps leading up to the French window of the room in which Fanshawe had been murdered.

Power mounted to the window and frowned at its bow handle. "Go inside and unlatch it. I don't want to touch it. Bring a screwdriver."

He unscrewed the handle and, wrapping it carefully in his handkerchief, slipped it into his pocket.

A lean figure came up from the garden below. "Good morning, gentlemen." The elder Van Stuydam greeted them gravely. He was dressed in old tweeds, but they hung from him neatly and coolly. "Please, I do not disturb you?"

"We're just looking around," Power said.

They moved slowly down the pathway and came to the steps at the foot of the verandah. All but Papineau, who had remained behind, Power sat down on the steps and said, "You have a great view from here."

"You like?" The older man seated himself, too. "It is very distressing this business," he exclaimed. "I regret it very much for my son."

There was something very likable about the old Dutchman, something very touching in his regard for his son.

"Your room is directly above the one in which the murder took place, Mr. van Stuydam?"

"Ach, yes!"

"You were there at the time?"

"Of course! I am sitting by the window reading—a very interesting study of one of your American women. Her name is Kitty."

"Hear anything unusual?"

The old man shook his head. "Not'ing of importance, Mr. Power. There was the young man who peeked at the window."

Power swung sharply. "The French window?"

"Of course! But he has only peek and go away."

"Perry Tallant!"

"You're certain he didn't enter the room?"

"Ach, very much certain! I hear first his step on the path. So I look down. He walks up to the window. He looks in. He goes away. So! You shall take my word, please?"

Papineau sauntered around the corner. "The old man rose. 'You will like perhaps a liddle drink na?'"

He seemed disappointed when they refused.

Back in his laboratory Power said presently, laying down a test tube, "There was lead arsenate on that door handle."

Papineau chuckled. "I am still the gardener." He brought from his pocket a pair of old leather gardening gloves. "Per'aps you try dese. I find them in the greenhouse."

Ten minutes later Power had another test tube back in the rack. "That does it," he said. "The murderer wore those gloves. He came out through the door from the butler's pantry. He stepped into the greenhouse and got the gloves. Then he let himself in through the French window. He did that somehow without Fanshawe either hearing or seeing him. Then he struck. He caught Fanshawe under the arms as he fell and dragged him to the couch—which explains the lead arsenate smudges. He shaped out the way he came in and snapped the lock."

"It marches!

"Where? There are a lot of things in this case that may mean something or nothing. Why did Van Stuydam and Fanshawe go into that room together last night and what did they talk about? Why a few minutes later did Corry Blayde go in and quarrel with Fanshawe? Do those two incidents tie up, or are they just coincidental?"

Papineau ruminated a moment before stating. "Me, I have an idea."

"Shoot."

"You say M'sieu Blayde manufactures the airplanes, *non?* You say also M'sieu Fanshawe as been a promoter—a shady character?"

"I always thought so."

"We are at war. M'sieu Blayde makes the airplanes for the army. He 'as some secret process per'aps. M'sieu Fanshawe steals it. He tries to sell it to M'sieu van Stuydam, but per'aps he tries the double-cross, so M'sieu van Stuydam smacks 'im down. But he does not find the plans in M'sieu Fanshawe's pockets, so he goes to 'is house—to office."

"What the devil does Van Stuydam want with airplane plans?"

"Per'aps he is not a Dutchman. Per'aps he is a German."

Power threw back his head and laughed. "You've been seeing too many Walt Disney pictures, Pap!"

"You t'ink so?" Papineau was inclined to be belligerent about it. "Who 'as tell you first the significance of lead arsenate? Who 'as find the gloves which are impregnate wit' it? Per'aps I get that from a Walt Disney picture!"

Power shook his head. "It's screwy."

"It is screwy when Columbus starts to sail the ocean? It is screwy when Marconi starts to send a message wit'out wires!"

POWER swung suddenly. "All right, it isn't screwy. Fanthewe had some document somebody else wanted. It wasn't on him. It wasn't in the safe at his house or at his office. Where is it?"

"If I say 'is safety-deposit box at 'is bank, per'aps dat is screwy, too."

"Mrs. Fanshawe'll know. Have her open it for you and bring the winnings to Van Stuydam's house. I'm going to reassemble last night's guests and put them through the sieve again."

When Power arrived at the house on Redpath Crescent he took the tradesmen's gate again and went directly to the greenhouse. One by one he proceeded to examine the garden tools he found there, but none of them proved what he wanted. Some weapon had been used against the dead man's skull, and it should be here if anywhere.

But it wasn't. Yet Fanshawe's murderer had slipped through that French window with something more compact in his hand than a shovel or a hoe. Suddenly his glance fell on the last of a row of flats in which next year's perennials were being brought along. From one corner some of the plants had been lifted. Under some of the others the earth had cracked above a peculiar ridge.

His long thin fingers suddenly plowed into the soft humus, came out again with a twelve inch length of old brass piping—the sort of thing out of which your handy gardener might improvise a dibber. The earth was abnormally adherent at one end. Power wiped some of it away with a piece of newspaper; it was darkly red and sticky underneath.

When he reached the verandah Van Stuydam was shaking cocktails for most of last night's guests. Papineau and Lily Fanshawe had not arrived yet.

"We have a liddle drink while we wait for you, Mr. Power." The big Dutchman was trying valiantly to overcome the restraint which hung over the verandah. But his handsome seemed forced and there was a harassed look in his blue eyes. "You like one?"

Power took the glass and turned to Corwin Blayde. "This can't make the headache I've had since last night any worse," he said with a wry grin.

"Whatever you're pulling I hope you do it in a hurry," Blayde said in his brusque way. "I've got an important meeting at four."

"We start now." Power turned to Van Stuydam. "Do you mind?"

It is for you to say." The big Dutchman turned to his guests. "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Power has something to say to us, please."

IN THE silence that fell so suddenly Power leaned against the table. "There are one or two matters I want to clear up." He turned to Corwin Blayde. "Did you enter the office last night from the hall or did you come in from outside through the French window?"

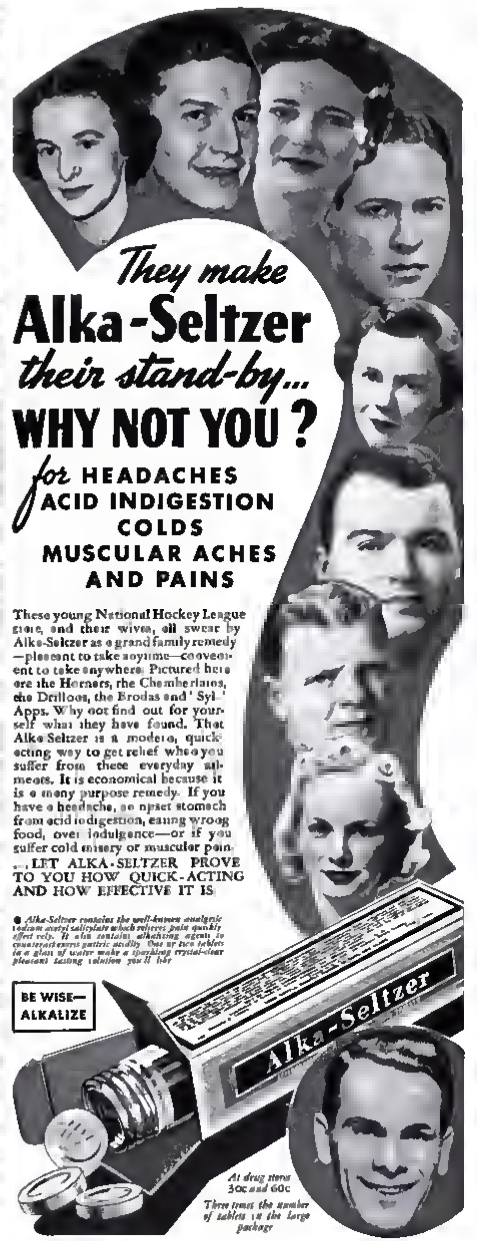
"From the hall." Blayde had that chip on his conversational shoulder again.

"Was the French window open?"











Every 25¢ counts

It Buys One Stamp

...and 16 Stamps Buy ONE $5

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATE

Quarters, dimes, nickels—even pennies—they all help to fill Canada's War Chest when used to buy War Savings Stamps.

Use War Savings Stamps as prizes—as presents—as gifts to children When shopping take your change in War Savings Stamps. *Always remember—the more you buy, the more you save.*

THE ROYAL BANK

OF CANADA

War Saving Stamps are sold at every Branch of this Bank

QUICK, MOTHER! 'DETTOL'!



Don't risk INFECTION...

Apply 'DETTOL' at Once!

● Cuts, burns, scratches, chaps—an open door to infection. *Delay means danger!* That's why every home—especially every home with children, should have 'DETTOL' *always on hand!* 'DETTOL' is the modern, non-poisonous antiseptic now used in Canadian hospitals. Give your home this same protection. Get 'DETTOL' Antiseptic at your druggist's today.

USE 'DETTOL' ALSO FOR SORE THROAT AND ALL PERSONAL USES

'DETTOL' Offers You All These Qualities!
Non-Poisonous!
Non-Staining!
Several Times as Strong as Pure Carbolic Acid!
Gentle to Human Tissue!
Agreeable Odour!



'DETTOL'
(REG'D TRADE MARK)
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

"I don't know. There was a screen in front of it."

Power turned to the big Dutchman. "Perhaps you can tell us, Mr van Stuydam."

Van Stuydam rubbed his chin as though he were trying to recollect. Suddenly Blayde snapped his fingers. "Yes, it was open! I remember now!"

That settled one point. Screen and open door made patently plausible why Fanshawe had neither heard nor seen his murderer's approach.

Power turned to Blayde again. "Where did you go when you left the room?"

"Back into the hall."

"Then where?"

Blayde hesitated. Irritation seemed to be yeasting in his eyes. He replied with a shrug. "Into the dining room."

"How long were you there?"

"Until Henri came in and broke the news."

"You were alone all that time?"

"Yeah."

"Any reason for your solitude?"

"Of course there was!" snapped Blayde. "I was ripsnorting mad!"

"What about?"

"Look here, Kent, Harry Fanshawe's dead, and there's no need raking up unnecessary dirt. We had a quarrel, but it had nothing to do with his death."

"We'd better know, Corry."

"All right, then. I discovered day before yesterday that he's been representing to American interests that he was in a position to act as my agent. I wrote him a letter about it yesterday morning. Last night I faced him down with it and dotted the i's."

"You used to own this house, didn't you, Corry? Sold it to Mr van Stuydam."

"You know that—why ask? And look here, Kent, if you think *I* killed Harry, you're full of leatherets!"

Power turned to Van Stuydam. "You met Lily Fanshawe at the foot of the verandah steps last night. How did you get there?"

"I have come out here and descend."

"You're sure you didn't slip out through the butler's pantry and down by the side of the house?"

"I am quite sure. I am very sure!"

Power turned to the others. "Did any of you see him come out?"

IT WAS the elder Van Stuydam who answered almost before the question had left Power's lips. "I shall have heard him from my window if he passed along the path below, Mr Power."

And then Perry Tallant said—as though jealousy grudged it—"I saw him. He came down the verandah steps."

Perhaps Power had not expected this gilt-edging of the big Dutchman's alibi. He looked rather nonplussed.

He said to Tallant: "You went to the French window and looked in a few minutes before twelve."

The other pulled. Denial quivered on his lips, but Power said: "You were seen."

Tallant said: "Yes—I went to the window."

A breathless silence held the others.

"You saw Fanshawe on the couch—dead?"

"Yes."

"You knew he was dead?"

"No!" It came vehemently. Tallant half-rose from the chair in which he was sitting.

"Then why did you go to the window?"

There was a cornered look in Tallant's dark eyes. His glance wavered instinctively. And then he said: "I knew he was to be there. I was going in to talk to him."

"Care to say what about?"

"No." It came very definitely. Tallant's mouth set into the stubborn lines of silence as he dropped back into his chair—at which moment Papineau appeared with Lily Fanshawe in the doorway.

While Van Stuydam strode over to greet Lily the sergeant crossed to where Power stood and handed him some papers. "Let's take 'em inside," Power said.



Nugget's brilliant waterproof shine retains its smartness longer. That's why Nugget is Canada's most popular shoe polish.

Black, Blue and all shades of Brown



CORNS GO FAST

● Quicker Relief Than Before!
● Easier Removal

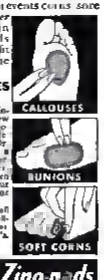


Now you can enjoy freedom from tormenting corns and callouses and stop their cause—shoe friction and pressure with the *New Super-Soft* Dr Scholl's Zino-pads. This new development is the outcome of 35 years of study, laboratory and clinical tests. Relieves pain quicker; stops shoe friction and pressure, prevents corns, sore toes, blisters. ¢30% *softer than before.* New, thin Scalloped Edge model pads to fit with lot more smoothness. Don't come off in the bath.

CORNS—CALLOUSES Quickly Removed

Separate Medications are included in every box of the New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for quickly removing corns or callouses. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads cost but a trifle—greater value than ever. Sizes to Fit Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today at your Drug Store, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter.

Remember—There is a Dr. Scholl Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for Most Every Foot Trouble. Insist on Dr. Scholl's.



NEW *Super-Soft* Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

They went into the living room. "She is there!" Pap breathed. "What you want! *Regarde!*"

Power read. And as he read a puzzled look came into his eyes. These documents led up a road that had been already closed.

Suddenly he shot to his feet. "I'll be back—in half an hour! Tell Van Stuydam!"

"Blackmail, eh?"

He dashed upstairs.

He was back in thirty-five minutes. When he arrived he said to Van Stuydam: "I have a little more information for you. You can go now."

Corry Blayde swung on him. "That's no way to dismiss us. If you know anything we've a right to know it, too. I have anyway."

"Have a little more patience, Corry," Power said wearily.

When the last guest had gone, Power suddenly realized that only he and Papineau and Van Stuydam were left on the verandah. "Where's your father?" he asked sharply.

"He has gone up to his—" The words froze on the big Dutchman's tongue. "*Hyrgott!*"

He dashed into the house up the stairs. Presently he came back—when terribly agitated. "He is not there!"

"This way!" Power said and sprang down the verandah steps.

They found the elder Van Stuydam in the greenhouse. They found him lying in a heap on the floor. There was a glass on the bench from which he had evidently drunk—a glass frosted with white powder.

"*Sacré nom!*" Papineau gasped. "He is the lead arsenate again!"

LATER in that same office in which Harry Fanshawe had died, Power sat with the grief-stricken Van Stuydam. "We found a file of your letters in Fanshawe's safety-deposit box," Power said. "They're on the letter headings of the Gestapo Foreign Department. You worked in the Nazi interests here in Canada, Mr van Stuydam."

The big man shook his head brokenly. "I had been a fool—a tragic fool! Like so many others. Mr Power, I was deluded by that man Hitler. I allow myself to be persuaded it is good to spread this gospel. But two years ago I go home to Holland. I meet my cousin who has returned from Germany. Finally I am persuaded that I had made a terrible mistake—that what I had lent myself to will destroy civilization. I am through with it from that moment. I return to Canada and break my relations with them."

"Too bad you didn't destroy those papers."

"But I am doing that—the very night I return I am sitting at this desk—in this very room—burning my bridges. My wastebasket is full. And then my friends come to welcome me home. I am very touched. All the more I realize I had done well to cut myself from the past. But I am stupid. I think these all my good friends. I think harm of no one. We have a very pleasant evening. But when they are gone and I return to this room, I realize that my wastebasket has been ransacked. One month after the war breaks out I have a call from Fanshawe. He threatens to expose me to the government."

"Blackmail, eh?"

"*Hyrgott!* From that day to this! But I should never had tell my poor father. He sees I am worried and gets it from me. We had always been close—like brothers—always. So he does this terrible thing for my sake—for me. But how? He comes from his own room when I call him to play for me."

Power spoke gently. "Your father got to Fanshawe by slipping down the back stairs, and then along to the door leading outside from the butler's pantry. That's why no one saw him."

Van Stuydam suddenly lifted his clenched hands. "Why did I not suspect? I could had done something to save him. But I thought it is Corry. Corry quarrelled with Fanshawe—there was bad blood between them. And then I am selfish. I am taken up with my own need. I see him lying there dead and I say: 'It is Corry!' Then I say: 'Here is your chance—those letters! You must get them before they fall into other hands!' So when you had all left my house I go his house—his office—'

"Then it was you who cracked down on me last night?"

"Please! You will forgive! I am desperate at that moment! But that is the tragedy—I am too desperate last night. I am thinking too much of myself to suspect the truth—to do what might had been done to save my father from discovery. How had you known it is he?"

"When I read the letters I knew it must be you or him. But you alibi was complete. I went to his room and found the jacket he was wearing last night. There was leaf arsenate on the cuffs where the gloves had rubbed them."

"Ach, my poor father!"

The big man buried his face in his hands and began to sob. Because there was nothing he could do or say, Power rose to his feet and tiptoed from the room. He met Papineau in the hall and held the letters out to him. "Go and burn these in the kitchen," he said. "They've done enough damage."

And then he went to the telephone. "I'm speaking from Henri van Stuydam's, Lily," he said. "He is great trouble. Will you come up?"

Lily said she'd come.

On the way down the Mountain Papineau turned with a challenging look in his eye. "Perhaps I do not hit the nail *exactement* on the head—but am I be screwy wit' my ideas?"

"You," Power said, "are like a woman. You insist on the last word."

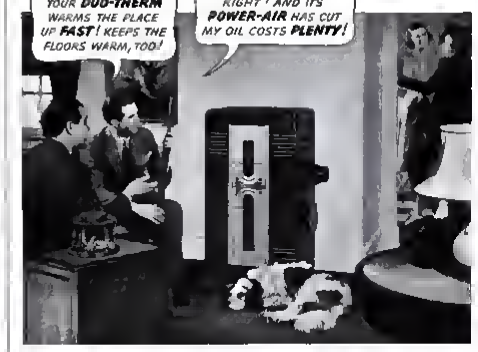
"We Shall Show Mercy!"

(Dedicated to The Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill)

Whilst tears of mind responsive to brave words
Whilst there is heart thrills to its mother's call,
Whilst one soul lives that loves green trees and birds,
Lush meadow land or laughing waterfall
Whilst yet one spot remains where free men dwell,
May laugh, be gay love, work and live in peace,
Show courage in adversity nor tell
Their woes abroad, nor seek ease release.

Whilst there's an England, where men's hearts may burn,
When darkness and fierce tempest overawes,
As men of wrath ravage and slay and burn
Regardless of God's grace or Horeb's laws,
Churchill's great words shall ring down through the years,
Soothing men's troubled minds, calming their fears.
"Until our task is finished! Victory upon
We shall SHOW mercy, but *WE'LL ASK FOR NONE!*"

—David Grieve Tuckwell.



Amazing new heater drives "Fireside Warmth" to every corner!

THIS winter, enjoy fast, clean, convenient, trouble-free oil heat!

Heat which is *driven* down to warm your floors—heat which is *forced* into other rooms and chilly corners—heat which now costs you less than oil heat ever did before—thanks to Duo-Therm's new Power-Air!

Like a modern furnace! Duo-Therm's Power Air blower drives heat all through your house—gives you quick heat on frosty mornings—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform, "floor to-ceiling" comfort!

Here, for the first time in a fuel oil heater, is *positive* forced heat like that of a modern, expensive basement furnace! And Power Air means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power Air give you better heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power Air kept the house *warmer*—while using LESS OIL than a heater without Power Air!

And Power Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

More reasons why you'll want a Duo-Therm! Turn the handy front panel dial—and get just the heat you want, for cold fall days or for the coldest weather! Open this radiant door and out pours a flood of cheerful warmth! Special wear-stopper saves fuel! Duo-Therm's famous Blue-Baffle Burner gives you *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—*always* burns cleanly, silently, *safely*—in any setting. (All models listed on stand-ard by the Underwriters Laboratories.)

Gives you under summer, too!



In scorching weather, switch on your Power-Air blower—and it pours out a cooling 27-mile-an hour breeze!

America's most popular heater costs us more! Even with Power-Air you pay no more for a Duo-Therm than other heaters! And your dealer will tell you about the easy payment plan. Go to your nearest Duo-Therm dealer today—and look over all the 12 beautiful models! They heat 4 to 6 rooms—some in either the console or upright cabinet type—and all be equipped with Power-Air.

For complete information, fill out the coupon below and mail it—now!

Uneven heat without Power Air!



This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!

All-over, even heat with Power-Air!



Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 16° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

Copr 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. ¹ Patent applied for

New All-Weather

DUO-THERM

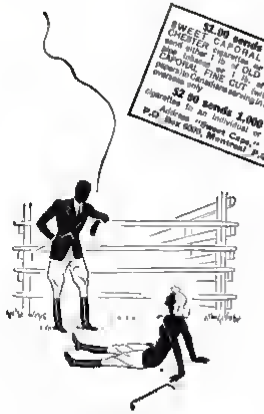
Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

W J ADDISON LTD.
Dept. M-40 1211 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Send me without obligation, your complete illustrated catalog.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Province.....



"What happened? Did you fall off?"
"No, I just fell for a Sweet Cap!"

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES
"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."



GOING DOWN! There's many a little spill at Jespfrog. And many a little cut or scratch. But after the cut has been treated properly, a quickly applied Band-Aid will help keep out the dirt. Band-Aid's a neat, ready made bandage of gauze and adhesive. Just stick one on . . . it stays on . . . even on hard to-bandage places. Ideal for minor cuts, burns, or blisters. Buy a box of genuine *Band-Aid* today. It's made only by Johnson & Johnson, and you can buy it at all drug stores.

Johnson-Johnson
BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES
BAND-AID

Matter of Fact

By HENRY ASHBERY

The heads of two families in England have the right to wear their hats in the King's presence. Both these families are jealous of this privilege and have resisted all attempts to abolish it. Over 700 years ago King John gave the Lords of Kingsdale the right to remain covered in the King's presence. William Foster risked his life to protect Henry VIII, and the descendants, who now bear the title of Lord Forester, still preserve the privilege.

★

The Marquis of Hastings died at Malta in 1826. During his last illness he learned that his wife could not be buried in the same sepulchre in which he wished his body to rest, so he requested that after his death his right hand be cut off, preserved and placed in the coffin along with the body of his Marchioness, for whom he had the greatest affection. His wish was fulfilled several years later.

Rudyard Kipling wrote this tribute to his wife on the title page of a volume he gave to Cambridge University:

He's the man that wrote The Jungle Books—likewise The Seven Seas.
He's the man that knows the private soldier's life—
He's the man that gets the credit—
but he owns on bended knees
He isn't any good without his Wife.
R.K.

★

Socrates said, "Marry by all means. If you get a good wife you will become very happy. If you get a bad one you will become a philosopher—and that is good for every man.

★

The height of a wave in feet equals the square root of the "fetch" in nautical miles multiplied by the constant 0.5. Or, backward the distance a wave has come equals its height, divided by 1.5 and the quotient squared. Working this formula backward shows how tremendous the fetch (or long stretch of sea spaces) through which the millers follow a ship. For a sixty foot wave a fetch of at least 1400 miles is necessary. In great storms, waves of more than sixty feet in height are rare. In the Atlantic waves 1,050 feet long with a velocity of forty-six nautical miles per hour have been observed.

★

The northeast wind in the Northern Hemisphere and the southeast wind in the Southern Hemisphere are called the trade winds. The name was not given to these winds on account of their service to trade, but because they keep to a definite track. The word "trade" originally meant a track, the old German term being *trada*, and the Anglo-Saxon *trad*.

★

There is an organization to dissuade would be suicides. The National Save-a-Life League is in New York City, practicing antisuicide.

★

The Zulus of Africa have coined some war words. *Ingwenya tyaquanisaya* (crocodile which shoots) means submarine. *Inkonyana yengwenya tyaquanisaya* (the young of the submarine) means torpedo.

★

The word "aftermath" does not primarily mean unpleasant consequences. Aftermath is the crop of grass cut from the same soil after the first mowing in the summer.

★

These simple rules are given by your insurance companies, who want you to live long: Sit tall. Stand tall. Walk tall.

"I'LL TELL THE WORLD OF WOMEN—"



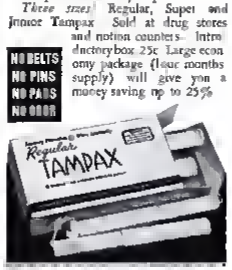
FAMOUS as Tampax has become, some women still can hardly believe it. It seems too good to be true—that all their pin-and-belt troubles are over and their monthly sanitary problems solved.

But millions of women are using Tampax and it is all very simple. Perfected by a doctor and *worn internally*, Tampax allows no bulge or line to show. You can enjoy greater freedom in dancing and in sports. No chafing, no odor. You can use tub or shower . . . You can laugh at yesterday's sanitary problems.

Tampax is the daintiest product imaginable. Each comes individually sealed in one hygienic applicator. The hands do not even touch the Tampax which is of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Comfortable and efficient, it cannot come apart and is easily disposed of later.

Three sizes! Regular, Super and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box 25c. Large economy package (four months supply) will give you a money saving of up to 25%.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LTD.
130 Duchess St., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me at once my generous trial package of Tampax. I enclose (to stamps or direct) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:
() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____ 5-PM

Aviator Types

A Perfect Physique Is The First Requirement, But A Keen Mind Is Necessary Too

IN THE magazine *Aviation*, Joseph G. Levine, captain in the Medical Reserve and flight surgeon of the U. S. Army, tells what makes an aviator, as follows:

When the question "What makes an aviator?" was put to a leading pilot he waved aside the idea that any special genius was his or contributed in any way to the making of any flier. "I think that in the future," he said, "anyone who can drive an automobile or motorcycle safely and efficiently ought to be able to fly an airplane in safety. Of course, in flying military transport and mail planes, perhaps something more is needed, but I do not think the idea that it takes an unusual man to fly is at all sound." Asked to name definite qualities necessary, he stressed particularly mechanical judgment. "It is the meticulous care concerning route and meteorology, and the intelligent handling of mechanical equipment that determines the pilot's length of usefulness in the air."

Of course the physical constitution of the flier must reveal no defects in all the essentials. The physical examination must be exacting and is most difficult to pass, for he is subjected to extremes in flying. There can be no history of epilepsy, syphilis, respiratory disease, kidney disease, or any other ailment that may tend to be chronic and recur. The heart, lungs, and nervous system must be sound and free from any defect. Often it is necessary for the military pilot to change direction suddenly at terrific speed. This may cause abdominal pooling of blood and brain anemia in those having a faulty circulatory system, with the possibility that the ship might be out of control long enough for an unexplained crash to follow.

The eyes should be perfect or rendered so by a slight lens correction. There can be no color blindness, for keen vision is essential in determining terrain for landing, night flying, bombing and in distinguishing military objectives at high altitudes. The glare of the sun from desert, water and snow, rapid variations in oxygen tension, extremes in temperature and weather, and the roar of the motor all tend to aggravate any weak condition in the near well individual and may even affect the normal pilot. This stress is tremendously increased during wartime flying.

Flying had a significant effect on the middle and inner ear. The magnitude of the ear problem in aviation may be judged from the fact that pilots suffer more frequently from disturbances of this organ than from all other occupational diseases combined. The conditions of flight which most affect the ear are changes of atmospheric pressure during ascent and descent, noise and possibly vibration. It has been pointed out that, at the present time, the atmospheric pressure factor is increasing in importance as a result of the increased climbing ability of modern aircraft, while the two latter conditions are decreasing in importance as a result of recent advances in aircraft design.

From experience it is known that certain types of physique may make for better fliers. Medically speaking, man is divided into three classes: the asthenic, athletic and pyknic or obese.

Most of the excellent fliers are known to come from the athletic group. This group consistently supplies the first grade pilots.

Yet it is observed that some of the superlative fliers are derived from the asthenic group. The more active glands of internal secretion of the man in this group perhaps speed up his metabolism or body processes. His reflexes and power of quick co-ordination are of the hair trigger variety. He is often proficient in all sports where accuracy of judgment, finesse, and polished skill are required. He may turn out to be a crack pilot.

Men of the pyknic type are rather unsatisfactory. Their excess poundage is the visible sign of slower reflex activity. Many of them may become good pilots, but as a general rule—to which there are exceptions—they do not make topnotch fliers. In emergencies they do not tend to do the right thing instinctively. It is not a question of intelligence or courage. Flying is usually not the field where they excel, though they do succeed in many professions.

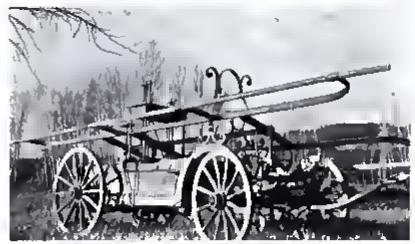
Military aviation is the field primarily for the young man. The most suitable ages are between twenty and thirty-preferably around twenty four. When one has learned to fly in youth, then with the constant increase of flying experience, he can safely carry on to middle age.

B. C.'s First Fire Pump

A QUAINT relic of days long past rests in the picturesque lakeside park at Kelowna, B.C.

Manufactured by William E. Worth of San Francisco in 1850, this fire pump helped quell the San Francisco fire of 1852. Replaced by better equipment, it was sold to New Westminster, B.C., and after years of usefulness there was moved to Yale, B.C., thence to Vernon, B.C. Finally in September, 1904, the pump came down the Okanagan Lake by scow to Kelowna, where it served as the town's first fire-fighting equipment.

Known as the "Broderick," it was manned by from ten to fifteen men on each side who worked the long handles up and down. Except for minor pilferings by souvenir hunters, this old pump is intact, its wooden wheels, handles and hardwood housing having stood the test of time well.—Bertram Chichester Rutland, B.C.



The "Broderick," Kelowna, B.C.



"It's sweet of you to want to help... but it's no work at all with Bon Ami!"

When a woman says, "Bon Ami is all the help I need"—she's really talking about something *much more important* than the ease and speed and thoroughness with which it cleans.

You see, Bon Ami is different from ordinary cleansers. It actually makes sinks and bathtubs easier *to keep clean!* For Bon Ami contains no harsh ingredients. It doesn't cover the porcelain with tiny scratches that later catch and hold dirt. Instead, Bon Ami leaves a smooth, highly-polished surface.

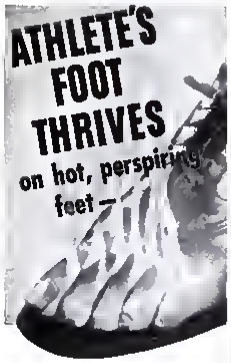
From now on, protect your costly kitchen and bathroom equipment with safe, quick-acting Bon Ami.

Bon Ami
keeps sinks bright and easy to clean..





MADE IN CANADA



CRACKS between your toes WARN YOU



The fungi that cause painful Athlete's Foot thrive in hot summer weather. If your feet soak and steam in socks wet with perspiration you may be headed for trouble! That excessive perspiration irritates the tender skin between your toes. Then, when cracks appear, raw flesh is exposed, making it easy for painful Athlete's Foot to infect your feet.

DRENCH those cracks at once!



Look for cracks between your toes tonight. Drench them with Absorbine Jr. full strength night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr.** is a powerful fungicide. It kills the Athlete's Foot fungi on contact.
2. It dissolves the perspirable products on which Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.
3. It dries the skin between the toes.
4. It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.
5. It relieves the itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Dust infected shoes liberally. If sore consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

ABSORBINE JR.
Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT fungi on contact



Also QUICK RELIEF for Sore, aching muscles • Tired, burning feet • Sunburn • Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects

Sample Bottle FREE

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F. 299 Lymans Building, Montreal, Que. Send me sample bottle of Absorbine Jr. FREE.

Name
Street
City Prov.

What Is Bravery?

Determination and Self-Control Are The Essentials, States An Authority

BRAVERY is mostly a matter of plain determination and anyone can train himself to be as brave as he needs to be, states an article in *Defence, The Soldiers' Magazine*, London. We are told:

The man who exposes himself recklessly in the front line is not brave but a plain fool who is not only throwing his own life away but is drawing the fire which may cause needless casualties among his comrades.

The country doesn't pay a soldier to get killed but to stay alive and kill enemies. It is the man who is the essence of caution and always keeps his head below the parapet will certainly not be thought much of.

You see, the soldier is first and foremost a practical man. His comment on any given action is: 'What's the use of it?' Recklessness can sometimes be essential. It may save a man's life or gain invaluable information or save precious time.

The difference usually is that the reckless fool performs his antics with a self-conscious swagger while the brave man does them as though they were the normal and obvious thing to do.

Bravery isn't a matter of what you feel like inside. The man who says he never feels afraid neither is liar or insane. Fear is an enormously powerful emotion implanted in us by nature for the purpose of preserving our lives. The only thing that will stimulate the adrenal glands to abnormal activity is fear.

Under its influence they greatly increase the secretion of their marvellous fluid which acts on the body as a supercharger acts on a car. It speeds up mind, nerves and muscles and enables us to perform feats of strength, agility and quick thinking that are normally far beyond our capacity.

Whether you are a hero or a coward depends on how you use the powers conferred upon you by this rush of adrenalin into the blood stream. If you use them to remove yourself as rapidly as possible to a place of safety you may be showing either reasonable caution or abject cowardice, depending on circumstances. The really brave man will always try to use the stimulus of fear in order to do the best he can for the cause he serves.

It is clear then that true bravery demands some thing more than indifference to personal danger. It needs expert knowledge. The more one knows, the better can one decide what is best to do in any given situation. The man who has mastered a job is unlikely to feel panic if called upon to do it in dangerous circumstances.

A large proportion of what we call bravery is just plain determination. If every man in a battalion is determined to capture a given objective that position will usually be carried. It was found again and again in the last war that supposedly impregnable positions could be captured by determined troops, whereas far more vulnerable places were successfully held against men who lacked this spirit.

Determination need not involve the element of risk. Many highly generals are dubious about battalions which have a large number of men falling out on route marches. They know that if men have insufficient perseverance to carry them through a twenty mile tramp in spite of fatigue they will not be likely to force their way forward until they get within bayonet thrust of the enemy.

Then again, there is the question of ruthlessness. I doubt whether a really brave man could be consistently ruthless and unselfish. It is not merely a matter of being able to ignore the danger of personal mutilation or death. In war one becomes curiously indifferent to such things. It requires far more bravery to order men one likes to do a job that will mean almost certain death while one stops behind in comparative safety.

A pilot who would go joyously into an aerial scrap against impossible odds would go almost crazy when promoted to a senior position he could only wait helplessly at the aerdrome and issue orders to others to do the dirty work.

Perhaps the most important attribute of bravery is self-control.

Staying in a spot because you have been ordered to stop there.

Looking cheerful and confident when you wish you were a thousand miles away.

Keeping your limbs steady when your knees want to do a tap dance.

Not that the outward signs of fear would matter much if you were alone. They are mostly simple physical reactions which would be almost exactly duplicated if a doctor gave you an injection of adrenalin and have little to do with the way you personally would behave.

But because fear can so easily develop into panic, and panic is communicated mainly by instinctive mimicry, it is vitally important to avoid giving way to open symptoms of fear.



HAVE YOU BEEN MISSING your full share of pencil value and writing pleasure? Then look into MIKADO. You'll be delighted with these extra service features.

Stronger Points
is Chemi-bonded MIKADO lead and wood are super bonded into one inseparable unit.

Smoother Writing
Every microscopic particle of MIKADO'S lead glides on a film of lubricating waxes sealed in by the super bonding process.

Longer Wear
Every lead will make a distinct black line over 35 miles long! 3c each - Less in quantities

EAGLE
"Chemi-Sealed"
[SUPER BONDED]
Trade Mark Registered
MIKADO
MADE IN CANADA

Double Features

Sam Goldwyn Says They Will Run Movie Industry; But Others Think Otherwise

THE OLD dispute as to whether movie theatres should run double or single features has broken out again. States Bosley Crowther in the New York *Times Magazine* and this time the question is raised by no less formidable an "auty" than Producer Samuel Goldwyn.

Mr. Goldwyn feels that at last the hour has struck for the American people to throw off the double-feature yoke. He is sublimely confident that the public is against double bills. But despite his persuasive insistence, there are others who are not quite so sure.

Mr. Goldwyn wants to do away with doubles for purely practical reasons. Along with other thoughtful folk he is much concerned over the state of the film industry. The total loss of the European market has taken a serious slice out of Hollywood's revenues. The domestic market, too, has been showing signs of decline. And production costs are rising.

Not many people need be told what a double feature is. The term of course refers to the trade practice of selling an audience two feature pictures—two BIG features as the advertisements usually say—instead of just one on a bill. It is a practice which prevails either all or part of the week in an estimated sixty per cent of the 17 000-odd film theatres throughout the country.

Most of the articulate groups, including film producers and theatre operators themselves, regard the double feature with undisguised loathing. For the past six or eight years it has been under an almost steady barrage of criticism and opposition. Women's clubs and parent-teacher groups throughout the country have been blasting away at it relentlessly, holding that the double bill is especially bad for children. Doctors have been saying it ruins the eyes. Tired businessmen have been muttering.

And yet double features remain. Why?

Well, Mr. Goldwyn says it is because of the short-sightedness of the Hollywood producers themselves. He says that the only way to scotch the double-feature "evil" is for Hollywood arbitrarily to make fewer pictures, to cut down or eliminate the 'cheap B product' turned out to supply the clamorous demand for double bills, and so force theatre operators to abandon them.

According to Mr. Goldwyn there are about 25 000,000 people in this country who financially able, still refuse to patronize motion pictures. Many of them, he believes, have become discouraged by the run of mediocre pictures they have witnessed in the double-feature "traps." Yet a large proportion of this group can be won back with good pictures, he maintains.

But how speaks the theatre operator who is a practical businessman too, mainly concerned right now with his day-to-day existence? How speak the customers—the mass of customers—at that most accurate of all polling booths, the box office?

Most theatre-owners in communities where "twin bills" prevail will tell you the same distressing story: their ears are constantly being bent by patrons who complain about the quality of the fare, yet business invariably goes to theatres which sell the "biggest show."

Most of the picture houses in this country are owned or controlled by the chains, most of which are in turn owned or controlled by the major producing companies. Within a certain community let us say there are nine movie theatres, three of them belong to one chain, three to another and three are independently operated. All are operating on a single-feature policy. But under this setup the independent houses find that periods occur when it is difficult for them to obtain first-rate pictures that the best product—what there is of it—goes to the chain-controlled theatres. In other words, the competition is too steep.

So in order to remain in business the independents are forced to do something drastic and one of them comes along with two pictures—two cheap pictures perhaps—for the price of one. He discovers that it boosts his business. The other two independents follow suit. Soon the chain-controlled houses observe that patronage is slipping away from them. So whenever they have a weak 'single' they bring in a 'second feature,' too. And soon the whole community is double feature.

So long as there is any section of the public which prefers the "bargain bills," there are likely to be theatres to attract them and so long as the theatres demand a product, there is going to be someone in Hollywood to make it for them.

10 CENTS A DAY BUYS A REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER



YOU WANT A PORTABLE TYPEWRITER
BUY THE FINEST—A NEW
REMINGTON

Several models to choose from and every one equipped with all the essentials of the larger machine. You can enjoy the efficiency of the standard size typewriter—combined with the convenience of the portable. Write today for illustrated catalogue and full particulars of our Deferred Payment Plan.

REMINGTON RAND LIMITED
199 BAY ST., DEPT. 134 TORONTO

Tell me without obligation, how to get a FREE TRIAL of the new REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER and details of your 10c. per day plan. Send catalogue.

Name
Address
City

Remington Rand Limited
Head Office: 199 Bay Street TORONTO
Branches in all Principal Cities

Lighter Complexion by using Mercolized Wax Cream



A simple way to remove the dull, dingy film of your complexion and reveal the lighter level of skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed—no parasitic help to fade off the older darkened skin that is sure to almost invisible particles revealing the lighter, younger-looking underskin. SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT a physician's lotion refines skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess oiliness. Contains Saxolite Astringent in one-half price. Wash hand and use this tingling lotion freely. PHELACTINE DEPILATORY removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

WANT TO MAKE EXTRA MONEY?

Whether you live in a small town or a large city, you can earn a substantial EXTRA income from your spare time.

MEN and WOMEN WANTED

We have vacancies in our organization for men and women of all ages who are anxious to make a steady income. The work is pleasant ... the profits are sound.

SEND THE COUPON FOR FREE INFORMATION!

Local Agents Department,
FIDELITY CIRCULATING COMPANY,
310 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.

I have extra time on my hands which I would like to convert into money. Send me full details.

Name
Address
City

French Warrior

General de Gaulle, Organizer of Free Frenchmen, Has Had Notable Career

LONG BEFORE the collapse of France the voice of General de Gaulle had been raised in warning: states an article by George Slocombe in *World Review*, and if the voice had been needed France might still be free. The article proceeds:

General de Gaulle who commands the force of free Frenchmen now being organized in this country is an exceptional figure among the higher officers of the French Army. The French generals I have known have tended to fall into one of two categories. They were of the social type like Gamelin, or of the intellectual type like Weygand and Ascetic General Huntziger.

But General de Gaulle falls into neither category. He is tall and muscular—the sporting type. He plays a fast game of tennis, he is a hard rider and a good hand at bridge. He has the appearance and the voice of a natural commander of men. He has a stern impersonal look. His voice is abrupt and expressive. He does not waste words in idle talk. A Frenchman who went to see him soon after his arrival in London came away feeling that he had failed to impress the general. De Gaulle, after a brief interview had dismissed him without undue ceremony. Yet the following morning the Frenchman was informed that he was appointed to an important office.

If he has few social graces General de Gaulle equally fails to resemble the



CAREFUL PEOPLE *insist* on this trust-worthy trade-mark!

● The trade-mark Vaseline is your positive assurance of the finest quality and most scientifically prepared Petroleum Jelly you can secure anywhere in the world. You owe it to yourself to look carefully for this trade mark when your retailer hands or sends it to you. Accept no inferior substitute.

For, behind each jar and each tube of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly are generations of unvarying high quality upon which you can rely. In jars 10c, 15c, 25c. Handy tubes 25c. Sold everywhere at the same prices.



When you buy your next jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly ask about the various medicated "Vaseline" Products. They provide an inexpensive first-aid kit for emergency at home and when travelling.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Consd.
5520 Charon Avenue Montreal, Quebec.

Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Make Your Own BADMINTON TOGS of Vigella
REGD.
THE WASHABLE BRITISH FLANNEL
Absorbs perspiration—wears and washes.
UNSHRINKABLE
56 or 54 inches wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hill & Co., Ltd., 391 King St., Toronto.

Complete Plays of Bernard Shaw

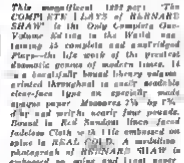
ONLY $2.69

(Plus 15 cents to cover carting and mailing. Air mail extra.)

1292 PAGES 45 PLAYS

This entirely new Edition of "The COMPLETE PLAYS of BERNARD SHAW"—the Only Complete One-Volume Edition in the World—opens with A WARNING FROM THE AUTHOR. Below are the titles of the 45 plays in cluding MR. SHAW'S three latest dramatic works.

WIDOWERS HOUSES
THE PHILANDERER
MRS WARREN'S PROFESSION
ARMS AND THE MAN
CANDIDA
THE MAN OF DESTINY
YOU NEVER CAN TELL
THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE
CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA
CAPTAIN BRASSBOUND'S CONVERSION
MAN AND SUPERMAN
JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND
HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND
MAJOR BARBARA
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
GETTING MARRIED
THE SHEWING-UP OF BLANCO POSNET
MISALLIANCE
THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE or CONSTANCY UNREWARDED
THE FASCINATING FOUNDLING
THE MUSIC-CURE
THE CHEESEMONGER
FANNY'S FIRST PLAY
ANDROCLES AND THE LION
OVERRULED
PYGMALION
HEARTBREAK HOUSE
GREAT CATHERINE
BUOYANCY V.C.
THE INCA OF PERUSALEM
AUGUSTUS DOES HIS BIT
ANNAJANSKA
THE SOLDIER'S DREAM
BACK TO METHUSELAH
SAINT JOAN
THE APPLE CART
JITTA'S ATONEMENT
THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE or CONSTANCY UNREWARDED
THE SIMPLETON OF THE UNEXPECTED ISLES
THE SIX OF CALAIS
THE MILLIONAIRESS



This magnificent 1292 page "The COMPLETE PLAYS of BERNARD SHAW" is the Only Complete One-Volume Edition in the World containing its complete and unabridged Plays—the life work of the greatest dramatic genius of modern times. It is a beautifully bound library volume printed throughout in easily readable clear-face type on specially made opaque paper. Measures 7½ by 9¾ inches and weighs nearly four pounds. Bound in Red Sundeck linen-faced fabrikoid Cloth with title embossed on spine in REAL GOLD. A medallion photograph of BERNARD SHAW is embossed on cover and front cover. The book has coloured sheet proof top edges and popular "pocket." It is a book you will be proud to have in your library shelves for another 1000 years at the price asked for it. is truly "the book bargain of a lifetime."

For over two generations BERNARD SHAW has dominated Drama and Literature. His plays are performed in the principal theatres of the world. A "First Night" of a SHAW Play is the outstanding event of the theatrical season in any city or country. The 45 Plays in this Edition include Mr. SHAW'S three latest works: "The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles" "The Six of Calais" and "The Millionairess"—and the many others which have aroused a world-wide storm of criticism and excited discussion.

$30 in Book Values for Only $2.69

If you write to ordersrur to order! the complete Plays of BERNARD SHAW in their usual form of publication it would cost you a minimum of $30.00 (possibly more) to do so according to the quality of the individual editions you purchased. This unparalleled offer gives you an opportunity of securing the Only Complete One-Volume Edition of these dramatic works in the world. BERNARD SHAW has himself approved this beautiful Edition.

"A Warning From The Author"

The Edition opens with "A Warning From the Author" in which Mr. SHAW amongst other things, says:

I must warn you before you attempt to enjoy my plays to clear out of your consciousness most resolutely everything you have ever read about me in a newspaper. Otherwise you will not enjoy them. . . . I cast a spell on journalists . . . the person they represent me to be not only does not exist but could not possibly exist.

But please do not think you can take in the work of my long lifetime at one reading. You must make it your practice to read all my works at least twice over every time they are performed. That is why this edition is so notably bound for rest.

A Wonderful Gift

This great work is a wonderful gift—for yourself or to a book loving friend for Christmas or on any other occasion. Let us recommend. We will not only deliver for you, for delivery on any date—with a hand embossed morocco your name and fond wishes. Christmas Gift Cards placed now will be held for Delivery as possible to Christmas Day.

Must Be Seen To Be Appreciated

This Edition of "The COMPLETE PLAYS of BERNARD SHAW" has to be seen to be appreciated. It has been produced in the rich style as laid down by the hand of perfection and the greatest craftsmanship of the book trade.

The price at which you may secure your copy is so far below the true value represented, that you should not delay a moment in taking advantage of this book bargain of a life time.

Only $2.69

(Plus 15 cents for packing and mailing. If Air Mail is required, charge is extra.)

OFFER GOOD FOR CANADA ONLY

Only a limited number of The COMPLETE PLAYS of BERNARD SHAW are available for Canadian Sale.

Mail Your Order and Payment Today!

We will welcome enquiries about any other books in which you might be interested.

Do Not Detach Label From Order Coupon

1000 BOOK SERVICE
210 Dundas Street W., Toronto, Canada.

Please send me copy (or copies) of The COMPLETE PLAYS of BERNARD SHAW at $2.69 net each (plus 15 cents per copy to cover packing and mailing). I enclose payment of $

(Please print name and address clearly.)

Name

Address

.....

IMPORTANT
Mail this label with coupon. Print name and address clearly in block letters.

BOOK WITH CARE

1000 BOOK SERVICE
210 Dundas St. W., Toronto

(Print full name and address clearly in block letters)

Name

Address

.....

DEAF?

Investigate the ORTHO-TECHNIC AUDIPHONE

THE Ortho Technic Audiphone is especially designed and engineered to meet the requirements of the hard of hearing. A product of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, the largest of their kind in the world, the Audiphone is distributed and guaranteed in Canada by Northern Electric.

SPECIAL PRODUCTS DIVISION

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED
A National Electrical Service

NEW HEAT INVENTION CHEAPEN THAN COAL

Fits Any Stove or Range

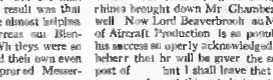
Frer Burnrr Offered to Men Women with Exclusivr Demonstrator Gifts

Patents in Canada hrve been taken out on a new oil burrrr which slips easily into any cook range or heater. This rrusual burner costs only a few dollars yet gives twice the heat of coal. It has berr put on the market by the Thrifty Heat Company, St. Louis, Mo. A patented rarkrrator reduces heat cost amazingly. The lrrge savings which result are said to be little short of remarkable. Operates 12 hours on r sirgle gallon. Burns 60% rir ord 4% of rhrap oil per time discarded as worthless, now obtainable everywhere. The burner is absolutely safe and gires last, clean, quiet, regulrted heat. Ihr e gas stove simply by turning a handle. Does away with dirt and drudgery of coal, wood and ashes. The Thrifty Heat Company offers to give this burnrr free to rer person in each locality interested in showing and taking orders from neighbors and friends. A 30-day free trial at thr company's risk is offered to users. Write to THRIFTY HEAT COMPANY 9016 J West Ave., St Louis, Mo., U.S.A. for full particulars. There is no obligation. No duty for you to pay—no red tape. Shipments made from Canadian Branch.

Get More Security For

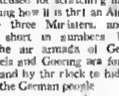
FALSE TEETH

Loosened by Shrinking Gums



The illustration shows how shrinking gums cause a dental plate to become loose by depriving it of the firm even foundation it needs. Have your plate reset and reapply your plate as before. And until your dentist has made this change you may use and safely use PASTEETH. If gift vulcanite daily aid in holding a wobbly plate more securely. PASTEETH sprinkled on your plate forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gums that helps you eat, talk and laugh with greater confidence. Helps safeguard your public appearances from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose plate. Being mildly alkaline, non-acidic PASTEETH checks gum soreness or burning due to shifting of a loose plate or excessive acid mouth. No oily pasty taste or feeling. For original alkaline PASTEETH today at any drug store and enjoy more and confidence at a more securely held plate. Accept no substitute.

And dental plate hold tighter be PASTEETH! Made to better eating enjoyment and social pleasure.



ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

London Letter

Continued from page 8

the best machines in the world they were certainly not reaching the squadrons in France. In short our bombing units there were largely equipped with the service types that were five, and even seven years old in design.

Sir Kingsley Wood who had succeeded Lord Swinton did his best, but could not cut through the red tape. Manufacturers turned with inspatience while Air Ministry experts kept on altering designs in the endless quest for perfection.

And still Germany held its hand. There were small sporadic raids on Britain in which our fighter machines were easily victorious, but no one supposed that these engagements were important nor the results significant. The real clash was yet to come.

That happened when the blitzkrieg broke against Holland, Belgium and France. The R.A.F., manned by young Scots, Irishmen, Englishmen, Welshmen, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders and South Africans, went into battle against the mighty German Air Force.

The results were staggering. To our shame be it admitted that the British machines were outnumbered by four, five, and even eight to one. To our credit let it be said that our pilots and our machines were superior to the enemy that his losses were enormous.

Goering had mass produced the Messerschmitt 109 but our fellows discovered that the pilots of these machines were practically unsighted when they climbed from the right. The slaughter of the 109's was incredible. The Spitfires and Hurricanes went at them like hounds overtaking a stag.

Having given them a taste of our single-seater fighters we mixed a few two-seater Defiants with them. As you know the guns of the Spitfire and Hurricane are immovable. They are in the wings and they simply fire straight ahead. The Defiant on the other hand has a revolving gun turret behind the pilot, which fires broadsides like a battleship.

The unfortunate Germans, attacking them mistook them for Hurricanes and manoeuvred to their flanks. In one day twenty-five German machines went down before the unexpected fire of the Defiants. In the matter of bombers our gunners have the immense advantage of the hydraulically controlled gun turret which can turn swiftly or slowly point upward or down, and all the time the guns the gunner, the turret and the sights are one synchronized unit. You are always firing straight at your target.

The Germans in their haste evolved a swivel arrangement whereby the guns moved on a central pivot but the man firing them did not. The result was that the German bombers were almost helpless against our fighters whereas our Blenheims, Wellingtons and Whitleys were so strong that they could hold their own even against the fast and improved Messerschmitt 110.

Co-operation—Ground and Air

THAT WAS the situation when Beaverbrook took over from Kingsley Wood. We had the best machines but not enough of them. Our pilots were being asked to fight until they were so fatigued that they fell exhausted on their bunks and snatched a fitful two or three hours sleep before going back into the air fems.

Shocked by the collapse of Belgium and Holland and stimulated by the fiery zeal of Beaverbrook our factories went to it for twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. I wonder if in the whole story of industrial production there has been anything to equal that mighty and sustained effort.

It spread through every department. The designers worked without a stop like the rest of the employees. They were finding ways of simplifying and saving time. Health experts said that the man must have a rest but factory after factory refused to stop for a single hour.

At a factory in the north there were eighteen Blenheims awaiting test and Beaverbrook sent word that they must be ready the next day. But two of the three test pilots had gone to London to demonstrate certain machines, and the third pilot was fifty years of age a veteran of the Royal Flying Corps of the last war.

"I'll do it," he said, "I'll start at daylight." It was raining as day broke and he went into the air with the first machine. He threw it around the skies, dictating his comments to an observer. The next machine was warming up as he landed. All day he was at on standing in the rain drinking a cup of coffee and munching a sandwich and then up again. The dry were on and the rain gave way to an uncertain summer's twilight. It was growing dark when he stepped out of the last machine and walked slowly to his quarters.

The next day the necessary adjustments were carried out according to his instructions and he proved from plane to plane giving the benefit of his advice where it was needed. That afternoon the Blenheim pilots arrived and the eighteen machines were flown away. I have seen Clark Gable in the film "Test Pilot" but those words will always recall to me the fifty year-old veteran who took eighteen machines into the rainy skies and said that it was all in the day's work.

A bomb struck an aircraft factory "somewhere in England" recently. A few workers were killed, others wounded and still others dazed. The management put it to the rest of the workers whether they would carry on that night. They voted to a man and a woman to continue. Then a number of day workers who had been asked to turned up and offered to take the places of the men who had gone, and to work the extra shifts without pay.

I tell those things because we are seeing something of a miracle today in Britain—the brotherhood of the aircraft worker with the men who fly the machines. We are seeing the pride and patriotism of civilians in the matter of bombers our gunners have the immense advantage of the hydraulically controlled gun turret which can turn swiftly or slowly point upward or down, and all the time the guns the gunner the turret and the sights are one synchronized unit. You are always firing straight at your target.

The Germans in their haste evolved a swivel arrangement whereby the guns moved on a central pivot but the man firing them did not. The result was that the German bombers were almost helpless against our fighters whereas our Blenheims, Wellingtons and Whitleys were so strong that they could hold their own even against the fast and improved Messerschmitt 110.

Co-operation—Ground and Air

THAT WAS the situation when Beaverbrook took over from Kingsley Wood. We had the best machines but not enough of them. Our pilots were being asked to fight until they were so fatigued that they fell exhausted on their bunks and snatched a fitful two or three hours sleep before going back into the air fems.

Shocked by the collapse of Belgium and Holland and stimulated by the fiery zeal of Beaverbrook our factories went to it for twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. I wonder if in the whole story of industrial production there has been anything to equal that mighty and sustained effort.

It spread through every department. The designers worked without a stop like the rest of the employees. They were finding ways of simplifying and saving time. Health experts said that the man must have a rest but factory after factory refused to stop for a single hour.

At a factory in the north there were eighteen Blenheims awaiting test and Beaverbrook sent word that they must be ready the next day. But two of the three test pilots had gone to London to demonstrate certain machines, and the third pilot was fifty years of age a veteran of the Royal Flying Corps of the last war.

"I'll do it," he said, "I'll start at daylight." It was raining as day broke and he went into the air with the first machine. He threw it around the skies, dictating his comments to an observer. The next machine was warming up as he landed. All day he was at on standing in the rain drinking a cup of coffee and munching a sandwich and then up again. The dry were on and the rain gave way to an uncertain summer's twilight. It was growing dark when he stepped out of the last machine and walked slowly to his quarters.

The next day the necessary adjustments were carried out according to his instructions and he proved from plane to plane giving the benefit of his advice where it was needed. That afternoon the Blenheim pilots arrived and the eighteen machines were flown away. I have seen Clark Gable in the film "Test Pilot" but those words will always recall to me the fifty year-old veteran who took eighteen machines into the rainy skies and said that it was all in the day's work.

A bomb struck an aircraft factory "somewhere in England" recently. A few workers were killed, others wounded and still others dazed. The management put it to the rest of the workers whether they would carry on that night. They voted to a man and a woman to continue. Then a number of day workers who had been asked to turned up and offered to take the places of the men who had gone, and to work the extra shifts without pay.

I tell those things because we are seeing something of a miracle today in Britain—the brotherhood of the aircraft worker with the men who fly the machines. We are seeing the pride and patriotism of civilians in the matter of bombers our gunners have the immense advantage of the hydraulically controlled gun turret which can turn swiftly or slowly point upward or down, and all the time the guns the gunner the turret and the sights are one synchronized unit. You are always firing straight at your target.

The Germans in their haste evolved a swivel arrangement whereby the guns moved on a central pivot but the man firing them did not. The result was that the German bombers were almost helpless against our fighters whereas our Blenheims, Wellingtons and Whitleys were so strong that they could hold their own even against the fast and improved Messerschmitt 110.

"The worst fight I ever had with my wife"

A new father learns some new things about baby care



1. My wife came from a rich family. I came from a poor one. And we got along swell . . . that is, until the baby came.



2. Then Peggy's artsy upbringing started to tell. She poked the baby from morning till night. You never saw so many special gadgets as she bought for that child. Finally one day I blew up and we had it out.



3. "Look here," I said to Peggy, "I'm fed up on this namby pamby stuff! I don't want my boy to grow up to be a sissy. You're going too far with all this special powder, special food, special this, special that, and above all that special laxative."



4. I Wait a minute—you're acting like a fool," Peggy came right back. "That special laxative for the baby is what the doctor ordered. He says a baby's delicate system is different from an adult's, and shouldn't get an adult's laxative."



5. "That's why I am giving the baby Castoria. It's designed especially for children. It's safe! It has no harsh, 'adult' drugs. Castoria works mainly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to disturb the appetite, or cause nausea. The doctor said he couldn't recommend a better laxative than Castoria."



6. "And listen, Jim, you know our son is awfully cranky about taking any medicine. Well, does he go for the swell taste of Castoria! He loves it. I don't know what I'd do without Castoria in the house." (That's the end of the story . . . except we haven't had a cat-and-dog fight since.)

CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

RUNAWAY FROM A ROOF GARDEN!



"Joan, please do it!" we begged. "It's our one chance of getting back to this wonderful place!" We'd scraped and planned for one swell evening at the Roof Garden, and if Joan and Jimmy could just win the "Dancing Hour" contest we'd all be invited to come again —as guests! "Please, Jonny—" I urged. "You and Jimmy are the best dancers." But what did Joan do but get up and run away!



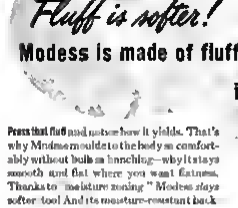
"This is no time for stage fright!" I said when I found her in the dressing room. Then Joan told me her woes. "Crazy girl!" I ranted. "Why worry about chafing? Haven't you heard of Modess?" I dropped a nickel in the Modess vending machine. "Modess is *softer*," I explained. "It's made of *fluff*, not papery folds!"

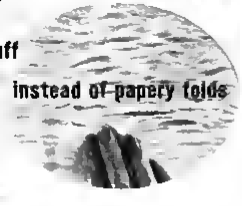


Well, Jonny was on her toes when contest time rolled around. And were we thrilled to pieces when she and Jimmy won first place! Joan was excited, too. "But listen—" she whispered to me later; "the big thrill of this evening for me was discovering Modess! Such wonderful comfort! *Fluff* makes a difference all right!"

Get Curious! Get Comfortable!

Cut a napkin made of papery folds—then cut a Modess pad—and feel the difference! No close-packed layers in Modess—but gentle, downy-soft fluff! So absorbent, this fluff is a miracle of protection. So soft, it's a miracle of comfort! And that isn't all—.





Press that fluff and notice how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so comfortably without bulk or bunching—why it stays smooth and flat where you want flatness. Thanks to "moisture zoning," Modess *stays* softer too! And its moisture-resistant back *long* guards against striking through!

New Miracle Modess—Softer-Safer!

on anything ever dreamed of in warplane production. The portly Goering can roar and fume but he is doomed to straggle after us like an angry, frustrated Falstaff. The German designer, like the German pilot, is in second place and will stay there.

And how have we done it all?

Perhaps this will explain a little. Last week I visited a small Birmingham firm whose premises are crowded into an inadequate space in an overpopulated industrial district. On the wall of the manager's office were four photographs. One was of Alcock and Brown with the plane that first flew the Atlantic. The others were the last three Schneider Cup winners.

"We made the stampings and forgings for them all," said the manager. As he spoke his office shook with vibration as a gigantic weight a few yards away in the foundry pounded an angry glowing piece of steel into shape.

It seemed to me that I was listening not to a man but to the voice of British industry—an industry that never lost faith, an industry that has risen from neglect and discouragement to send into the skies such bombers and fighters as the world has never seen.

Thrift by Co-operation

Continued from page 15

In such cases we can frequently reduce the debts by offering cash settlements. But we do not stop there. That type of man often needs instruction in managing his affairs and we give it to him. In very bad cases we get his consent to have a social survey made of his home and from the resultant report we draw up a budget and require the family to keep within it while we are taking care of the debts."

The credit union development in Hamilton and elsewhere can be traced back to the enterprise of Alphonse Desjardins, French-Canadian journalist. Worried by the poverty of his compatriots in many parts of Quebec and seeing them struggling in the victims of usury, he brought the credit union plan to North America. For close on a hundred years credit unions, introduced to Germany to relieve distress among the peasants following the Napoleonic Wars, had been prominent in the economic life of Europe. The Desjardins acted well when he brought the movement to Quebec at the turn of the present century. seems to be the view of the government in his home province. For several years the Quebec Government has made an annual grant of $40 000 for the encouragement and supervision of the movement.

Desjardins chose the port of Levis, near Quebec City, for his experiment. The organization meeting subscribed a capital of $26.40. From that modest beginning more than 300 "Peoples Banks" have since spread through Quebec, between them doing an annual business in loans and savings of $20 000 000. And they continue to grow. During the past four years they have been increasing at the rate of two a month and members now number over 70 000. The loan record of these Quebec unions is extraordinary—a quarter of a billion dollars has been loaned, with losses of under one twentieth of one per cent!

Movement General to Canada

SOME CREDIT unions started in the near-by City of Ottawa in the earlier days of the Quebec movement. Those of the parishes of Notre Dame St. Jean Baptiste and St. Anne have since reached huge proportions, as has the 3 000-strong union operated by the Dominion civil service employees in the capital. But it was not until the early 1930's when the credit union movement was taken under the wing of the St. Francis Xavier University as an integral part of consumers' co-operative development in Nova Scotia that there was any general expansion outside the orbit of the Quebec parish influence.

The first Nova Scotia union was established at Reserve Mines in 1932. By the end of last year there were 182 in the province with 28 000 members, $670 000 in members savings and assets of $750 000. Close to two and a half million dollars has been loaned. Two years ago there were but ninety four unions, savings amounting to $330,000 and assets $350 000. Co-operative credit is flourishing in Nova Scotia.

New Brunswick has 115 credit unions, and Prince Edward Island forty that are supplying money for such purposes as paying the doctor and dentist, meeting taxes, insurance premiums and hospital bills, buying clothing, homes and furnishings.

The rest of the Dominion heard about the spread and success of the credit union movement in the Maritimes. The staff of the St. Francis Xavier University were invited to address meetings on the subject in various parts of the country. They did so. Coincidently, the influence of the C.U. movement across the international border was spreading here. Workers in several companies with American affiliations were organizing. The story of the expansion among industrial workers in the U.S.A.—over 5 000 credit unions with assets exceeding $50,000 000—gave added force to the story coming out of Nova Scotia.

Under the stimulus of these combined influences the movement gathered momentum in different parts of Canada. To the west-ward provincial governments were asked to provide legislation for the registration and adequate supervision of unions and machinery for their encouragement. Quebec did this back in 1906. Nova Scotia in 1932, the other Maritime provinces shortly afterward.

The Ontario Government had passed a Credit Union Act in 1922 and in 1939 the government moved to remodel the act. An officer was appointed to administer the revised statute and to advise groups on organization. At the end of July, 1940, there were in Ontario thirty-one active credit unions, with a total membership of 9 915 and assets of $t 633 690.08. Most of the credit unions are located in Toronto, Hamilton and Ottawa, but government offices report enquiries from many other parts of the province.

Growth Westward

SINCE 1937 all the Western provinces have passed credit union legislation, and departments have assumed to a considerable extent the instructional methods followed by St. Francis Xavier University in the Maritimes. Consequently, while there was only a handful of western credit unions three years ago, a total of seventy-eight were registered with the various governments by last November.

Manitoba's largest credit union located forty miles out of Winnipeg at St. Malo has demonstrated what can be done when a rural community adopts the plan. Under the guidance of Father Benoit, there are at St. Malo over 400 members. A lumber yard, a woodworking mill and a cheese factory are among the co-operatives that have been developed around the credit union.

But, as in its ethnic new fields, credit unionism is spreading most rapidly among Manitoba's city dwellers. In Winnipeg the commercial telegraphers and the wheat pool workers are among the largest organizations, while credit unions in Norwood, St. Alphonsus and St. Boniface sections of Greater Winnipeg provide community and racial examples of urban development.

Even in agricultural Saskatchewan the city people are taking most readily to credit unionism. In Regina, Saskatoon and Moose Jaw, railway employees, racial and religious groups, schoolteachers and technical agriculturists, employees of co-operatives and packing houses, federal provincial and municipal employees, are responsible for twenty five of the twenty nine unions that have been chartered. And the Saskatchewan people seem to be getting their banks over. In the quarter ending just a year ago they increased their aggregate assets by nearly $14 000, share investments by $11 000, deposits by $2 000, loans by $26 000.

By November last, twenty three credit unions had been incorporated in Alberta, and the supervisor reported that several other groups were in course of organization. Membership is largely centred in Edmonton and Calgary, and numbers over 2 000. Paid up capital is above the $30,000 mark and loans exceed $70 000.

The Pacific Coast has been moving behind the other provinces in this "new" social-economic development. Only six B. C. credit unions were incorporated between the time the act came into force, toward the close of 1938, and November 1939. However the supervisor reports that many more were under contemplation—just how many it is impossible to estimate."

A large proportion of credit union deposits are from people who never before regularly saved money. But once they agree to the purchase of a certain number of shares in a credit union, saving becomes something of an obligation to their friends. Furthermore there is always the chance they will need the loan benefits of the society, and then a good share savings record is valuable. Most of the loans are small. In Quebec, for example, thirty per cent of the loans made by the credit unions amount to less than $25, sixty-eight per cent are for under $100. One Ontario organization, whose members average a monthly income of $100, makes sixty five per cent of its loans at some of $50 and under.

It would therefore seem that the credit union not only fills a gap, but that by encouraging low-income people to save, and by making credit available for provident purposes, it assumes a certain political significance. Whatever the future may bring, credit unions appear to be here to stay.

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 14

One branch of our fighting services is doing wonderfully well—and beginning to get recognition for it—is the Navy. Credit for this goes almost entirely to Rear Admiral Percy Nelles, a quiet-spoken, unobtrusive, modest man of middle age who gets a lot of work done without fuss or feathers and with no great amount of material. For years the Navy was the barrenest acre of the "poor farm" of our defense services. Yet when the war came Nelles, who is seldom heard of in Ottawa but the Navy ready to do a big job in convoying, proceeded to look after things for the Royal Navy in the North Atlantic and the Caribbean, and now has his destroyers in the North Sea itself. Within a year Nelles has added tremendously to his fleet, has recruited and trained thousands of officers and seamen, has sent trained officers and men to the British Navy, has done other things equally well. Minister of Naval Affairs Macdonald, the Maritime Gael who has taken to his job like a duck to water, speaks proudly of Nelles' achievements.

Macdonald incidentally is not merely the most scholarly and philosophic member of the Cabinet, he is the most humorous. After his acclamation in Kingston—a bit to the disgust of his native Nova Scotia, which offered him two seats—he went to Ralston and Daley, his fellow-Maritimers, and said solemnly: "Representing the great province of Ontario I must protest against Maritime raids upon the treasury."

Still in the air is the question of public information. Mr. Dave Rogers, editor of the Regina *Leader-Post*, was the last to report upon it, but nothing has happened since. At the same time perhaps because of growing criticism, cabinet ministers have become more publicity minded with Mr. Ralston and Mr. Macdonald—and even the Prime Minister—holding conferences with the press, doing their best to give out news.

Parliament adjourned until November. Mr. King is making his headquarters—for the better part of the time, at any rate—in Kingsmere. He has a secretariat with him; comes down to Ottawa only for major matters, or when the Cabinet meets. Not in his twenty years or more of leadership has he seemed in more robust health.

Letters

Union Now

Your editorial re "Union Now" is what we have been waiting for. We hope for a further article and in the meantime are studying the book by Clarence B. Streit.—W. D. Ferguson, Port Washington, B.C.

Applause

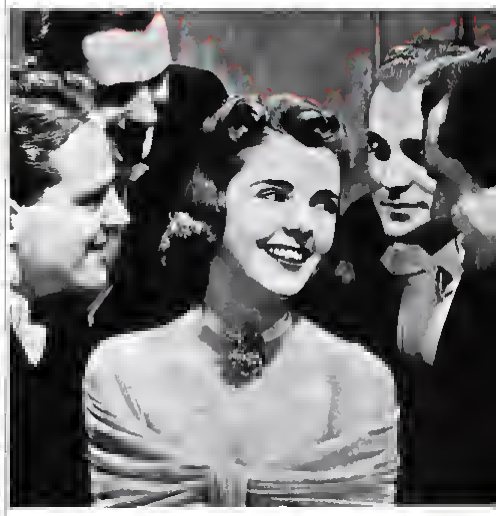
After reading the article by R. J. Deachman "What the Budget Means" I feel that every reader of your magazine is shirking his duty if he does not send you a line saying "Hear, hear!"—Lawrence T. Higgins, Middle Musquodoboit, N.S.

Baxter a Pen

We are rewarded, when reading the "London Letter" by Beverley Baxter, that the "pen is mightier than the sword." I think I have never read anything more inspiring than some of his letters.—E. R. Vernon, Fort William, Ont.

What's SHE got that I haven't got...

DR "How IRIUM gives a girl a plu



Four men, and one of them my Bill! Not to mention a smile like 100 on sugar. And m of the running with my "Come Closer" smile under a cloud. Well—Beth's my best friend, a as my keenest competition and I knew she'd tell me the truth, even if it hurt—so I decided to as what her smile had that mine hadn't.





"The secret" said Beth, "belongs to Pepsodent, with Irium. Irium will put the dazzle back into your smile! And—who knows—Pepsodent may put Bill right into your life again."

Yes, I've got both, now! The smile—a Thanks to Beth I tip—and Pepsodent. Dentis call it Irium—but I call it magic. Try Pepso with Irium, for your smile—and see for yo

OF ALL TOOTH PASTES AND TOOTH POWDERS

ONLY PEPSODENT HAS IRIUM

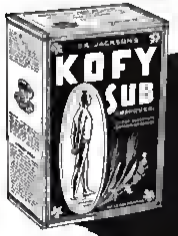
Remember, it's what's in your dentifrice that makes the big difference! So be sure you get PEPSODENT containing IRIUM for extra effectiveness—greater cleansing power! See for yourself the way IRIUM in Pepsodent flashes into instant, safe action! Ugly surface-stains disappear from teeth—safely—quickly. Your reward will be the Come Closer Smile you've always wanted.

Pepsodent contains No Grit, No Pumice, No Bleach... PROVED SAFE FOR TOOTH ENAMEL!



BOTH CONTAIN IRIUM

KNOWN TO THE DENTAL PROFESSION AS PURIFIED ALKYL SULFATE...



DELICIOUS COFFEE FLAVOUR

without Caffeine!

Drink it freely and sleep well!

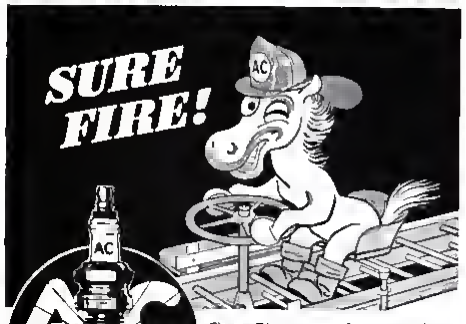
Delicious Dr Jackson's Kofy Sub supplies the rich satisfying flavour and aroma of coffee but none of the caffeine that upsets nerves and digestion in so many people. Make Kofy Sub exactly as you make coffee and note the low cost per cup! Produced entirely from Canadian grains and soya beans, Kofy Sub is rich in alkaline minerals and can be given safely to young children. Buy Kofy Sub today and drink it freely for health as well as enjoyment.

OVER 500,000 COPIES ALREADY SOLD!

of Dr. Jackson's famous 458-page book "How To Be Always Well" Send $3.00 for this invaluable guide-book to vigorous health.

FREE! Dr. Jackson's booklet on Food and Health. Address requests to Dr. Jackson Foods Limited 556 Yonge Avenue Toronto 5 ad

SURE FIRE!



Clean Plugs mean better performance and gas economy, too

Dirty and worn spark plugs misfire. That makes your car lazy, causes hard starting, and wastes as much gas as one gallon in ten. Spark plug cleaning by the AC Method gets rid of these troubles. So, have your 6-cylinder AC Cleaning Station clean and regap your plugs every 4,000 miles. And when you need new plugs, get AC's and get full satisfaction.

Replace worn plugs with new AC's for best engine performance

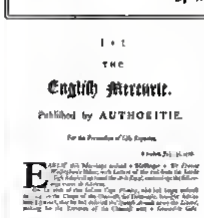
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN—70,000 Service Places Display It



UNITED MOTORS SERVICE DIVISION General Motors Products of Canada Limited, Oshawa

Invasion Threat—1588

By W. D. DOOD



I • t
THE
English Mercurie.
Published by AUTHORITIE.

For the Prevention of False Reporte.

EARLIE this Morninge arrived a Messenger at Sir Francis Walsingham's Office with Letters of the 22d from the Lorde High Admirall on board the *Ark-Royal* containing the following materiall Advices.

"On the 20th of this Instant Capt. Fleming, who had beene ordered to cruize in the Chops of the Channell for Discoverie, brought advice into Plymouth that he had descried the Spanish Armada neare the Lizard makeing for the Entrance of the Channell with a favourable Gale. Though the Intelligence was not received till neare foure of the Afternoone, and the Winde of that time blew hard into the Sound, yet by the indefatigable care and diligence of the Lorde High Admirall the *Ark-Royal* with five of the largest Frigates anchored out the Harbour that very Evening. The next Morninge the greatest Part of her Majestie's Fleete gott out to them. They made in all about eighty Sail, divided into four Squadrons, commanded by his Lordship in person, Sir Francis Drake, Vice Admirall, and the Rear Admiralle Hawkins and Frobisher. But about one in the Afternoone they came in sighte of the Spanish Armada, two Leagues to the Westward of the Eddistone, sailing in the form of a half Moon, the points whereof were seven Leagues asunder.

"The ancient broadsheet, continuing, says that the English computation of not fewer than 150 vessels of all sorts in the Armada was later confirmed by prisoners.

"Severall of them called Galleons and Galleasses are of a size never seene before in our Seas, and appear on the Surface of the water like Floating Castles."

The account states very clearly that the sailors were quite undismayed by the size or numbers of the enemy. "But the Sailors, soe far from being daunted by the Number and Strengthe of the Enemie as soon as they were discerned from the Topmeasthead acclamations of Joy resounded through the whole Fleete."

Following a council of war, the "Lord High Admirall observing his generall Alacritie," directed the "Signall of Battle to be hung out."

"We observed the Enemie's reare with the Advantage of the Winde," says the dispatch. The Earl of Cumberland in the *Defience* gave the first fire. My Lord Howard himselfe was next engaged for about three Hours with Don Alphonso de Leyva in the *St Jaques*, which would certainly have struck if she had not been seasonably rescued by Anys de Moncada in the meaneelyme Sir Francis Drake and the two Rear Admiralls Hawkins and Frobisher vigorously boorded the Enemies eternumost Ships, which were forced to retreat much shattered to the meine Body of their Fleete where the Duke de Medina himself commanded.

"About sunset we had the pleasure of seeing this invincible Armada fill all their sails to get away from us. The Lord Admirall slackened his in order to await the arrivall of twenty fresh Frigats with which he intends to pursue the Enemie, whom we hope by the Grace of God to prevent from landinge one man on English grounde.

"In the Night the *St Frances* Galleon of which Don Pedro de Valdez was Captaine, fell in with Vice-Admirall Drake, who looke her after a stout Resistance. She carries fifty Guns and five hundred men both Souldiers and Mariner. The Captaine found on board five thousand Golde Ducats, which they shared amongst them after bringing her into Plymouth."

Defense Preparations Ashore

THE "MERCURIE" then reviews the preparations made on shore for beating the enemy should they manage to land. "Such preparations have long been made as, by Her Majestie's Wisdom and Foresighte for Defence of the Kingdome that (setting aside the Common Accidents of War) no greate danger is to be Apprehended, though the Spaniards should lande in any Parte of it."

The various camps and the dispositions of foot and horse are detailed, and then a reference to the Queen follows. "The Queene was pleased to review them last Weeke in the Parke at Nonsuch, and expressed the highest Satisfaction at their Gallant appearance. In soe much that by God's Blessing there is no doubte but this

Renewal Notices

"If you have already sent along your renewal please disregard this request entirely."

This sentence appears at the top of all notices sent you advising that your subscription is due for renewal.

The routine of a large subscription list requires a period of a few days before a renewal can be recorded. A notice therefore may in some instances go forward to you even after remittance actually has reached us. In such cases please ignore the notice and accept our regrets and thanks.

If you are not sure of the date when your subscription expires, you will find it printed on the address label on your magazine

unjust and dureing Enterprise of the Kinge of Spayne will turne out to his everlasting Shame and Dishonour as all Rankes of People, without respect of religion, seeme resolute to defend the Sacred Persone of their Sovereign and the Lawes and Liberties of this Countrie against all Forreine Invaders."

The Elizabethan broadsheet, "For the Prevention of False Reports" continues with a report from Ostend under date July 27 1588.

Nothinge is now talked of in these Parties but the intended Invasion of England. His Highnesse the Prince of Parma has completed his Preparationes of which the following Accounte may be depended upon as exact and authentique. The Armie designed for the Expeditione is selected out of all the Spanish troopes in the Netherlands and consists of thirty thousand Foote and eighteen hundred Horse. At Neuport are quartered thirty Companies of Italians, ten of Walloons and eight of Burgundians. At Dunmuyder lie readye eighty Companies of Flemings, sixty of Spaniards, sixty of Germans, and above seven hundred fugitive English, all headed by the two Irish Arch-Traitours the Earle of Westmorland and Sir William Stanley.

Other units lying in various adjacent parts are detailed, together with the names of several Spanish dukes, marquises, does and other grandees, who are stated to the accounte to be "Voleeteers of the first Qualitie arrived from different countries to share in the honoure of the Enterprize."

"For the transportation of these Forces vessels of all sorts are prepared at Dunkirk, Antwerp and Newport fitted up with all manner of Conveniences. The flat bottomed Boates for the Cavalrie have Bridges fixed to them for the more easie Shipping or Disembarkation of Horse. The Transportes for the Foote contayne each two Ovens to bake Bread, in case they

Continued on page 50

Maclean's Crossword Puzzle

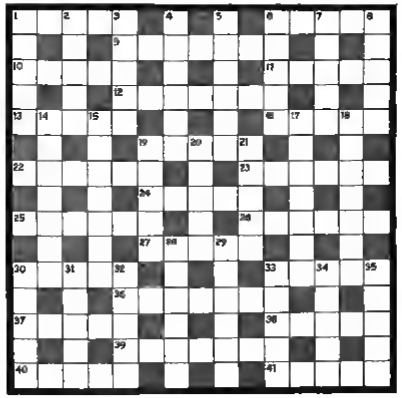
Across

1 Moist.
6 Rough narrow valley
8 Small country that submitted to Mussolini's demands.
10 The lover reveals the arrival of a——
11 A yellowish-brown pigment
12 Suomi land of heroes
13 What bubbles always do sooner or later
16 The time of life begins with you.
19 "——to the evil leare to do well."
22 A tool for turning nuts on bolts.
23 English poet and satirist of the 17th century
24 ——to this mistake or that
We wear another fellow's hat
25. "Last night, as I lay on my——"
26. Unit of electric current.
27 Make a close cut
30 Sleeping place on shipboard
33. Wounds and cripples.
36. Good housewives save—— by using common sense.
37 Mad anagram of "braid."
38 Rare souvenir of days long past.
39 Had Ruth not been a ——
Boaz might not have seen her
40 Hanger for a door
41 Tales that are spun

Down

1 The mountain of God. (Exodus 3:1)
2 A motion to adjourn needs a ——
3 Dutch porcelain (17th century in particular)
4 Position of a golfer's feet when he makes his swing
5 Chronicle of events of a series of years
6 Vulgarly bright and showy
7 City and port of Latvia.
8 The colors of the grackle are —— and grating
14 Hitler covets this part of Russia
15 Anagram of "gluten" makes a garment
17 Scene of the first Olympic Games.
18. A proposition to be proved
19 Dogs from China
20. Get up.
21 Proclaimed King of England in 1066, this prince returned in favour of William the Conqueror
28. Compound words are often spelled with a ——
29. Cloth stretched on a frame to give shade
30. A graceful tree with silvery bark
31 That very familiar bird, Pianesticus Migratorius.
32 A barrier of closely planted bushes.
33 Gay and lighthearted.
34 The drone is an —— among workers
35 Potatoes are sold in ——

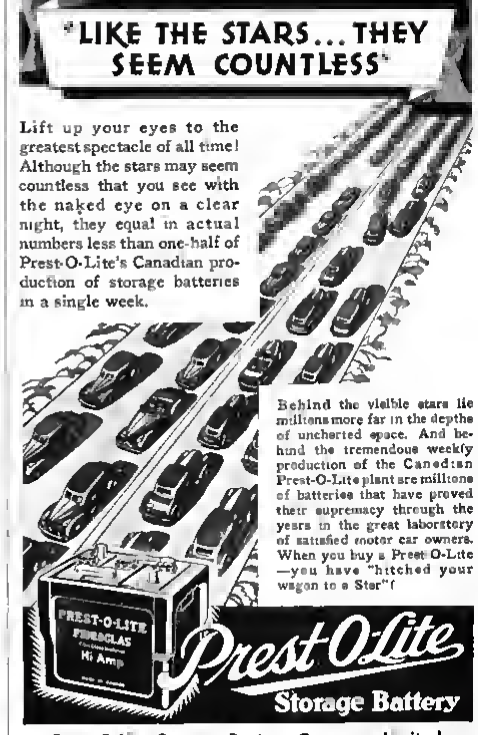
Solution of this puzzle on page 50





"LIKE THE STARS... THEY SEEM COUNTLESS"

Lift up your eyes to the greatest spectacle of all time! Although the stars may seem countless that you see with the naked eye on a clear night, they equal in actual numbers less than one-half of Prest-O-Lite's Canadian production of storage batteries in a single week.



Behind the visible stars lie millions more far in the depths of uncharted space. And behind the tremendous weekly production of the Canadian Prest-O-Lite plant are millions of batteries that have proved their supremacy through the years in the great laboratory of satisfied motor car owners. When you buy a Prest-O-Lite—you have "hitched your wagon to a Star"!

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery Company Limited

Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

If you had tea growing in your garden, you'd pick the tender, TOP leaves





Blended and packed in Canada

GOING out to the garden to pick tea would be a novelty! You'd have a chance to study the difference in tea leaves—how small, tender and delicate they grew near the tips of the branches—how much coarser and tougher further down.

Soon you'd be selecting the small, tender leaves for your own tea—for these leaves have the wonderful flavor and fragrance you like!

Now, at your own grocer's you can select the choice, young, flavor-filled leaves in a very simple way. Just ask for "Tender Leaf Tea"—every package is filled with choice, young tea leaves. No coarse, heavy leaves are included.

Your grocer has this special tea in 7 and 12-oz. packages, and in the new FILTER tea balls. Call for "Tender Leaf Brand Tea"—today!

Continued from page 49

should be kept longer at Sea than they hope to bee."

Other incidentals of preparedness were the providing at Graveling of twenty thousand "Caskes" with oails and cordage, "wh ch can soone be, threw se into the Forme of a Bridge. And a greate Fflock of Fascines is erected near Nieuport, designed for the lifting up of Ditches covering Workmen at a siege, and other Artes of that nature."

The Ostend writer then tells of how "little Lhoyes and Barges loaded with Arms, Powder and Provisions" were to be conveyed from Bruges and Ghent through canals cut for the purpose to Antwerp Sluys and Nieuport, and "so into the British Channell." He tells Whitehall that the invasion scheme provided that as soon as the Spanish Armada came in sight the Prince of Parma was to get out with his transports and join them.

After which they are on a Bodie to force their Waye up the River of Thames, against all impedyments, and lande as neare London as they can. But whilst these Harbours are so closely watched by the United Squadrones of her Magestie and the States commanded by the Lord Henry Seymour it is the generall Opinion that the Prince of Parma will finde it impossible to put to sea, and we hope the Lord Admiral Howard will prevent the Spanish Navie from being in a condition to Raise the Blockade."

That patriotic hope was abundantly realized for under divine providence, the ships that escaped the guns of Drake and his fellow admirals and their fireships, plus the storms of the Channel and the North Sea and the rocky coasts of Scotland and Ireland, were less than half of the proud "Armada" that was to lay England under the heel of the Spaniard and his allied invaders.

And now 352 years after this frustrated invasion of Britain's tight little isle its conquests once again manned by dauntless defenders as determined as ever their forebears were to die rather than yield one foot of the sacred soil of England to an invader.

• • •

Paint for Hot Metal

HOT metal surfaces are as subject to rust and corrosion as are cold ones, but no ordinary paint can be used to give them proper protection. A new chemical rust-preventing paint, named Kemick, has been developed for such hot metal surfaces. This finish, which is made by the American Chemical Paint Company, may be used on hot parts of the automobile engine such as exhaust manifolds, exhaust pipes, and mufflers. Not only will it protect the metal but it also makes a more sightly engine. Kemick becomes effective through chemical action with the metal which it covers. Whereas ordinary manifold and engine enamels decompose quickly and completely when subjected to heat, Kemick decomposes only partly, the volatiles are expelled, and chemicals are liberated to react on the metal surface. It does not burn off but retains its color and protective properties and is said to improve with heating.—*Scientific American*

Solution of the crossword puzzle on page 49

H	U	M	I	D	S	A	G	U	L	C	H				
O	O	E	S	T	O	N	I	A		H	A				
R	I	V	A	L		A	N	U	M	B	E	R			
E	E		F	I	N	L	A	N	D		A	S			
B	U	R	S	T		C	L		Y	O	U	T	H		
	K	I		C	E	A	S	E		L	H				
W	R	E	N	C	H		R		D	R	Y	D	E	N	
	A		G	O	W	I	N	G		M	O				
P	I	L	L	O	W		S	A	M	P	E	R	E		
	N	E		S	H	E	A	R		I		E			
B	E	R	T	H		Y		W	A	I	M	S			
I		O		E	X	P	E	N	S	E	D		A		
R	A	B	B	I	T		H	I	L		R	E	L	I	C
	C	I		G	L	E	A	N	E	R		E	K		
H	I	N	G	E		N		G		Y	A	R	N	S	

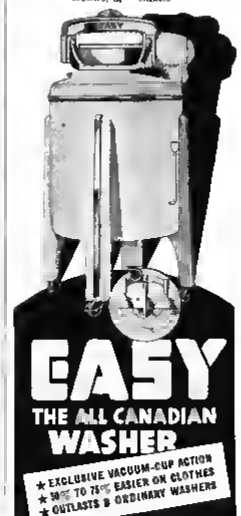


TRY THE EASY WAY TO STOP
"Washing Wear"

Certainly you can trust your silk stockings delicate fingers and other fine fabrics to the EASY Vacuum Cup Washer. These three-footed vacuum-cups are literally as gentle as your own hands! Flushing the cleansing aerated suds through the fabric without rubbing or scrubbing. They just CAN'T damage your fabrics.

And you can wash EVERYTHING in the EASY — from silk stockings to heavy blankets — because EASY Vacuum Cup Washing is as thorough as it is safe. Ask your EASY dealer about the new models and the EASY Budget Plan of buying.

THE EASY WASHING MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT., CANADA



By HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Director Chatelaine Institute

Green Grow the Salads



The perfect salad requires properly prepared ingredients — chosen for their flavor, and harmony of color.

WHAT YOU need for the perfect salad is some properly prepared ingredients, chosen for their harmony of color and flavor and put together with an eye to the general ensemble. Start with perky well-dried greens, crisp fresh vegetables and the right dressing then, if you don't overgarnish the combination is likely to be an harmonious as it is healthful. You'll eat it because it's good, not merely because it's good for you and you'll be doing credit to the delicious products of Canadian gardens.

Consider the greens which as you very well know, are the foundation of every salad. Lettuce is "tops" but by no means the only pebble on the beach. There's the peppery cress, the delicate graceful endive, the pungent escarole or romaine, the familiar and thrifty cabbage shredded in the merest slivers for the sake of flavor and easy eating. Use one, two or more of them, but see that each is at its best—clean, crisp and cool. Remember too that they must be dry, for watery greens are the ruination of any salad.

Other vegetables demand and deserve the same loving care. Prepare them according to their variety and nature—cucumbers cubed or cut in wafer-thin slices, tomatoes wedge-shaped or sliced, chives and onions chopped, green pepper diced or slivered, carrots, turnips and beets grated, cauliflower divided into flowerets, and so on.

Arrange your salad just before you serve it, with an eye to its appearance as well as its taste. Resist the urge of dolling it up within an inch of its life, but let the graceful leaves and attractive natural color create a picture—as a series of miniatures for individual service.

A salad may be the main course or an accompaniment to it. It may be family fare or party refreshments, and it is equally acceptable to the men, women and children who sit at your table.

A good dressing is the other half of the salad story. French dressing, boiled dressing or mayonnaise? They all have their uses and their affinities, so the main thing is to suit your combination with its most agreeable complement. As a general rule French dressing is the perfect touch for a bowl of greens while mayonnaise or the boiled variety does wonders for molded salads as well as many others. But that's up to you; there's no hard and fast rule except your own good taste and your sense of the fitness of things.

Every garden green that grows and every colorful vegetable with its distinctive flavor is a potential salad for your bowl. Use them lavishly, blend them skilfully and garnish them sparingly and they can be depended upon to do well by their ultimate consumer.

September Salad Bowl

Lettuce
Spinach
Cauliflower
Radishes
Cucumbers

Wash and prepare all the salad greens and crisp in the refrigerator. Shred the lettuce and spinach and toss lightly with thinly sliced radishes and French dressing. Heap in a salad bowl, garnish with lettuce and spinach leaves, crisp white cauliflower flowerets and unpeeled, scored sliced cucumbers and serve at once.

Jellied Cucumber Salad

3 Tablespoonfuls of plain unflavored gelatine
1 Cupful of cold water
½ Can of condensed consommé
1 Can of water
1 Cupful of vinegar
Green pepper
1 Medium cucumber, diced (1 cupful approx.)
Mixture of vinegar and oil well seasoned with salt, chives or chopped onion

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Combine the consommé, water and vinegar and heat. Then dissolve the soaked gelatine in this hot mixture, stirring until the gelatine is dissolved. Form a pattern with the green pepper in the bottom and around the sides of individual molds. Add the diced cucumber to the liquid and pour into the mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on a bed of watercress or lettuce. Eight to ten servings.

Raisin and Carrot Salad

½ Cupful of raisins
Boiling water
½ Cupful of cider vinegar
½ Cupful of granulated sugar
1 Teaspoonful of salt
4 Teaspoonfuls of plain unflavored gelatine
2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
2 Eggs beaten
1 Tablespoonful of prepared horse radish
2 Teaspoonfuls of prepared mustard
1 Teaspoonful of onion salt
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
2 Cupfuls of raw carrot grated (not too fine)
½ Cupful of sweet pickles, chopped
1 Cupful of mayonnaise

Cover the raisins with the boiling water and let stand for five minutes, then drain well. Mix the vinegar, sugar and salt and bring to a boil. Remove from the heat and add the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water for five minutes. Pour this mixture while hot over the beaten eggs, stirring well. Add all the other ingredients except the mayonnaise, mix well and cool. When the mixture begins to set, add the mayonnaise and mix. Put into molds and chill. Serve unmolded on salad greens. Six servings.

Tomato Cheese Jelly

*2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
¼ Cupful of cold water
2 Cupfuls of tomato juice
1 Small bay leaf
1 Small onion
2 Cloves
½ Teaspoonful of salt
⅛ Teaspoonful of pepper
1 Tablespoonful of sugar
1 Cupful of grated cheese

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the bay leaf, sliced onion, cloves, salt and pepper and sugar to the tomato juice and simmer for five minutes. Add the soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved and strain. Half fill individual molds with the strained jelly and allow to partly set. Then add one heaping teaspoonful of grated cheese to each mold, fill the molds with the remaining jelly, chill and unmold on lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise. Six servings.

An Unusual Cabbage Salad

2 Cupfuls of cabbage, finely shredded
1 Cupful of diced celery



Silvo will not tolerate dullness or tarnish on your silver. Gently but surely it restores the polish and natural lustre. Treat your silverware to SILVO s a s the quick, safe liquid silver polish.

Silvo
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats you. Your stomach You get constipated. Harmful poisons are in the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks gloomy.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of laxatives but have no laxative memory to them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubborn refuse anything else. 22c.

ECONOMICAL

A little H.P. adds a lot of APPETIZING FLAVOR



H.P. SAUCE

½ Cupful of chopped peanuts
1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimento
1 Tablespoonful of chopped green pepper
½ Cupful of boiled dressing or mayonnaise

Combine the ingredients in order add the dressing and mix thoroughly Serve in crisp green lettuce cups and garnish with strips of pimiento Six servings.

Potato and Bacon Salad

4 Cupfuls of diced cooked potatoes
2 Cupfuls of diced celery
1 Medium-sized onion, chopped
1 Cupful of chopped parsley
1 Tablespoonful of salt
1 Teaspoonful of pepper
½ Teaspoonful of paprika
1 Cupful of bacon, cut in small squares
1 Cupful of vinegar
Salt herring or sliced cucumbers

Cook the potatoes in their skins cool peel and cut in dice Mix with the diced celery and the chopped onion. Add the parsley the salt pepper and paprika and mix well Cook the bacon until crisp and while it is still hot, add to it the cupful of vinegar Pour this mixture over the potatoes and serve in a large bowl garnished with salt herring or sliced cucumbers.

Fresh Cauliflower Salad

½ Large or 1 small head of cauliflower uncooked
¼ Cupful of finely chopped green pepper
½ Cupful of finely chopped celery
2 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped sweet red pepper or pimiento
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Cupful of Tomato French Dressing
Crisp lettuce leaves

Slice the cauliflower paper thin so that it will fall apart into tiny pieces. It should measure two to three cupfuls. Mix with the other ingredients and allow to marinate in the refrigerator for several hours. Drain off the surplus dressing and serve on crisp lettuce

Tomato French Dressing

1 Tiny clove of garlic
½ Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
1 Tablespoonful of confectioner's sugar
Dash of tobasco sauce
½ Cupful of vinegar
½ Cupful of salad or olive oil
1 Cupful of tomato juice

Rub together the first five ingredients in a small bowl until the oil of the garlic has been thoroughly mixed. Add the vinegar and combine well remove the garlic Add the remaining ingredients and shake well This makes a little over one and one-half cupfuls of dressing.

Jellied Autumn Salad

1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine
2 Cupfuls of boiling water
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
1 Teaspoonful of vinegar
1 Cupful of diced cucumbers
1 Cupful of diced onions
1 Cupful of thinly sliced radishes
Watercress

Soak the gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Add the boiling water and stir until dissolved Add the salt lemon juice and vinegar When slightly thickened stir in the cucumbers, onions and radishes Pour into cold wet molds and chill until set Unmold on watercress. Eight servings.

Jellied Chicken and Vegetable Salad

2 Tablespoonfuls of plain unflavored gelatine
½ Cupful of cold water
3 Cupfuls of hot chicken broth
¾ Teaspoonful of salt
2 Cupfuls of mixed cooked vegetables (peas, carrots, asparagus, beans)
1 Cupful of diced chicken meat
1 Tablespoonful of chopped pimiento
1 Green pepper minced

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the hot broth and stir until the gelatine is dissolved add the salt and let cool. Pour a thin layer of this mixture into a cold wet mold and let it stiffen slightly Add the vegetables, chicken and remaining mixture in alternate layers. Chill until firm Unmold on lettuce leaves. Six servings.

Cucumber and Grapefruit Salad

1 Package of lemon jelly powder
1 Cupful of boiling water
Pinch of salt
½ Cupful of grapefruit juice
¾ Cupful of cold water
¾ Cupful of diced cucumber
1¼ Cupfuls of grapefruit pulp

Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water add the salt, fruit juice and cold water Chill until the mixture thickens then add the cucumber and grapefruit Turn into individual molds and chill until firm Delicious served with mayonnaise on a bed of fresh watercress Six servings.

Mixed Vegetable Salad

1 Small cauliflower
1 Cupful of cooked carrots, diced—or shredded raw carrots
1 Cupful of cooked peas
6 Stuffed olives, sliced

Wash the cauliflower and separate it into small flowerets. Marinate such vegetable separately in French dressing and allow to stand in the refrigerator Mix the vegetables and place on crisp lettuce leaves, sprinkle the sliced olives over the top. Serve cold and crisp with mayonnaise or French dressing

Molded Beet Salad

2 Cupfuls of cooked tiny whole or diced large beets
2 Tablespoonfuls of vinegar
2 Cupfuls of hot water
1 Teaspoonful of salt
1 Teaspoonful of sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish
1½ Tablespoonfuls of plain unflavored gelatine
½ Cupful of cold water
¾ Cupful of mayonnaise
Lettuce or cress

Combine the beets hot water vinegar salt, sugar and horse-radish and bring to the boiling point. Add the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water for five minutes and stir until dissolved Pour into a cold wet mold and chill until firm. Serve unmolded on lettuce or cress. Eight servings.



"I feel sooo-vad to talk about KLIM", says ELSIE, the Borden Cow. "KLIM is whole milk with all the cream left in—turned into a fine soft powder by taking out all the natural moisture.

Simply add KLIM to cold water—whisk with a beater—and you have a foaming bowlful of delicious natural-tasting milk The ideal milk supply for every occasion Stock up with KLIM at your grocer s or drug store

klim



Creamy Whole Milk—is Convenient Powder Form

BOTTLE NEED NOT BOTHER BABY

IF IT DOES Mrs. Robert E. Brandon of Markham Ontario has this message for you "As so often happens to bottle-fed babies, stomach trouble and constipation were so troublesome we despaired of ever raising our little baby A neighbour recommended Baby's Own Tablets and they proved so satisfactory we have never been without them for over three years, with the result we have five extra sturdy children So for they have missed all the so-called children's diseases and four of the five were bottle fed.

And Mrs. M. Butchart, of Toronto says this "Baby's Own Tablets are excellent for bottle-fed babies as they assist in digesting foods which cause indigestion"

Baby's Own Tablets are equally effective in diarrhoea, simple croup colic, colds, simple fever and teething troubles Sweet-tasting, easy to take, safe. Analyst's certificate in every box.

Never be without Baby's Own Tablets—sickness so often strikes in the night 25 cents. Your money back if you are not satisfied.



Oriental Cream
BRUNACE

protects the skin from sun and wind on the golf course. That dried up feeling disappears. A complete beautifying cream for day and evening events.

White Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

Make your own
Viyella
REG'D.
DRESS

The British Fashion Fabric that wears and wears UNSHRINKABLE—WASHABLE—GUARANTEED 36 or 54 inches wide At all leading stores or write Wm Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St, Toronto

Before you insure consult
Confederation Life

Plastics in the Home

By EVAN B. PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

HOUSES in the near future will have outside walls made of cotton insulated with glass and floors constructed from the waste products of iron ore mixed with tiny localized plants.

Window glass will be superseded by transparent plastic and internal walls ceilings floors, doors and trims will be finished in the same material only in the latter cases it will be opaque.

Bathrooms will be designed for glass floors with porcelain enamel metal for the finish of walls, the whole trimmed with stainless steel

This may seem fantastic, but such materials, and many others, are being



New type glass predominates.

developed daily in scientific research laboratories.

The present application of cotton in laminated form, for walls of houses probably had its beginning when a group of Soviet scientists lived for a year on floating ice within the Arctic Circle In shelters whose walls were made of rubberized cloth painted black to absorb the sun's rays and lined with fur and eider down for warmth

Today, fabricated units for house construction of standard size water proofed insulated and soundproofed are being developed by the cotton industry

Glass in fibrous form for insulating walls and roofs is already on the market

Slag—a waste product of iron ore—while still hot is being subjected to cold water douching. The result is an expanded lightweight substance that, combined with a product produced from deposits of tiny fossilized plants and cement, makes concrete of good quality. It is easily workable, and suitable for floor and wall construction

Firebricks made of asbestos, light as a feather and guaranteed to withstand temperatures as high as 2,500 deg Fahr will shortly be on the market for lining chimney flues and fireplaces.

Modern chemistry has also produced a host of new synthetic materials, such as plastics, that are being adapted for use in house construction Building s biggest use for plastics is and will probably remain the laminated form of resin—bonded plywood.

Floor ceiling and wall finishings, for both inside and outside work are now being made of resins and fibrous fillers that are not appreciably affected by heat or moisture. Some of the plastic finishes imitate woods marbles and linens, all of which are particularly suitable for kitchens, bathrooms recreation rooms and nurseries. Other processes use thin veneers of actual woods for finished surfaces.

The reason for the popularity of plastic finishes for interiors of homes is not far to seek—they are nonporous unaffected by moisture weak acids, alcohol or other solvents and, further will not chip, crack or warp

Plastic floor tiles are made in a great variety of colors ranging from light pastel tints to dark tones and shades Doors, baseboards and trims are made with wood cores veneered with one sixteenth of an inch plastic sheets

A new glass for windows is made of clear transparent plastic which will not scratch crack or break The same material is being used for dressing-table tops chair seats, vases and lamp shades. One cannot help but sympathize with a person who finds it difficult to imagine that these synthetics are formed directly or indirectly from coal nevertheless, such is the case

A Multitude of Uses

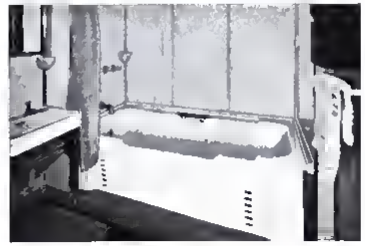
PLASTICS have been developed for other fields as well—hardware for doors and windows, thermostats for controls of heating equipment, house numbers, lighting fixtures, and translucent Venetian blinds in various colors

Furniture and fabrics come in for a share of these new synthetic materials—desks for children, table legs drawer pulls woven strips for chair seats and backs slip covers for couches and chairs, floodlights for garden and picture lighting

Articles for recreation and amusement are also in the picture, and include radio cases, miniature camera shells in two parts fitted together tightly to prevent light leaks, and twin rack poker chip sets which may be separated for use while playing

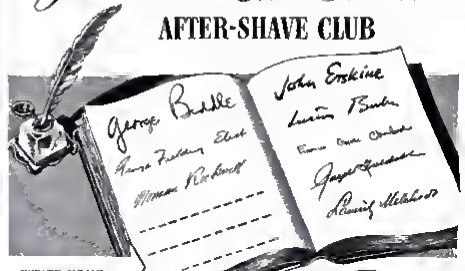
Racing enthusiasts are using vest-pocket sport glasses with phenolite bodies. Scorch-proof ash trays and electric-shaver cases have been developed from a coal derivative. For those who mix their own cocktails in the home a plastic cup has been designed as a part of a device for measuring drinks.

However startling the foregoing may appear you can rest assured that it is only the beginning of marvellous developments in the uses of synthetic materials in general.



Bathrooms will have glass floors, walls finished in porcelain enamel metal.

Join the World's Most Prominent
AFTER-SHAVE CLUB



WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS HERE AND mail this advertisement to us We'll send you on a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva the world's most popular after-shave.

Aqua Velva feels cool as a mountain brook. Tingling and invigorating! You'll like it.

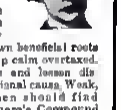
Electric shavers—use Aqua Velva *before and after shaving* for finer results.

This offer good only in Canada and the United States. Address The J. B. Williams Co. (Canada) Ltd., Dept. M 9, LaSalle, Montreal—makers of fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN

(38 to 52 Years Old)

HEED THIS TIMELY WARNING!!



If you're approaching "middle-age" and fear dizzy fainting spells, hot flashes—if you notice yourself getting restless, cranky, moody and NERVOUS lately—these annoying symptoms may be due to female functional disorder—

So be smart! Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, famous for over 60 years in helping hundreds of thousands of weak rundown depressed nervous women thru this "trying time" of life.

Pinkham's Compound is made especially from nature's own beneficial roots and herbs to help calm overtaxed, sensitive nerves and lessen distress from functional cause. Weak, rundown women should find Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound WORTH TRYING!

THE NEW OLD DUTCH CLEANSER



MADE IN CANADA

CUTS GREASE LIGHTNING-FAST
CLEANS WITH WHIRLWIND SPEED
GIVES A FASTER SPARKLE WITHOUT HARD RUBBING

50% FASTER



CLEARS CLOGGED DRAINS

.. banishes odors

Use this powerful cleanser to clear clogged drains. Gillett's Pure Flake Lye cuts right through grease—banishes unpleasant odors as it cleans.

Gillett's Lye saves hours of household drudgery. Keep a de handy! Cooks makes 10 gallons of soludeo

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water

MADE IN CANADA

FREE BOOKLET

Send for your free copy of Gillett's Lye booklet. Standard Sounds Ltd., Power Ave. and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.



INGRAM'S COOLNESS

Banishes Burn and Sting from Shaving

What a difference when you despe that first goofing brush ful of Ingram's across your chin! Its special ingredients ... superbly fresh all day long, without a lotion.

Get a thrifty tube or jar of Ingram's at any drug store today

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

A little goes a longer way

In Fewer Words

It Was the Bonk—Heard over the radio "the report was said to be untrue, without foundation and having no basis in fact." Probably means there is nothing to it.—Fort William *Times-Journal.*

—

Information, Please — Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen says "The way the civil service is growing in Canada is prodigious." This is a much nicer word than the one we had been using.—London *Free Press*

—

Facing It — Don't Forget to Exercise Your Face" runs the caption on a newspaper health column. Substitute faith for face, sister, and you'll be talking more to the point.—Windsor *Star*

—

Getting the Wind Up?—In London, Ont., a saxophone player has been charged under Defense of Canada regulations, which seems a bit drastic, but the court no doubt will note any extenuating circumstances. — Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*

—

Eatskrieg—Indigestion is likely to prove the end of the German menace. The Nazi army if it gets into a country well supplied with food is likely to eat itself to death.—Toronto *Star*

—

Interned or Interred — One can imagine that German airplane crews set out for England with dwelling enthusiasm —so many of their fellows have found it a one-way trip.—Ottawa *Journal.*

—

Not Much—What possible chance would a dictator have, *Copper's Weekly* wants to know, in a country in which spectators demand the life of a baseball umpire for making just one bad decision. —Kirkland Lake *Northern News.*

Wit and Wisdom

Making Himself Comfortable—An Iowan builds a doghouse eight by ten feet, with brick walls, concrete floor and insulation which is the envy of every married man in the block.—Guelph *Mercury*

—

Tit For Tat—If the Government insists on going into business it will eventually be necessary for businessmen to take over the Government.—North Sydney *Herald*

—

Another Belfel Shattered—Nature writer fears the woodpecker is disappearing. Which indicates there's no special benefit in knocking on wood.—Toronto *Telegram*

—

Small Change—A Montreal boy given a ten-dollar bill to buy a packet of cigarettes disappeared and was later found at Toronto. He probably thought the change would do him good.—Kingston *Whig-Standard*

—

War Suggestion—The names of railway stations in England have been removed. Another method of baffling the invader would be to let the porters continue to announce them. — Halifax *Chronicle*

—

Eachew Foreign Travel—The new U. S. passport rule has improved the scores of Canadians playing over the international course at Portal, N.D. The ninth hole alone is in U. S. territory, so Canadians just eliminate it from the round.—Edmonton *Journal.*

The Navy Is (Still) Here

According to the High Command
And dittc D.N.B.
They have sent toe British Navy
To the bottom of the sea.
But to make this feat impressive
Just once did not suffice.
So with Teutonic thoroughness
They sank the whole fleet twice.

Gone the Ark Royal, our Cruisers and Subs,
The Nelson, Renown and The Hood
But somehow or other they never stay dowe
As a well sunken battleship should

So bring along your Scharnhorst
And your Gneisenau as well,
You'll find the British Navy still
The Mistress of the swell.
And when your tugs and motor boats
Are in Davis watery graves,
We'll sing a little ditty called
Britannia Rules the Waves.
—Helen Hawthorne.

All Alike—An Eskimo woman is old at forty says a man who has spent several years among them in the Far North. The same applies to those hereabouts who admit to being forty.—Sudbury *Star*

—

New Contocet?—Those who do not pay their debts suggests a correspondent should all be banished to some lonely island. A sort of Owe Maid's Land.—*The Humorist.*

—

His Master's Voice—The signature of Petain, at the end of a French Government decree, looks more and more like the man who dictates it, Hitler.—Niagara Falls *Review*

—

Inveotioo Needed—The Australian scientist who announces he has discovered a revolutionary process to prevent the shrinking of wool might now turn his attention to bacon.—Saint John *Telegraph-Journal*

—

Ouch!—Before criticizing your wife's faults, remember it may have been those very defects which prevented her from catching a better husband.—Rosetown (Sask.) *Eagle.*

—

Broad As It's Long—The heaviest blaze reported in Alberta at the moment is in the forest reserve west of Turner Valley. A mile long in width and working over a formerly burned-out area. It presents exceptional difficulties to the fire fighters. —Calgary *Herald.*

—

Scareproof Seats—The height of futility says the Sidewalk Cynic, is the Germans use of screaming bombs on Scotland. As if such things could frighten people who've been listening to bagpipes for centuries.—Regina *Leader Post*

—

Helping Jerry—The Italian Government has banned exports. The British Navy will see that the order is obeyed. —Edmonton *Journal.*

—

Behind the Times—The Irish make it plain that they will defend their neutrality without help from the British. They speak like brave, sturdy, independent people who have just read the papers lately.—*The New Yorker*



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Ben Roth.

"I've got it open, Mo, now what do I do?"

Maybe Adam Laughed at These

Efficiency—In a small town in North Carolina there was a sudden commotion. It appeared that a wire had fallen across Main Street and was halting all traffic. No one dared to touch it in case it should be a "live" wire.

The news reached the editor of the local paper and he acted promptly. "Send down two reporters," he ordered, "one to touch the wire and the other to write up the story."—*The Labor Leader*

Know His Dictionary—"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said the negro passenger to the bus operator.

"You want to be what?" demanded the operator.

"Don't lose you temper. I had to look in de dictionary myself before I found out dat procrastinate means put off." — Calgary *Albertan*

Shopping Around—"Mother says may she have a pound of butter and some sugar on trust till father comes home and the little girl in the grocer's shop.

"And why doesn't your mother come herself?" asked the grocer suspiciously.

"Oh," said the child, full of innocence, "mother's trying another shop."—Swift Current *Advocate*



—Drawn for *Maclean's* by Henry Bolthoff

"I want to leave my name at the box office in case I should get a call!"

Force of Habit—Betty was looking very discontented when her friend Joan encountered her in the morning.

"What's the matter?" the latter asked.

"You know I was going out with an addict last night?" snapped Betty. "Well, never again!"

"Why?" enquired Joan.

"At dinner he put a fine pencil through half my order."—*The Humorist*

—

Just a Detail—Weary father opening in parlor doorway at midnight: "My dear sir, I have no objection to your coming here and sitting up half the night with my daughter, or to your standing on the doorstep for three hours saying 'Good night.' But, in consideration for the rest of the household who wish to go to sleep, will you kindly take your elbow off the bell-push."—Ashcroft *Journal*

—

Endurable—The young couple were gazing into each other's eyes and sighing soulfully.

Suddenly a thought occurred to Jock. "Ye ken Maggie lass," he murmured, "I'm no much tae look at."

"Aye," agreed Maggie, "but ye'll be oot at work most o' the day."—Sudbury *Star*

Such is Life—"My dear look there," said Mr. Simpkins, as he stood on deck with his wife and pointed to a tug drawing several barges. "Such is life. The tug is like the man working and telling while the barges, like women are—"

"I know," interrupted Mrs. Simpkins, acidly. "The tug does all the blowing while the barges carry all the burden." — Portage La Prairie *Graphic*

—

Caught—"Joe, you look all in today. What's the trouble?"

"Well," replied Joe, "I didn't get home until after daylight and I was just undressing when the wife woke up and said 'Aren't you getting up pretty early?' In order to save an argument I just put on my clothes and came down to the office."—Toronto *Globe and Mail*

—

Concert Mystery—The celebrated soprano was doing a solo when Junior said to his mother referring to the conductor of the orchestra:

Junior—"Why does that man hit at that woman with his stick?"

Mother—"He's not hitting at her. Keep quiet."

Junior—"Well then, what's she hollering for?"—London *Free Press*

A pioneer newspaper paid small salaries, but this editor-to-be PLANNED *for his future*





His first stake in the future cost only 67¢ a week

This is the true story of a man who left cub reporting in the East to become a member of the editorial staff on a Western newspaper. He is now recognized as one of Canada's truly great editors. When he was 26 years of age he bought a 10 Pay Life policy for $1000 with The Mutual Life of Canada. It cost him only $34.72 annually . . . but while he was building for the future it started him this *protection*, and as the panel at the right shows, valuable dividends too! He is now the owner of several Mutual Life policies.

The same good judgment and spirit of determination that prompted him to plan for his future and to carry through his plans account for his success in the business world.

Get the plan *you* need!

This story is typical of the thousands of far sighted Canadians who have planned their futures with The Mutual Life. You too can secure exactly the right plan to suit *your* special circumstances. You may prefer the advantages of a 10, 15 or 20 Pay Life policy, or an Endowment or a Pension policy to assure a steady income when you retire . . . and there are other *special needs* that can be provided for best by a tailor made Mutual Life Plan. Check the coupon below and send it to The Mutual Life of Canada, Waterloo, Ontario, right away.

Learn how this 76 year old institution can help make YOUR future secure. Remember, Mutual *means* mutual . . . 685,000 policyholders own The Mutual Life . . . *all* the profits go to policyholders!

How a wise investor tripled his money!

Annual premium of $34.72	
Premiums (less dividends before policy paid up)	$324.95
What this policyholder gets for his investment in total cash received or available	$1,175.65

Thus $324.95 gave 53 years protection of $1,000.00 *and* returned (in dividends and present guaranteed cash value) the sum of $1,175.65 — or a net gain of $850.70!

The above is a definite case history. We do not guarantee your *future* but experience, forethought and skill be continuously with changing conditions. Out in any years *all* Mutual's profits go to its policyholders — the *only* reason it's the company

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

Established 1869

Head Office — Waterloo, Ont.

"Owned by the Policyholders"

The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada, Dept. O-J, Waterloo, Ontario.

I owe send me without obligation full information on one or more of the following Plans (Check which interests you most):

☐ Protection and Savings ☐ Protection only
☐ Children's Insurance ☐ Retirement
☐ Business Insurance

Name
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)
Street
City Province
Occupation Age

Maclean's

Canadian National Magazine

Published Semi-Monthly at Toronto, Ont.

H. NAPIER MOORE Editor
W. A. IRWIN Associate Editor
N. ROY PERRY Business Manager
B. RAINS OWEN Advertising Manager

CONTENTS

Vol. 53 SEPTEMBER 15 1940 No. 18

Cover Rear-Admiral P. W. Nelles

FICTION

Dust on My Shoulder (short story) Bengo Adee 5
Grandpaw Fogleshy's Leg (short story) Leslie McFarlane 12
El Dorado (serial) Part Two 16
Allen Swinton

GENERAL ARTICLES

Triumph of the R.A.F. 9
A. Beverley Baxter
Chief of Staff H. Graham O'Leary 6
Backstage at Ottawa 14
By a Politician With a Notebook
Thrift by Co-operation 15
Leslie Gordon
St. Lawrence-Main Elsie Gilmour 19
Design for a New Dominion (Conclusion) R. M. Fowler 20
Invasion Threat W. D. Dodd 48

PICTORIAL

Wheels for the Army 10

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Editorials 1
In the Editor's Confidence 2
Matter of Fact Henry Ashbery 40
Review of Reviews 41
Letters 47
Maclean's Crossword Puzzle 48
War Oddities 57

WOMEN AND THE HOME

Green Grow the Salads 51
Helen G. Campbell
Plastics In the Home 53
Evan B. Perry, F.R.A.I.C.

HUMOR

Wit and Wisdom 54
Parade 56

The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary and have no relation to living persons.

Maclean's is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes is in each setting prohibited. Titles are registered.

Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's Magazine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN Founder and Chairman.
H. T. HUNTER, President.
H. V. TYRRELL, Vice-President and Managing Director

Publishers of: Maclean's Magazine, Chatelaine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, The Financial Post, Farmer's and Rural Canadian Print and Textile Magazine, Canadian Grocer, Dry Merchandising, Hardware, Metal, Wear Manufacturing, Bookseller and Stationer, Canadian Machinery, Modern Power and Engineering, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Automotive Trade, Canadian Pulp and Paper, Transport in Canada, Electrical Merchant, Sanitary Engineer, Canadian Advertising, Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant, Retail Druggist in Canada, Office Service, The Canadian Press Clipping Service, The Financial Post Information Service.

BRANCH OFFICES: Desjardins Canada Building, Montreal; 348 Bay Street, Toronto; 1140 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal; Canada Building, New York; 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; Empire Chambers, 6 Bream's Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E.C. 4, England; Telephone Whitehall 9232.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada $1.50; all other countries of British Empire, $1.50 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South American and Spain, $2.00; other countries, $3.00 per year.

Single Copy in Canada, 10¢ Copy in Great Britain, Sixpence.

Note: If correct amount not remitted we will bill for difference. 1 week required in filling orders.

Contents Copyright, 1940, by The MacLean Publishing Company Limited





NOW that diligent housewives everywhere will soon have completed their summer task of putting up jams, jellies, conserves and other good things for the winter, a timely word of warning based on the experience of a young Montreal matron seems in order. Returning from a summer vacation she discovered that her home had been broken into. A number of small articles had been stolen, but, while regretting their loss the keeper of the commissary was more profoundly agitated by the fact that the raiders had seized several quart jars of strawberry jam that she had made with considerable toil over a hot stove only a few days before departing. One quart had been completely consumed and the ravished container returned to the refrigerator. The balance of the jars had been carried away with the rest of the loot.

Ladies, beware! Preserve your preserves.

♦

Offered by way of contrast to the various exhibits of opposite occupational nomenclature presented here from time to time is the case of the prosperous tradesman of Simcoe, Ont., who advertises himself as: "BUTCHER THE BAKER."

♦

Unemployment is the least of the worries affecting Mr. George Nomeland, of Archerwill, Sask., whose business stationery displays this letterhead:

GEO. NOMELAND
Public Servant
Post Master — Justice of the Peace
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Provincial Auctioneer and Coroner

Let George do it.

♦

Doubtful compliment contained in the St. Elmo notes printed by the *Glengarry News* of Alexandria, Ont.:

Friends regret that Mr. Wallace MacKinnon, B.A., student pastor in the Maritimes, has undergone a successful operation for appendicitis in the hospital there.

Mr. MacKinnon, though, has no regrets whatever.

♦

One of our Toronto operatives reports on the effect of constant close attention to radio programs upon her nine-year-old daughter who, with every appearance of pride, told the family recently that she knew the names of the Great Lakes. They were, she said: "Lake Superior, Lake Ontario, Toronto and Vicinity."

♦

It is an interesting, perhaps significant phenomenon of this war that we in Canada who are actually in the struggle are talking it and its involved responsibilities with a great deal less emotional disturbance than seems to be the case with many of our neighbors in the United States, whose position remains that of a neutral friendly toward our cause. Striking testimony to this difference of attitude is contained in a letter from a woman resident of Brooklyn, N.Y., who was a recent visitor to Montreal. She wrote to a Canadian friend who chances to be one of our helpers, in these words: "It was positively *refreshing* to be in Canada. No one talks war—everyone is busy, happy and hopeful. The newspaper headlines do not frighten one (as ours do) and the courtesy and welcome of the Canadians brought renewed courage to our jaded hopes and spirits.

If you want to remain calm come to Canada.

Taber, Alta., suffered a minor drought this summer. For two months the district sweltered with only occasional respite from light showers, until, at the end of July, a week of steady downpour brought relief. Rejoicing citizens of Taber flocked happily to their local cinema when, on the day after the drought was broken, the feature picture, widely advertised, was "The Rains Came."

♦

New scenic highways in the West have occupied the attention of two of our agents recently. One read through the Rockies connects Jasper with Banff and an Edmonton printing house prepared a map of the route for distribution to motorists. It remained then for *Pulpetus*, a house magazine published by Mid-West Paper Sales, Limited, to describe this convenience as: "A route map for the Great Circle Tour, 709 miles via Calgary and London." And a Summerland, B.C., contributor gravely informs us that with the opening of the Big Bend Highway this summer many tourists will find that a large part of British Columbia is beyond Hope—Hope being the name of a small town at the head of navigation on the Fraser River.

♦

To the layman who has flown only as a passenger on a modern transport plane, the interior of any military aircraft offers an incredible array of gadgets. Only a superman, one thinks, could possibly find his way about among so great a profusion of instruments and levers and pedals, all packed into so small a space. On the other hand, modes of transportation familiar to the average citizen sometimes offer problems even to aviators when they meet up with them for the first time. There was the case of an R.C.A.F. pilot who, arriving in Edmonton, wished to proceed to his destination by street car. The type of trolley used in Edmonton was strange to him. A reporter who had met the airman at the station accompanied him to the right car stop and stood with him on the sidewalk as the trolley approached. Gazing upon the vehicle with a blend of bewilderment, the flying officer asked: "For Pete's sake, which end of this thing do I get into and how?"

♦

At Victoria, B.C., patriotic citizens organized on Air Supremacy Drive to raise funds for aircraft. One feature of the campaign was a "Silver Trail." Passers-by were invited to add a piece of silver money to the trail laid out along the sidewalk of a downtown street, under the supervision of volunteer guards. One lady, accompanied by her dog, placed a quarter carefully in line. The dog, observing this procedure with much interest promptly picked up two dimes and displayed every evidence of disapproval when the money was returned to its proper place.

Canine Fifth Column.

♦

In an Ottawa recruiting centre a young man seeking enlistment was awaiting an interview when he overheard part of a conversation between a private soldier and the sergeant in charge of the room. The private approached the non-com., and spoke a few words in a low voice inaudible to the waiting recruit. Suddenly the sergeant banged his massive fist angrily on the desk and shouted: "Vulture, vulture! You wanta get that vulture outa your system! A vulture is a bird! What you want is a voucher. V-o-u-c-h-e-r voucher. Not v-u-l-t-u-r-e, vulture. Can tcha get the difference?"



War Oddities

Two Dollars will be paid for each War Oddity accepted and published in this column. Address contributions to War Oddities, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. Source of the information must be given.

In these days when everyone is warned not to display any geographical information that might be of use to an invading enemy, even the real estate advertising boards in England have been brought up to date by the elimination of all place names. An example of the extremes reached has been seen at a summer resort in southern England under the heading of a "Wartime Bargain":

"Beautiful detached home situated on the main road from —— to —— overlooking —— Bay and —— Harbor. Five minutes walk from the —— bus route and —— shopping centre, and —— railway."

★

Louis Mezo, pioneer trapper and prospector, arrived in a northern Manitoba mining town recently and learned of the war for the first time. Mezo left in August 1939 for his northern trapping grounds and heard no news from the outside world until his return.

★

The R.C.A.F. finishing school for air pilots, at Mossbank, Sask., is being rushed feverishly to conclusion. Work previously planned to take two years is being compressed into three months. This is illustrated by the following incident which occurred recently on the cookhouse at midnight.

Sitting at the table together were three men. One was eating his breakfast of cornflakes before going to work. One was eating dinner, having gone to work at six p.m., while the third was eating his supper before retiring from his day's labor.

★

Jenny, a homing pigeon (used on patrol planes to report back to home in case of radio failure), laid an egg on a Lockheed Hudson bomber far out in the North Sea. Careful landing brought the egg back to the pigeon loft unbroken.

English barbers are doing their best to remove the Hitler moustache from British faces. Some try patronage sales talk on their patrons. Some display Hitler cartoons from their trade magazine with the legend: "Is Hitler's trademark under your nose?" Others have Adolf's picture pasted on the back of a hand mirror and "inadvertently" exhibit this first to customers when asking the traditional questions: "Trim all right, sir?" At a rough guess, about two thirds of the Hitler moustaches have been shaved off since the war started.

★

Sandbags piled against an English coastal hospital have become a local decoration. The sand used to fill them was hurriedly scooped from a flowerbed, so that later the sandbags were in full bloom.

★

German propaganda agents clipped up rather badly one day some months ago when they claimed that the Nazis had sunk the H.M.S. *Kestrel*, a British warship. It turned out that H.M.S. *Kestrel* is not the name of a warship at all, but of a Royal Naval Air Station on the east coast of England. Although situated on good solid land, it has a full complement of naval officers and so has retained a naval title. It couldn't have been sunk by the Germans.

★

Chasing a surfaced U-boat, an armed trawler which had never before done over thirteen knots, made over nineteen knots. So terrific was the vibration that the trawler engines shifted over a foot and the bottom of the trawler nearly fell out. But she sank the U-boat!

★

In order that children in South Wales may not be deprived of necessary sleep through night air raids, school hours start at eleven o'clock instead of nine o'clock.

Two Canadian Soldiers Speak

"IF Western Canadians would look for the good in life, serve more and be content with less, they could build a heaven on earth."

Such is the statement made in a letter written in England by George Richardson, a private with the First Canadian Division. Published in Saskatchewan by the weekly Semaine *Gazette* and later by the Regina *Leader-Post*, other excerpts from his letter follow:

"People may swear at our prairies, but they don't appreciate them till they get in some distant land and can't get back. There is something big and free about them. If Western Canadians would look for the good in life, serve more and be content with less, they could build a heaven on earth. Canadians should realize that it is the soft mouth-wind that lulls men to lotus dreams, but it is the cold north wind that makes Vikings. Adversity has made Finland a great nation. In our vigorous western climate there is sufficient adversity to make men rise to great heights in overcoming it. A little less loafing, a little more applied energy, and Canada could be one of the greatest nations on earth mentally, morally, physically and spiritually. Her achievements should know no end.

"We enlisted as soldiers to make sure that freedom, justice, the rights of the individual people and respect for international law should not perish from the earth. We shall slay the dragon that threatens us from without. Will the people of Canada be strong enough to slay it from within? We are making our sacrifice in order that Canadian people may have freedom of action to improve our land. Don't let slovenly thinking make our sacrifice worthless. The British Lion is on guard once more. It will remain there unless base decadent people—overcome by greed, selfishness, laziness and petty bickering betray it from within."

The second letter, from the Charlottetown *Guardian*, P.E.I., speaks for itself:

"The other day a pal of mine received a parcel from Canada. Included in it was a few numbers of *Maclean's* and I drew an article in the February 15 number to the effect that a grandson of Louis Riel wanted to enlist in the army to serve his country. Well, as I myself happen to be a distant relative of the Red River rebel, I do not know exactly how distant but my father told me he was a direct descendant of Louis. So I enlisted in Petawawa Camp, R.C.A.S.C., at Lansdowne Park in Ottawa the eleventh of January. I write to show you that, regardless of the nationality of a man, if he is right the Riels will always fight for his cause. That is why I am in the army because I know I am fighting for the real Lieutenant Louis Riel, Somewhere in England."



Pick the Car with the AUTO-LITE Spark Plugs

It may be a new car—or it may not! But it can be your car. Like thousands of other motorists who are having their cars tuned up for another season, you can get amazing new performance by installing Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Your car will start more easily and surely, even when cold weather pulls down battery power. You will feel the smooth pick-up and flexible power. And the saving of gas will more than pay for the new Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.



FAST STARTING WHEN BATTERY IS LOW

At zero, a battery is only 40% efficient. Auto-Lite Spark Plugs give sparks with low voltage, making the reduced voltage do its quicker starting job. Try Auto-Lites—the results will surprise you.

There is a reason why hundreds of garages consider Auto-Lite Spark Plugs are vitally important to a first class winter tune-up. Auto-Lite engineers have actually produced a *new kind* of spark plug. They created a new alloy—called Nonium—for the electrode, and developed a new insulating compound called Zirainic. The result? A spark plug of amazing power, which gives sluggish engines sure starting, instant pick-up and prevents gasoline waste.



This year, more than any other, you will want the great advantages Auto-Lite Spark Plugs offer—at no extra cost. If you can't step into a new car—step into new car pick up! Ask your dealer to install a set of Auto-Liter today!

NEW CAR PERFORMANCE FROM YOUR PRESENT CAR!

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs put new power in spark weary motors. Up hills—through traffic—whenever you accelerate—you'll be glad you installed Auto-Lites.

IGNITION ENGINEERED BY IGNITION ENGINEERS



ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE LIMITED
Merchandising Division
SARNIA ONTARIO

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

The package that gets a welcome at home



The six-bottle carton

"Coca-Cola" has the charm of purity. It is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice. Its delicious taste never loses the freshness of appeal that first delighted you...always bringing you a cool, clean sense of complete refreshment. Thirst asks nothing more.

THE COCA COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Ice-cold "Coca-Cola" has made *the pause that refreshes* a family affair. With the six-bottle carton so easy to take home, you can always have "Coca-Cola"—ice-cold—in your refrigerator . . . within easy reach of your thirst.

THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES